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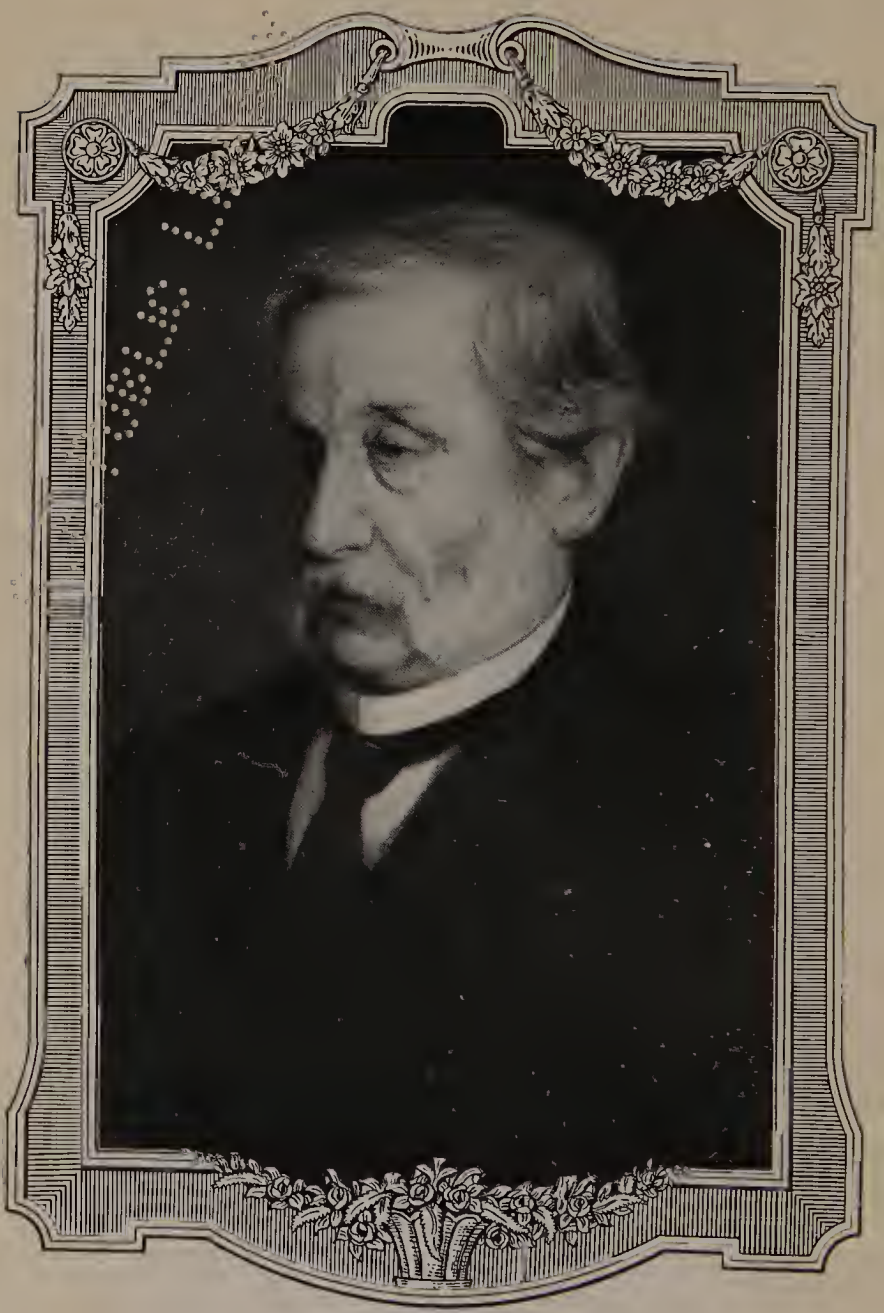
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THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON AT SEVENTY-SEVEN
(From a painting by Augustus V. Tack)

Letters and Journals of Thomas Wentworth Higginson

1846–1906

EDITED BY

MARY THACHER HIGGINSON



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Higginson, Thomas
Wentworth, 1823-1911.
Letters and journals of
Thomas Wentworth
[c1921]

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FOREWORD

Newport, Rhode Island
December 30, 1864

. . . It is a bewildering and fascinating thing to read old letters; they are so full of vitality . . . that one can scarcely bear it. I feel this strangely in turning over my army papers; they seem to belong to some one twin-born with me, but who led a wholly different life from me, with whom I have now no communion save in the dim throbbing of the same nerves which that touches.

"The disease of Past and Present," as Milnes calls it, puzzles the mind; and it is hard to link ourselves to this something which was ourselves, but is no longer, and never will be again.

(From the manuscript of T. W. H.)

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Letters and Journals of Thomas Wentworth Higginson

CHAPTER I

CAMBRIDGE AND NEWBURYPORT

To Miss Nancy Storrow:

May 17, 1844

Dear Aunty:

It was strange to me to reappear in Cambridge society after four years' absence. Of course one half the people were the same under whose shadow or by whose side I grew up, and the other half entirely new arrivals. Especially the youthful beaux were mysteries to me. Whence had they arisen, all decked in white cravats, too? . . . Yet I seemed to recognize in each smooth face lineaments not unfamiliar, and I grant the soundness of the system revealed to me by Maria Fay.[1] There is no difficulty in the case, she says; by living in Cambridge a few years you *get the run of the families* and then recognize each new set of youths *by their resemblance to their elder brothers!* With regard to the little ambling Palfreys. I have reason to think the public misled. I myself have set down Miss Sarah's age (in bonnet and cloak) at threescore and ten, but

[1] Miss Maria Fay was one of the Cambridge belles in Higginson's youth and lived in the fine old mansion now occupied by Radcliffe College and known as Fay House.

she glides back into youth in a ballroom; and as for Anna, she is like the youngest Miss Pecksniff — a regular "gushing thing." Railroads are feeble images to describe their conversational powers, but their styles are different. Sarah languishes onward with the tremulous impetus of a forty-car freight train; Anna spins ahead like a lively young locomotive racing homeward, upsetting countless urchins (in white cravats) without mercy; and finally, after sundry jolts, bringing up breathlessly, with a smiling bump, against some impassable barrier, and starting thence again with scarce a respite. I could talk to Sarah; she fixed her (rather pretty) dark eyes on me and we meandered over past years, but with Anna I could only let her talk on, lean against the wall, and chuckle inwardly. But she is pretty, fresh, rosy, bright-eyed, and walks a queen among her admirers.

.

This, of course, prepared the way for the Palfrey gala. To return thither. When I say that *Mr. Sibley* [the college Librarian] went, you will perceive at once that we "*mixed some.*" But there were all the aristocratic Boston cousins of Mrs. Dean P., whose carriages rumble daily past my windows; there was Miss Everett waltzing with Montgomery Ritchie, old Mr. Otis's handsome grandson; and there was Miss Loring, the musical young lady who went mad after Ole Bull; and there were the distinguished Miss Carys, one of whom hath smiled on Mr. Felton; and there was Jane Norton [sister of Professor Norton] in all her loveliness, gazed at by freshmen with an ardor that

might have troubled her gentle Edmund. And there was the supper table — ah! the lobster salad, the Charlotte Russe, the champagne! How the portly professors flocked into the room! I followed after with Sarah Hale [sister of Edward Everett Hale], whose eyes grow brighter yearly, I believe. . . . But to cross the room among the aldermen and instructors was no slight task. . . .

To conclude statistically, 225 people were invited, about 100 went and stayed from nine to twelve. Here endeth the legend.

The description of the Palfrey sisters recalls the fact that Miss Sarah, at the age of seventy-five, took morning spins around Fresh Pond on her tricycle.

Fifteen years later, in April, 1861, Mr. Higginson wrote his mother of the Misses Palfrey's father, who was then postmaster of Boston:

Why have Dr. Palfrey's previous pursuits especially prepared him to be a postmaster? Because he has always been a Man of Letters; — Mr. Haven, the Antiquarian Librarian, who said this, says that Dr. Palfrey complains much of poverty, and that his history, which he hoped to make profitable, had not paid its expenses. But he was always rather querulous, I believe.

This Cambridge is a pretty pleasant place to live in, after all. I continue to be a sort of pariah, an outcast of the world; but then I bear it patiently and humbly, and when I meet a freshman with his black coat on, I look up respectfully, as much as to say, " I know it,

my dear sir, I know it; I have not so good a right as you to walk about and look as if I were a member of society — but I pray you to let me pass — I am very harmless," and they generally comply.

From Divinity Hall Wentworth wrote his mother about the graduation exercises:

July 19, 1845

. . . The Exercises in the morning were . . . good; almost every fellow did better than I expected. . . . Elderly ministers sniffed at radical sentiments, young ones smiled at conservative ditto, and Theodore Parker sneered (at least so imagined) at a severe criticism on Strauss. Affianced damsels looked down blushingly when their several betrotheds came up, and looked up smilingly when the same gentlemen went down. There were at least half a dozen of these interesting damsels, from the queenly Anna Shaw down to Henry Bond's little Woburn rustic; each had reason to be gratified and doubtless each had no doubt which young hero won most laurels. This is the latest form of chivalry — intellect and beauty reciprocally admiring and admired. I fear it will be several years ere those halls witness such another display of either. It is really a superior class, yet, my hopes from it are, for one reason and another, not large. I had the pleasure of introducing myself to my beloved Sunday-School teacher, Samuel May, who really seemed gratified thereat. Then there was a dinner in Harvard Hall, a procession to which was marshalled by Dr. Pierce. We heard, "*Brethren, attention,*" shouted as if by a super-

human hippopotamus or other aerial loud-voiced beast floating above us, and behold, it was the white-haired old Doctor whose voice had raised the echoes. He is great to see on these occasions, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race — few of the graduating class have a step so elastic or a voice so strong. The dinner was like Commons dinners usually; there is a beautiful equality about these things — the most superb sumptuous collegiate festivals and the everyday "prog" of the cheap table meet on the common ground of two-pronged forks and dark brown geological plum-puddings. However, Dr. Dewey was not there and country ministers have good digestions. . . . I sat with Edward Hale, Sam Longfellow, and [James] Richardson, perhaps the three pleasantest persons in the room. The latter I am going to send you to preach Sunday, July 27. . . . If he does n't astonish you I 'm mistaken; he 's a man of decided genius and great refinement, but has a crack somewhere in his caput; his preaching has been liked by the vulgar. I have never heard it — you must n't settle him. He looks like a Banished Lord.

In 1847 Higginson made sundry visits at Newburyport preparatory to settling there as pastor of the Unitarian Church. In letters to his mother he introduces some of his future parishioners.

March 5, 1847

My second visit to Newburyport was singularly analogous to the first. Then the state of matters over-

head made going to church impossible — this time ditto ditto underfoot. . . .

The week had been radiantly beautiful. Saturday was a snow softening into rain — pleasant prospect. Sunday the sun rose triumphant, however, but what was my horror on finding a state of slosh compared to which the direst experiences of Boston, Cambridge, or Brattleboro' are peace and pavement! A few undaunted females were seen picking their way hen-like along, sadly drabbled as to skirts, while anxious men were seen in all directions jumping across puddles and plumping into the middle of deeper ones. I was starting with anxious boots myself when a sleigh *floated* down the street and Mr. Noyes requested me to wait for his return trip. Of course the audience was not *much* . . . greater than the Sunday before, and great were the lamentations, of course, of the saddened parish committee. . . .

. . . George C. came for me before tea. It was bright and beautiful, and I saw more of the place than I had before. We rode up the fine long street joining Newbury and Newburyport, past Lord Timothy's house with the statues in front, etc., etc.; and by and by got to the [Artichoke] Mills. I had heard of the place before, but had no conception of its beauty even in winter. What must the ravine and grove be in summer! — the superb elm, and the delightful old-looking buildings — so refreshing to see anything *old*. Mrs. C[urson] and the two damsels received me most cordially and I felt quite at home. One of the happiest families I ever saw. . . . It was a glorious moon and

yet mild, and we went outside the door a little. Oh, so lovely with the fields of snow and the dark shadows and two white rivers! I have seldom been so enchanted with any place at first sight, and I agreed with Ellery's [Channing] remark on the same: "Still, if you should walk there you would go there again." Instantly Newburyport stock rose fifty per cent in my mind.

One of the first families visited was named Tracy.

We talked away after tea — about Whittier, who lives five miles off and whom they admire much. The story of his first introduction to them is good; some time after Mr. Tracy's insane book of "Miniature Romances" was published, a man knocked at the door one morning. Mr. Tracy opened it and was saluted with "Friend, how does thee do — my name's John Whittier. I have read thy book and wantcd to see thee." So he came in and made a very pleasant visit. . . . It was pleasing to see these old people living so peaceably on, existing principally in books and seeming so happy.

About his neighbor, Whittier, he wrote again in the same year:

You will be interested to hear of a visit I made Whittier the other day. . . . He had taken up the vague notion of annexing all Mexico and seemed to Lord it in a very loose way too; even said more war would be better than making peace and getting slave territory, though I could n't make out how that was to help the matter. He was n't *great* on that tack, any-

way — on literary matters better. . . . He had plenty of humor and talks very freely, making us feel very easy; gave a rich account of a come-outer who came in to their "First Day Meeting."

And later in 1849:

The Whittiers were very cordial to us, and I feel sure we shall know more of them. He is, perhaps, the most attractive poet I have known. Mr. Longfellow's polished gentlemanliness can be spared; and though he has not James Lowell's easy brilliancy, he yet makes himself very agreeable, and has the cordiality and affectionateness which J. R. L. wants. The difficulty with the latter is that, however kind and familiar, he never appears the least dependent on any one, or to care to hear the opinion or feeling of another — never to go beyond the sphere of his own thoughts and those of his wife — to hold the world off at arm's length as it were; which, however agreeable to himself, is no way pleasant to others. Now Whittier is willing to put others on a level with himself and make himself very entertaining too — a lovable person decidedly, I should think.

These notes are taken from a journal of the same date:

Talk with Whittier. . . . Among other talk was mentioned Wright's attack on Garrison in the "Chronotype." . . . "It is essentially true what he says of Garrison," said he. "I know him thoroughly, and know that he is a despot. . . . Garrison identifies the

movement absolutely with himself. He is a *Robespierre* with the same perfect self-consecration and the same absolute incapacity of tolerating those who differ from himself; his course has been from the beginning that of Robespierre, stopping short of bloodshed."

"It may be partially so," said I; "but he has been placed in a trying position. At the beginning he stood with remarkable prominence as undisputed sole head of the movement, and he has retained up to this time precisely that position." . . .

"He has been so," said he, "because he would be so."

"Not wholly that," replied I, "for the place has been conceded to him by persons in all external advantages his superior — Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Chapman, E. Quincy."

"From Phillips," said Whittier, "that deference is something, but not from Mrs. Chapman. She has been *Garrison's evil genius* and acted through him her own plans."

I protested against this and spoke strongly of her power, her *magnetic* influence, her appearance, etc.

"Ah," said he, very earnestly, and sighing also, "she once had that power over me, but she lost it forever long since. She has great power, no doubt of that. But I have seen that face of hers look as I never saw another woman look, and such that I never wish to see it again. It was in those trying times, and she had just written me a letter, expressing the strongest regard and confidence in me — stronger than there was any

need of expressing. We afterwards met and conversed, and after she had spoken in the strongest terms of denunciation of others . . . sparing no term of opprobrium, — *liars* and *thieves*, for instance, — I turned upon her and said, ' Thee has heaped all this reproach upon my friends — how do I know that thee will not go to some one else and use the same language of me? Thee has written me a letter expressing more confidence than I ask for, and thee treats me accordingly now; — when I have just seen a letter from thee to ——— (W. did not say the name) in which thee says of me, " *As to Whittier, he is either a fool or a knave.*" And thee cannot deny it!' I never saw a face," said Whittier, " that looked as hers did then; the beauty had all vanished, and she looked more like a demon than a woman. And I have never wished to see her face again.

" And all," said he, " because I would not join them in a crusade against those men. I could not do it. . . . I never could or would be a member of any clique.

" Ah," said he, after a pause, " I have long ceased to expect that because men are reformers, they will therefore be better than other people. They are just the same."

I have written this conversation down as nearly as possible as it passed, from my perfect confidence in Whittier. . . . I am sorry to hear it, but it may not be necessarily inconsistent with the grand qualities which I have admired in Mrs. Chapman.

He afterwards added, " I told her also that to make use of private letters, as she did, in public controversy,

was something I would never be guilty of in any cause."

I remember [hearing] long ago that Mrs. Chapman and Whittier were not on speaking terms; but I never heard him mention her before.

Long afterward I adverted to this subject with Wendell Phillips (December, 1851). He said: "We never accused Whittier of any dishonorable conduct — he showed only timidity. He was identified with us and had much weight; he knew the whole case, knew that right was on one side and wrong on the other; he agreed with Mr. Garrison in the opinions for which he was cast off, he had no *right* to stand aloof and call it neutrality."

Higginson alluded to these dissensions in his life of Whittier and said, "It is needless to explore these little divergences of the saints."

An early letter speaks of the newly married Lowells.

October, 1845

I am sorry you are not going to hear Ole Bull. I came very near seeing him in private last Thursday evening at James Lowell's where a select circle was invited to see him. Mrs. Putnam was there . . . Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Owen (not of Lanark, but "our publisher"), and one or two others scraped extempermently together. The Lion from the North was to have walked out of Boston at 6 P.M. with John Hopper (Mrs. Child's and Levi's friend), but he appeared not, being lost in Cambridgeport lanes, we supposed. I was sorry, for J. R. L. says he is a charm-

ing person to know, so simple and natural and fresh. . . . Nevertheless it was a pleasant evening. I wanted to become acquainted with Mrs. Putnam, but Mr. Longfellow stood in the way — between two such linguists one yet imperfect in his Swedish has no chance. Maria Lowell is not less lovely than Maria White, however, and I so seldom emerge from my cell that it was agreeable; there are so seldom gatherings of intellectual people here, too, in this Athens of America. We are in a forlorn state hereabouts, I think, in more ways than one.

The next reference to the Lowells was made in 1846:

Ere long Maria came up and glided gently in at the door. James looked round with his face so radiant, put his arms around her and seated her in the big chair he had been in. Then sat down close to her and gazed in her lovely face, and as we talked put his hand gently on hers and called her " dearest " and " darling," and seemed perfectly to idealize her, and I felt that their relation in poetry was cold and barren compared to that in their daily life and I was happy to be with such lovely beings. But alas! Maria has a sad cough. Oh, what a misfortune it would be for the world if she were to pass away. . . .

Maria talked more than I ever heard her before and I should never wish her to stop. She apologized for the aspect of James's room, but said it was much worse before he was married, at any rate. Whereupon James averred that she was like Admiral Van Tromp who carried a *broom* at his masthead.

November 18, 1853

. . . It is remarkable that James Lowell was . . . entirely unprepared for Maria L.'s death until a few days previous; she had been so frail so long, and he was so unable to entertain the thought of her departure. He was entirely overwhelmed by it and saw no one for several days, I believe; but he is of an elastic nature, and who could mourn long for one like her in heaven?

May, 1854

. . . He [Lowell] told some pleasant things which he might have put into his "Fireside Tales" but for the feelings of some now living—as of Dr. Waterhouse living in same house with his father-in-law, they hating each other mortally. The latter was bedridden and *never knew that Dr. W. lived in the house*, for Dr. W. used to walk in daily after breakfast, with hat, coat, and cane, inquire after the old gentleman's health and walk out again, into his own part of the house, there to disrobe himself. J. R. L. thinks that out of all the ex-ministers in Cambridge, a new crop of oddities is ripening. . . . Finally, he said, to my great regret, that M—— R—— is very intemperate, driven to it, he thinks, by his wife (that "poor little ting"); but he says he is never so elegant in his manners as when inebriated.

I saw Charles Dana [later editor of the New York "Sun"] at Redding's and had some talk. He looks finely and was gay as usual, but I never feel entirely at ease with him — his corners are too clearly defined.

He *is* going to leave Brook Farm, but was indignant at the notion of having relaxed his hold on the associative principles and spoke with great emphasis on that — he is not going into business. . . . He may be going to take Miss [Margaret] Fuller's place in the "Tribune"; he has certainly been wonderfully successful as an editor.

Sundry letters to an old friend of the Divinity School days, Sam Johnson, were written from Newburyport.

June, 1847

DEAR SAM:

. . . I feel much troubled about the Irish emigrants. A strong popular feeling is rising about them here, I fear, and destined to rise higher: the native Americans did all they could to provoke them the other night, and finally broke the windows of the Cathedral at Charlestown. This feeling is natural and unavoidable, and I see no remedy but an extended system of emigration.

January, 1848

DEAR SAM:

. . . Can you suggest any plan for selling some of my sermons in Salem? Mr. Whipple, the publisher, wants to do so, but doesn't know how. It's hardly worth offering to a bookseller who is not a Free-Soiler, and is there any Free-Soil Reading-Room now extant? The price is six cents single, five dollars per hundred, or five cents wholesale. Perhaps some people would

like it for self and friends. All I ask of you is to *advise*.

March, 1848

. . . I should like to see you, Sam, to talk over sundry matters of interest. The last two months' experience, perfectly prosperous as it has been, has yet fanned brighter a good many of my doubts as to the existing old bottles into which we are pouring new wine. The more clearly I see, the more fervently I surrender myself to, the new impulse that is come on the world, the new dawning Age of Faith, the more I am penetrated with the inspiration of this great period of commencing Reconstruction; — the more I find everywhere ground of discontent in all our existing religious and ecclesiastical forms. Say what you please, they are of the past; they are not, to be sure, cumbrous, very bad; they are to some extent plastic to new Life; but the new impulse demands a fresh organization to vivify. . . . For myself I have tried as hard to make all the forms of my position pliable, serviceable even, as could any one. I have simplified them as much as possible; but had I known beforehand what they would be and how irksome, oftentimes, I think I should never have been permanently settled.

June, 1848

Dear Sam:

. . . I wanted particularly to have your sympathy in Boston when I was led so unexpectedly (as you may have heard) into taking a somewhat presumptuous

position which you would have appreciated more than any one who was there. I refer to what you may probably have heard of, my remarks at the Ministerial Conference on Thursday.

I wanted you there, for I felt that I was pleading *our* cause. There had been much discussion, with this question at the bottom of all — are we to be a sect or take a step toward catholicism? Channing and Parker had spoken for their contemporaries. I told them I rose to speak for the young, and showed how ill they had done their duty to us; how little they had done for us; how they had estranged us and made us feel alone. I showed that they had shown us nothing *positive;* not a creed, not a practical position, — not a catholicity in both respects. Certainly not the last, for I said there was not a young man in the body who had been encouraged by his elders to think freely and speak freely! Nay, we could not even choose our own Class Preacher at Cambridge! (This made a sensation — indeed, it was all listened to and there were a great many there.) I told them the one thing that interested us in them was the capacity we saw in them of being better than they were — the vanguard of the noble catholic, reconstructive movement. But that they could never be so long as they rallied round a single theological negation, and held conventions with invitations rigidly limited to those of "our denomination," etc.— In short, Sam, I spoke what I knew to be deep in your heart and mine, and more or less in that of others; I *know* I spoke strongly, and Fred Knapp, a good witness, said I spoke none too much.

Business was waiting to come up afterwards and it was almost the end of the (adjourned) meeting, so there was no public comment on what I had said, and I had to come away and rush to the cars soon after; but I know I must have done good; and at all events showed them how the current was setting.

To his mother, the young minister wrote weekly chronicles of his experiences.

NEWBURYPORT, SUNDAY, December 28

DEAREST MOTHER:

My days, this month, are so busy that it is hard to describe a thing two days old, but you will want to hear about the Christmas tree, which grew, glittered, and disappeared in great prosperity.

. . . For two or three dollars I had bought toys enough at a wholesale store in Boston to supply all the children that good King Herod slew; and the Andrews maidens . . . had collected basket on basket of more substantial presents; the piano was populous with little blue and gray legs and radiant with red and yellow speckled hands with no perceptible fingers. For, as you must know, all statistics fail in the presence of Irish children; and there was no guessing, up to the day and hour itself, how many presents would be wanted. The only plan which seemed rational was to write a list of children to be invited and then double the number; so we began with thirty-five and expected seventy. . . . Then there were children to be invited and elder sisters to be excluded, and other children to

be got out of the mill, and solar lamps to be borrowed; and Jane and Caroline [Andrews] only half through special mittens for special pets, thought of at the last moment and gaping for thumbs. . . .

The children were invited at THREE; that the majority came soon after ONE, it is needless to say. . . . Oh, how shall I tell the next event? I was beneath the tree arranging the light behind it—one shriek burst from a dozen lips. I looked up . . . the tree swept away from above my head and fell upon its face with all its wealth of glory, and this at 3 P.M.! Will you believe that absolutely nothing was injured save a dozen eggs out of fifty, and one toy? Fortunately no lamps were lighted and no children were there.

.

By half-past five they were all dispersed, and then came in a few aristocratic infants, . . . whom Greta briefly designated as " the whooping-cough children," before excluded for fear of that disorder. . . . That closed the pageant — the poor Christmas tree resigned its glories, with nothing to look forward to but the doom touchingly recorded by Hans Andersen in the story of the " Fir Tree " (ours was a pine); . . . Jane[1] and Caroline went with me to the evening school and taught with their wonted energy; Mrs. Andrews doubtless sat up till after midnight, as usual, sewing for her own children or somebody's else, while Mr. Andrews read the " Newburyport Herald " or talked

[1] The eldest of this remarkable group of sisters was Miss Jane Andrews, author of a juvenile book called *Seven Little Sisters*, which was translated into Chinese and Japanese.

on in a low, monotonous undertone, or locked doors and windows twice over and then retired.

Mr. Higginson's outspoken views on slavery finally led to his resignation.

NEWBURYPORT, September, 1849

This letter opens very much like any other letter, but it has some novel things to say — things which affect Mary's and my own coming days, which are cloud and sunshine as one chooses to see them. We think them sunshine, and so we hope and trust will you, when you hear *the whole.*

. . . The discontents in the parish, created last winter, slumbering through the summer, but not, as I hoped, *dead,* have been blown into flames again by the necessity I was under of speaking my mind on Fast Day, and the consequences are a crisis which we were — most happily — ignorant of and have only gradually learned, and leave but one course open for us.

Several of the leading and *richest* men, who talked of leaving last winter, are resolved upon it now; minor ones propose to follow; and even my friends feel grave when they look forward and fancy a gradual procession of staunch members retiring one by one, leaving at last a dozen come-outers in the gallery and one more in the pulpit. My (masculine) supporters are in a numerical minority and a woeful pecuniary minority, and there is a general opinion that " Mr. Higginson ought to know the state of affairs." No one was, however, willing to take that office . . . but kind old Mr. Wood

(with a heart divided between General Taylor and me) came at last voluntarily and told the whole story; which, indeed, had been previously bursting upon us for a day or two.

It was evident to me at once, on cross-examining him, that the case was hopeless; that the other storm had blown over, but this would not. . . .

Well — the end of it is that instead of waiting longer to give my six-months notice, we have resolved to give it on the anniversary, a week from next Sunday . . . bid adieu to Essex Street, pack our bulky goods in a loft till wanted again, and — now comes the sugar!

Take lodgings at the Mills!

This martyrdom in the nineteenth century, dearest Mother, is a singular thing; and if you had lived in a narrow street for two years, and just come back withal from as many weeks at the Mills,[1] you would know how singular. I have no doubt, if you could look into our hearts at this moment, that you would be indignant at us (even you) for not sympathizing sufficiently in *our own misfortunes.* But sincerely, if you knew how I especially have longed for this release from a life which did not content me; and how unworthy it has seemed of rational beings to continue living in Essex Street when they could live at the Mills; and other such things which are very familiar to us, you would willingly consent to our being, not noble martyrs, but (the much more commonplace character) contented and merry human beings!

[1] The Higginsons repaired to the refuge at Artichoke Mills, where they lived for two years before going to the next parish at Worcester.

For the year to come, at all events, we feel secure. . . . We two can float lightly on the stream; and we are sure of as much money as many laboring families live on, even without doing anything.

Of course I regret the change for the people, for I know how many will feel it. . . . But whatever influence I have had over the young people will be a permanent thing, and I shall be able to renew it hereafter.

. . . After all, what is all I have been telling you but one of the sudden changes of weather to which our climate is liable, and which it requires but a small development of spiritual health to disregard? Mary and I never notice the east wind; why should we notice this? We are safe on the moral side, safe on the material, and why not be contented and happy? We are.

September 18, 1849

Well, Sunday I offered my resignation in due form. Most expected something of the sort, though some old ladies did go home in tears declaring that "they did n't expect *this*," and "somebody ought to have told them." I tried to soften all and not exasperate, and succeeded; . . . It produced a very favorable effect all round, and some have taken occasion to declare themselves my friends of whom I did not expect it, especially Mr. Morss, the editor and thinker-general for Newburyport, who has always fought my views vigorously, though cherishing a "sneaking kindness" for me personally. Indeed, now that it is settled, there are symptoms of a sort of reaction, and the murmur of

previous discontent is drowned by the chorus of female wailing. . . .

The state of sentiment among the ladies of the Pleasant Street Society, wedded and single, is peculiar, unanimous, and need not be dwelt upon. Let *Anna* [his sister] imagine herself in their situation — what would you say or do to the men, my dear? Husbands and fathers have to hold their tongues at home, I fancy, and go and let it out at the Reading-Room.

ARTICHOKE MILLS, October, 1849

. . . You ought to have the earliest news of our escape from the perils of fatigue, falling furniture, and others incident to moving and final happy transfer to this golden valley of Indian-summer leaves and sunlight. . . . There is the most wonderful cascade of yellow leaves along the drooping boughs of the lovely elm that veils our south window, and a yellow grove glistens against the blue water of the Merrimack on the western side; while far away some red oaks set off the faint outline of hill and sky. Inside we have found abundant room . . . and all the class of words, of which " cosy " is the type, rise naturally to the lips on entering it. . . . As for Essex Street the last " relic or deed " has been removed and the key surrendered to Mr. Frawth-num [Frothingham] (this is the accurate Newburyport pronunciation). . . .

Up here we are quite bewildered by the calm that succeeds the storm. It is pleasant to go or stay with a sense of secure possession and not have to husband every moment quite so avariciously; to float among

the floating garden of gorgeous leaves which in little clusters overspread the little river, and after trying to count the infinite variety of shapes that are scattered together, feel that one can come back and count more to-morrow; pleasant to realize that the sun will not set to-night only over those quiet hills of West Newbury, and that the frosty dew will glisten every morning. We feel no hurry but that of Nature, who is slowly and surely harvesting every leaf, so that for her gold as for the poorer of California one must look soon or it will be gone. In presence of these things, however, town life seems the merest dream, and it appears a conventionalism only in us when we recognize any world beyond this valley.

The following spring he wrote, still in love with "the Mills":

. . . That subterranean fire in Nature of which Thoreau speaks seems very near the surface; the buds and catkins are unusually large; we bring in alder blooms, in their winter dress, stiff and black, nearly an inch long, and the water soon brings them out, till they droop to long yellow tresses and then let fall their powdery seeds. We have tried the birch catkins also, but their time is later and they have not yet come out. Meanwhile even outdoors the little muddy lichen-cups rise under the snow, and overhead the oaks and beeches have still a perpetual summer in their withered leaves. There are no pines very near us, but the groves on the point across the river show now in their native greenness, now white with snow, now green with mist.

About his friend, Levi Thaxter, Higginson wrote his mother:

Levi popped in, on his way to the Shoals. He and Mr. Leighton have bought the most beautiful of the islands; are going to bring it under cultivation, have a boarding-house for invalids and æsthetic visitors, and do something to civilize the inhabitants of the other islands. It is really quite the "Locksley Hall" idea "to burst all links of habit," etc. He is in high spirits with the plan.

Again he wrote in 1849:

We had last week a visit from Levi: . . . he lives in a house by himself with his man John, a native, inseparable from him — like Robinson Crusoe precisely and very happy. You should have heard his accounts of his cooking and other experiences and our shouts of laughter. He had been down to Watertown to help fit out Jonas [Thaxter] for California! What a nice place for disposing of all odd sticks that is! — all except Levi, perhaps.

Later the Higginsons spent several days at the Shoals, where Unitarian clergymen were congregating and where the Reverend John Weiss and his host were making things lively.

Meantime little Weiss is uttering all sorts of maledictions; he declares Sam [Longfellow] and I depressed him merely because we preached on Sunday; but I wonder what you would think of his depression. Never

a schoolboy in vacation was so full of glee, and his wild pranks with Levi are perpetually startling us, day and night. At night they have fireworks and get up at midnight blazing explosions on the staircase, with a mock alarm of fire, extinguished by themselves, with immense shouting and triumph, "with real water." By day, the sudden shrieking of a child is heard from Weiss's room. We are astounded, while Levi rushing up reappears with the little man in his arms, his wonderful face contorted into an entirely infantile wretchedness. And so they go on. Weiss has the most beautifully expressive face I have ever seen; in fact his whole body is so small that the expression crowded into every part is more intense than any common person's utmost power; his shoulders say more than most people's mouths, and his glee and drollery are infinite; he takes the most enthusiastic delight in Maria Fay's and Mr. Angier's nightly singings, and his magnificent face is as good a part as any. I think I never knew anybody who made such an impression of genius; and this intense fun and *diablerie*, which is somewhat repressed among parishioners, works itself all out with Levi of whom he is very fond. We stay at Levi's. . . . At the hotel are other clerical gentlemen. . . . Celia Leighton looks twenty, though barely fifteen; she has entirely lost her affectation and her beauty and become a plain modest girl: she is thought highly of by her schoolmistress and others, but shows no positive traits.

ARTICHOKE MILLS, August, 1850

DEAREST MOTHER:

We left . . . Appledore last Thursday; having got through one storm, but with the prospect of another. It creates a singular feeling to know for twenty-four hours that you *cannot* get away from a place; it is an experience I have very rarely had, having commonly the command of my own feet if all else fails. But there was one day when we really could not leave the Shoals; the regular boat remaining in Portsmouth, and there being no other large enough to dare the surging sea. We had, however, no accident calling for succor from Terra Firma, and it needed more than this to depress the spirits of Mr. Weiss, James Lowell, and Levi. We had one day of glorious sea, and we were almost the whole time watching it upon the rocks.

I believe I did not tell you of our expedition to Duck Island, the largest and most solitary uninhabited island of the group: I had often watched the surf breaking over it to the northeast before reaching us, and wished to set foot on it, which can, however, only be done in calm weather. We had a day of such, and two boats of us went. It seemed a strange daring as we approached it; the long seaweed floated around the gray rocks, and the waves broke louder as we approached, more desolately and more forbidding. Seabirds sat in rows on the rocks gazing at the invaders, or soared and screamed above our heads. It was like landing on one of the Orkneys. The island is . . . all rock with marshy places, full of reeds and flowers. Among the rocks the gulls make their nests of a little

scattered grass, or drop their eggs in the fissures at random. We found here and there an egg or a callow gray nestling, with little web feet. At last I found one half grown which had squeezed itself into a cleft of the rock and kept so still that I stepped over it as a fragment of rock, being precisely the same colors; on looking farther I found two more. Taking them up and putting them down again, they would run away till they found a cleft and then squeeze their heads in and remain perfectly still. Such were the hospitalities of the island.

A little more than a year later, Higginson wrote to his mother of Levi Thaxter's marriage to Celia Leighton, in 1851.

. . . You do not fully appreciate this strange and impracticable, but chivalrous and noble person whose immediate future it is hard and even sad to predict; whose past has been wayward and perhaps useless, but aspiring and stainless. . . . Levi writes a funny account of the quiet little Kittery Point minister, Reverend Seth Somebody, his survival of the voyage more easily than of Jonas's witticisms, Jonas [Thaxter] the joker, on whose every wink and word the Reverend Seth hung in ecstasy; then his palpitations at the explosion of champagne corks and the feats of his moustached colleague (little Weiss). There were present all the Appledore Islanders, including Captain Fabius Becker from Smutty Nose; all the Weisses (the baby's cradle being kept in the room adjoining), and Jonas and Lucy Thaxter. " We had a merry time,"

closes Levi in his letter, "and then I took my dear wife home in the beautiful night, bright and clear with stars and a growing moon."

A letter about the Thaxters was written much later to Mrs. J. T. Fields:

CAMBRIDGE, January, 1898

DEAR MRS. FIELDS:

I have been reading your paper on Celia Thaxter with such pleasure that I wish to express it, and also to make one or two minor criticisms. I do not see what you mean by saying that Levi Thaxter "went as a missionary to the wild fisher folk at Star." He was at that time my most intimate friend and we corresponded constantly. He and Weiss went, not to Star, but to the lighthouse to board with the Leightons, and were so delighted that Levi and Leighton bought Appledore (not then so named) and built the hotel — a foolish enterprise for him, it was generally thought. I don't remember his ever living at Star, and to call any interest he had in the fishermen a "missionary" feeling seems to me quite an error. He had a great fancy for them and had a special pet named *John*, after whom he named "John's Cove" and then his second boy, but the word "missionary," seems to me quite out of place and to give a wrong picture of him. Should you reprint the paper I wish you would consider this.

I think that on the whole you handle the difficult subject of the relation between the two with great delicacy and substantial truth. . . . The more she plunged with eagerness into the novelty of social

attention, the more he shrank from it; and, moreover, devoted himself to a *motherly* care of the eldest boy. . . . But in youth he was a master of the revels, full of fun and frolic; and his great desire was to be an actor and he spent a year in New York studying, to his father's great dismay. You speak of his deep attachment to his parents; it may have been so to his mother, but certainly not to his father, a rather grim country lawyer whose only desire was to make Levi the same, and who clucked after him like a hen who has hatched ducks.

I dare say you got your impression partly from Celia, who, with all her vehement and delightful straightforwardness, had a tinge of the melodramatic in her descriptions, as when she always speaks of the hotel as "The Great House." . . .

I observe that you do not speak of her strong interest in spiritualism, but you probably include it in your "everywhere and patiently."

Another friend of that period was William Henry Hurlbut, a fellow student at the Divinity School. In letters to his mother, Mr. Higginson reported some of Hurlbut's experiences abroad:

He not only was blessed by the Pope, but by the society of the Countess Ossoli [Margaret Fuller] whom he admires very much. Why she wedded her "undeveloped and uninteresting Italian" does not appear; Hurlbut says, however, "she probably married him as a representative of an imagined possibility in the Italian character which I have not yet been able to

believe in." He [Count Ossoli] is very handsome, of Spanish rather than Italian aspect. He speaks no English, sits at home in the evening in a military frock, and when her visitors come in, goes to a café. He will no doubt be thoroughly miserable in America, whither they go in a few months. . . . But above all he describes a visit to the Brownings, to whom Madame Ossoli introduced him. They live in the most charming way, in a large old palace with a great parlor in which they sit in the evening; on the one side a large fireplace with an open fire, close to which sits Mrs. Browning, almost lost in a large armchair; on the opposite side sits her husband, and between them is a third chair for a guest, as they rarely have more than one at a time. On the opposite side of the room are ranged her bookshelves full of well-thumbed books including many Greek ones in rare editions, which H. describes with gusto. The ends of the room are filled with pictures, quaint furniture, statuettes, and all kinds of things picked up by Browning in his all-observant rambles. For he is perfectly what Landor describes him in a sonnet which I had written in the beginning of H.'s Browning:

> "Since Chaucer was alive and hale
> No man hath walked along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse."

H. describes meeting him walking in the street, looking so firm, condensed, and animated, with bright eyes peering about in every direction: and this seems to be his impression of him everywhere — perfect health and

freshness, with no fine frenzy, but universal animation and activity. Such, I fancy, Shakespeare might have been, and I quite like to fancy Browning such. She seems frail, but well, for her, " the bold one " having won fire to transform her to health. I should have added that this great hall they live in is hung with its fine old antique tapestry and they wave round the little lady till she looks as shadowy as any of the knights and ladies there portrayed.

After Hurlbut's return, the chronicle was thus continued:

Hurlbut . . . was as agreeable as only he can be. . . . Mary considered him occasionally nonsensical, but he entertained me excessively, gave me more information on all subjects than anybody else has (if I could only remember it), and told inimitable stories, which may do for future occasions to repeat to my mama. . . . Hurlbut, moreover, declares a year at Rome in the very gayest society to be far less perilous to a young damsel's or youth's sobriety and humility than a week in Philadelphia society or a day in Washington — so let fears be laid aside.

[He] told us, as usual, many interesting things. He saw a good deal of the Hunt family, of Brattleboro' — Mrs. H. described to him her house-painting experiences. He thought highly of William Hunt [the artist] and told us something worth repeating. W. H. came to Florence in wretched health, dispirited, indolent and self-indulgent, in danger of sinking into a mere dilettante, though in Paris he had been something more.

Hurlbut had an interleaved copy of Jameson's "Italian Painters," with notes by Margaret Fuller. . . . In this volume there was an account of Correggio, describing his earnestness of purpose in becoming not merely a self-indulgent dabbler in art, but a regenerator of it, and the author added a complaint of the rarity of such characters, opposite which M. F. had written a note — "*And yet all might be such.*" This book Hurlbut lent to Hunt. Shortly after a new life seemed to spring up in him and he was wholly transformed; he became earnest, laborious, and invigorated, nor did Hurlbut understand the change till, long afterwards, Hunt referred to this book and said that slight note of M. F.'s struck a chord in him that made the moment an era in his life. This is one of the many fruits of her chance seeds.

He told us about Tennyson's marriage which you will like to hear. It seems that twenty years ago, at the time of his early volumes of poems, he wooed and won a fair maiden; won her heart, but not her head or conscience, for she was very strait in her theology and he very lax in comparison, and with all her efforts she could not bring herself to link their destinies, and so, alas, they parted. Yet she was true to him, and refused other fine offers; and so ten years passed away. Then the poet wrote to her again to ask if any change had come in their fates, and still the stern lady wrote back No. So passed ten years more, and both remained true, in their absence and silence. Then came "In Memoriam" with its inspiration and its faith, and in one week after its appearance there arrived a letter

from the lady, avowing her conscience set at rest at last by that wonderful book, and hinting that all barriers were now thrown down! A month more saw them united, and their first pilgrimage was to Arthur Henry Hallam's tomb.

Truly it will be a romantic story which writes the records of this generation of English poets; and this graver wooing of Tennyson's goes well by the graceful tale of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning!

Hurlbut is quite sure that he saw Tennyson, though not knowing it at the time. That is, he saw at Cheltenham a very remarkable looking man walking with a lady, whose expression seemed entirely unlike anything he had seen in England, in its ideality and intensity, and whose whole aspect corresponded entirely to the account he afterwards heard of Alfred, who also, it appeared, was at Cheltenham at that precise time!

This note to Emerson explains itself:

ARTICHOKE MILLS, July, 1850

During your absence I made a visit to your study which I would gladly have had a visit to yourself likewise. I saw several things which I coveted, and this first edition of Tennyson was especially tempting; I had pleasant memories of it and had long wished to meet it again. Emboldened perhaps, by Ellery's [Channing] daring spirit, I borrowed it, promising myself to return it in a week. Alas, that the conscience should be so hardened by time, but I have kept it six weeks, and do not feel so guilty as when I first pocketed

it. Perhaps the same influence may have softened your surprise at such gipsy habits, and you may accept my thanks as some equivalent.

Very respectfully yours.

In 1850 Mr. Higginson wrote from Artichoke Mills to his mother:

Don't let me forget to say that at South Hingham . . . I did see one of the Betseys, and not only see but stay with, and not only a Betsey but a Betsey Cushing — but only a *Mrs. B. C.* I will candidly confess, not the renowned Missis. "No, ma'am," said I, as I warmed my feet in a leisurely way at the air-tight. "I have never been in Hingham, but my mother lived here for a time." "Why, mercy's sake, who was your mother?" was the reply. "Louisa Storrow, ma'am," said her son with dignity. "Wha-a-t" exclaimed the excellent lady promptly, pausing halfway out of the closet with a sugar-bowl in her hand. "Why, be you Louisa Storer's son?" "Undoubtedly, ma'am," said I modestly; "did you know her?" "Know her!" said she. "Why, *she married General Lincoln's son!*" Transfixed with horror, you may conceive how I disclaimed the imputation that my mother had ever demeaned herself so unutterably, though I never heard of General Lincoln except as the steamboat in which we went to Hull. I mentally paralyzed the good lady and perplexed her so utterly that she could only emerge from the closet at last where she had still grasped the sugar-bowl, and setting it down she at last amicably observed, "Well, guess I'd better get your supper first

and then *we'll see about it.*" Again and again during my visit did she renew the charge, and at last, wearied out, abandoned the theory, but only to hurt it with a final suggestion as we sat at breakfast Monday morning — "*Well, it must* HAVE BEEN YOUR GRANDMA." This she regarded as a compromise which she could admit, and I left her leaning on that. But she consented to refer the matter to some mysterious aunt of her husband's, who has ere now settled the matter and explained the difference between Storer and Storrow. In other respects the Widow Cushing was a lively elderly lady with an intelligent come-outer nephew.

A letter dated February, 1850, describes the impression made on the writer by Mrs. Kemble:

I had never even seen her before, and the tones of that unequalled voice . . . and the myriad expressions of that unequalled face — perhaps I should rather say those myriad voices and faces condensed into one — were all new to me.

. . . The play was the "Midsummer Night's Dream." . . .

How shall I describe the immense animal spirits, the utter transformation of voice, face, and gesture, with which this extraordinary woman threw herself into the comedy. . . . "Here, Peter Quince," from a throat whose pinched meagreness the most starved day of Oliver Twist's life never could have equalled — and this on as portly a form as the country can produce, a woman whose arm could floor Mr. Tilden. And the voice matched the throat — from starvation up to the

most burly and deep-chested tone, nothing escaped her.

. . . Shut your eyes, and you would wonder what theatre could command such a variety of talent, down to the least performers; open them, and the illusion was not destroyed, for her face became a different face for every person and the stage might have been covered with men and women and yet added nothing. A stout gentleman sat before me, wiping his forehead and then looking up in the gallery to find Lysander, to whom Hermia so passionately called; I smiled at him, but doubtless did the same thing. . . . My pen fails, as I think of Bottom and Titania. The first interview summed it all up — nothing more could carry farther the delicious absurdity — absurdity? No, the wonder and the genius. The great oaf will not show that he is frightened, so walks up and down (you see the illusion in my using this phrase) singing his hoarse, silly song, to show that he is not afraid. Not a ray of anything but a heavy conceit in his round, staring face, not a tinge of a tune in his dull voice, he sings in a sort of hand-organ way about

"The ouzel-locks, so black of hue" —

when — Titania wakes and with a sweet, bewildered, enraptured face, upturned to heaven with all the soul in it, and a voice of accordant tenderness —

"What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?"

How shall I convey any impression of it? Earth and sky are not farther apart than these two parts as she gave them, and yet throughout, her delicate tact,

like the atmosphere, softly and gracefully united the two.

Perhaps the glory of the play lay mainly in this part of the plot. I cannot believe that it was ever given before — for on the stage the palpable grotesqueness of the asses' ears, nay, of the fairy form even, would spoil it all — 't is too airy for anything but the voice and *her* voice. So perfect was it from beginning to end that though I laughed to tears I have a different sensation now. As Lamb says of one of his great actors in Malvolio, there was an element of pathos in it withal, which comes up to the memory. It is folly and madness, to be sure, when we think of Bottom's sensations, but who would not be foolish or mad in the love of such a creature as Titania. . . . Convulsed with laughter as those moments were, I yet look back upon them as if I had heard a requiem; and henceforth Bottom is to my mind as much a creature of pathos as Ophelia.

A letter written in May, 1850, was from Brattleboro', Vermont, where a water-cure once flourished.

This sheet . . . is written in the pride of a half-hour before breakfast, by which you are not to infer that it is possible for breakfast to be late, but for me to be early; in my mother's household nothing is irregular but the sons. . . .

I am looking out between my words upon a view darker blue than my Merrimack one ever is; but the mist hangs over the top of the mountain and takes off half its natural height; this is wrong; it should come

down and disperse below to give us good weather; but the only rule of this rainy month is that the sun always comes out when you don't expect it, and the rain when you expect the sun; so my fingers at this moment cast a shadow on the paper. . . . Under these circumstances we thought it best to take all the moisture together and so we had a party of Hydropaths. Some came in tubs, others paddled in punts, and the most desperate invalids came in douches through the ceiling. We had large pails of water for supper. There was Miss Gibbs and Mrs. Greene and the very Reverend Mr. Berteau with a sharp nose, and Lieutenant Greene, of the navy, and Lieutenant Ehninger (think of that!) of the army, who was in the Mexican War (think of that!!) and was wounded and left on the field for dead and afterwards made Lieutenant instead (think of that!!!), and is a commonplace and uninteresting mortal, after all. . . . Hydropaths keep early hours, and even this broke up soon after ten. Thus we find resources indoors and sometimes run out between the drops. In the evening Louisa plays us songs without words and spirit waltzes and Erlkings and other things tender and terrible.

December 19, 1851

Wednesday night I lectured at Milford, Massachusetts. On the way up from Framingham . . . I observed an excitement among railroad officials about the lecture — conductor asked passengers if they were going, and brakemen asked each other if they were. As I moralized on the good effects of Lyceums among

the people, the conductor came along; I asked some questions which revealed me as the lecturer; then the mystery came out. "Sir," said he, "do you know that the President of the Lyceum is absent, and the Vice-President, who will introduce you, is the engineer of this very train!" Hence the excitement among the brakemen; but the engineer turned out quite a character; he went home with me after lecture and was very agreeable, and our acquaintance ended in my riding down with him on the locomotive the next morning; as novel and exciting a steed as a man can well bestride, I assure you. In the cold frosty morning to skim over those glistening rails at the rate of twenty miles an hour with a dozen cars behind and nothing but a steam-pipe in front gives one a sense of helplessness, I assure you, though my literary friend, Mr. Jackman, reined in the monster as if it had been an enfeebled sheep.

The name of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish nightingale," is little known to the present generation. But she had a world-wide reputation, and was perhaps the most popular public singer of her day. During her two-year American tour, she was married in Boston to Otto Goldschmidt, who was then conducting the Bach Choir. Mr. Higginson, in a letter dated February, 1852, tells his mother something about the wedding:

Mrs. Ward had known all about Jenny's betrothal for a long time (as had Mrs. John Dwight and hardly anybody else), and Jenny had always said she should drive up there some time unexpectedly and be married,

and so it was. She was dressed in Swedish style, at the wedding, in white muslin and veil, with a myrtle crown and small wreath of orange buds. It appears that O. G. has been attached to her for years, but she has resisted; that he came to this country at her recommendation, and he is a very agreeable and cultivated person, and Mrs. Ward liked him extremely. He is also a remarkable business man, Sam Ward thought, and had managed her concerts for some time. She is a perfectly delightful guest; goes singing up and down stairs, and sings every evening. She gave Mrs. Ward a diamond pin with diamond pendants. Her bridesmaid was little Lily Ward (the child who wanted to die so as to have a little conversation with Daniel and ask him how he really felt when in the lions' den!). The Wards have had a letter from them at Northampton in which she signs herself "Jenny Goldschmidt—*doesn't it look prettier?*" — while he dates the letter as so many days "from the beginning of his life" — all which is very satisfactory; and they are to stay at Northampton till June and then sail for Europe. Also she is said not to be so rich as has been supposed, and she always expects to sing in public more or less because she would not think it right not to use her power.

March, 1851

I don't know if I have mentioned my principal crony this winter — Professor Crosby, formerly of Dartmouth. You know, perhaps, his history; how he wrote a most admirable and pungent letter to the American

Tract Society against endless punishment, and lost his professorship thereby. He is a man of great variety of knowledge and thought, clear, pertinacious, hard-headed, amiable, mild, but without much sentiment; and I have enjoyed him, though Mary compares him to sawdust and all kinds of dry and gritty particles. . . . He has a taste for heretics and comes to see me constantly.

These jottings are from the journal of 1852 and refer to Mr. Higginson's interest in the temperance movement. Marshal Tukey was a picturesque figure in those days, being a dashing, audacious, and most efficient police official, a terror to offenders.

In Boston, January 15. I went to see Marshal Tukey wishing to make arrangements for a meeting between him and Mr. Neal Dow at the Temperance Convention.

He received me very cordially, remembered my face and smiled when I referred to the Sims case.

" I suppose you think," said he, " that after working so hard in a bad cause, I ought to be ready to work in a good one.

.

" I would not for $25,000 " (he said) " have accepted an office requiring me to catch fugitive slaves — but *after I had taken the office* I could not draw back from any of its duties. It is so with the Maine Law — I will execute it, if required, but I would not have acccpted the office with that understanding. . . .

" If I am required by the Government to exccute it,

I shall do so. A few weeks ago I thought they did not mean to execute it and wished accordingly to get rid of me, but I do not think so now. It can be executed, but it is no slight thing. Forty millions of capital to contend with " (he probably included distillers).

July 18. Marshal Tukey told our Temperance men that in the course of that interview he went out and into the Mayor's [Quincy] room and mentioned to him that I was there. " Let him go to the Devil — don't have anything to do with him," was the answer.

Also from the journal:

February 29 (1852), Ellery said:

" There was no electricity in that lecture of Emerson's on Economy — it was dull. No *weather* in it, no outdoors.

" Emerson has no love of *beauty* or knowledge of it — he gave it all up after he wrote ' Nature ' — he is all humanitarianism — he is every shrewd Yankee merchant — that 's what he is. He saw early that he must have a system if he wanted to make any impression — everybody was unsettled and he must be fixed.

" In fact " (he went on, sitting on the footstool, pipe in mouth, by the stove, staring in), " nobody has any knowledge of beauty; it 's the rarest thing. People all go along, just like dogs, without seeing anything in nature. It separates you directly from men, if you care anything about it; you are unsocial and puzzle them. Beauty is just as *hard* as Emerson is on his side, but his is the popular side — all this humanitarianism business. There is Thoreau, he knows about it — give

him sunshine and a handful of nuts, and he has enough.". . .

Walking in the Joppa street . . . he said, "Do you feel as if these New England people were your countrymen? I do not — the Irish and English seem to be so; they settle down at once as if they had lived here all their lives; but every New Englander looks as if he were just stopping here a minute on his way to parts unknown. A Yankeei s something *between a piece of tobacco* and a *squash pie* — he's always spitting, that's the tobacco; and his complexion, that's the pie," — so he went on.

This talk is just like Keats's letters.

CHAPTER II

THE WORCESTER PERIOD

Mr. Higginson lived and preached in Worcester for about ten years before the Civil War called him away. Extracts from journals and letters of this period are apt to be undated and fragmentary and are often arranged according to subject rather than date. They are not chronicles of Worcester life, but rather a record of absences.

To an old parishioner:

Worcester, June

. . . We are kept sound asleep all the time by the heavy scent of roses and pinks and syringas. Add to this " Sir Charles Grandison " in seven small volumes, and you will understand what Lotos-Eaters we have become.

Did you ever read " Sir Charles " ? It is a new experience to me and surpasses my best hopes. The heroines write as many letters every day as you write Sundays. Sir Charles, I find, to be a human being, whose grandeurs and graces fill me with reverence. And Lady G. you would find a piece of wickedness to whom you would instantly swear eternal friendship. Her matrimonial squabbles are as fresh and modern as David's and Dora's, though of a more piquant character. I cannot conceive of your not reading it every summer. . . .

Sir Charles has such beautiful ways; he goes to a house where single young ladies reside and a lover for each always happens in; then he immediately gives them five thousand pounds and they are married immediately. All those, however, who were married previously are found quarrelling; these he reconciles and gives them three thousand pounds.

These comments on American girls would hardly have been made in our changed days:

Just now we are staying a few days with my newly married niece. The gossip of her young lady acquaintances fills me with renewed dismay at the contemplation of young ladies' lives, especially those who have had what are called "advantages." Girls talk folly enough to young men, but nothing to what they talk to each other.

Joyfully I turn to Harriet Hosmer the sculptor.

Mr. Higginson often got a good deal of entertainment as well as discomfort out of his lecture or preaching trips.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., November, 1852

. . . We reached Norwich at nine and took the steamer; and here, better still, appeared Henry Ward Beecher. I sat by him and read "Bleak House" in the cabin, and at last, when he moved to go to bed, I introduced or recalled myself to him. "Oh, yes," said he heartily, "bless your soul, I remember *you*"; and so we talked until twelve o'clock: chiefly about Wasson and churches generally. He defended pews (to

be *rented*, not owned) and said some very sensible things in their defence, of which I had never thought before. He was very cordial — wished me to know Reverend Mr. Storrs of Brooklyn, his associate in the "Independent," and said I must come to tea with him on Monday and Mr. S. should come also. . . .

[Charles] Dana was at his office, much changed from his former brown and robust self, pale, thin, and bearded; but seemed very content, though rather tired; said he could endure much more labor in that way than any other. He had a good deal of his old dogmatism. . . . Mr. Ripley was there, fat and uninteresting.

George Curtis pleased me far better. He seemed very cordial and not at all foppish. His voice and manner are extremely like Mr. Bowen (Reverend C. J.). . . . The likeness kept recurring to me as I sat in his pretty study, full of books and engravings. . . . He has written two perfectly charming essays on Emerson and Hawthorne for the lovely illustrated "Homes of American Authors"; a most racy and charming picture of Concord and its peculiar life. I read these at the bookstore afterward with great delight.

. . . I learned one good fact; that the arms of the Wentworths are *three cats' heads*, which explains my tendencies [fondness for milk].

This evening I have been to H. W. Beecher's church. It is wonderful — an immense church and every seat crowded — far beyond Theodore Parker's. Double rows of chairs in the aisles and such attention. He

preached almost entirely extempore and it was like his lectures; no eloquence of thought, or little, but much eloquence of feeling; intense, simple earnestness; no grace, no condensation; no moderation or taste in delivery; and very little to remember. I do not think I should go to hear him often, or it would be more for the magnetism of the congregation than anything else. I think him far less impressive intellectually than Mr. Parker, with whom one naturally compares him.

During the same visit, he wrote:

. . . H. W. B. is charming at home, a sort of great, happy child, and so his wife and Mr. S. treated him. They were as liberal and friendly as possible, and I talked all my heresies without fear. I wish you could have heard them roar with laughter when I quoted Mr. Emerson's remark that Evangelical doctrines were like the measles and the whooping-cough — important to those who have them and interesting to those who have had them; but not important or even very intelligible to those who have not! H. W. B. also told me with infinite amusement of W. H. C.'s anxiously warning him not to underrate certain theological doctrines — a Channing warning a Beecher!

Of a later trip to Brooklyn, Higginson wrote:

I stayed with Sam Longfellow from Thursday night to Monday night. The former night was stormy, and I was invited to repeat the lecture, which I did to quite a different audience, on Monday. Henry Ward

Beecher announced it from his pulpit on Sunday, very cordially, and told his people he wished it could be given in his church, which indeed he had previously proposed to me. Besides this, I spoke twice on Sunday to large audiences, though it was quite stormy.

Sam dwells in clover with one of those elderly ladies who are born to coddle young bachelor divines, Mrs. Jackson. He has a large, charming study, a chaos of books and works of art, with a great magnificent chest of drawers, from the Palazzo d'Oro in Venice which he happened upon with his usual luck; it is the handsomest piece of carved furniture I ever saw and had stood out of doors a whole winter when he captured it. Here dwells Sam, always nursing some little lumbago or dyspepsia of his own, and interchanging visits with Mrs. Jackson, similarly occupied in *her* parlor, while a pretty little grandchild and a pretty young lady protégée, who supervises him, vibrate between the apartments. The parishioners are also devoted and speak as earnestly of " the importance of retaining Mr. Longfellow in Brooklyn " as the Beecherites might of Beecher. The new church is a little box of choice art . . . stone-colored stucco ("for surface ") with a sort of basement of brick, painted red (" for purposes of color "). The brick is now very dirty, or, as Sam tenderly prefers to term it, " distained "; there is also a distained little steeple or spire in the background. . . . This structure they enjoy to the utmost, and Sam now projects a little evening service, of music and reading Scripture, without a sermon, which he calls " vespers or even-song "; the people meekly rebel a

little, especially at the even-song, and pant for a sermon, but I think he will carry it through.

. . . I took tea with the Millses, some leading people in Sam's parish. Then he invited Brownlee Brown, who wrote the fine article in the last "Atlantic," "The Ideal Tendency," to come down from Newburg and dine with me, but he did not appear. I spent part of a day with Octavius Frothingham at Jersey City. Then I moused about New York a good deal and saw various things I wished to see. I saw nothing so good, however, as a scene Frothingham reported to me, between two little street-sweeping boys, whom he passed at dusk the night before, it being terribly rainy and muddy. "Come, Bill," said one, "ain't it about time to close up for the night?" Bill consented, and F. lingered to see in what the process of closing up consisted. It consisted in the two little wretches deliberately hoeing back over the crossing all the mud they had cleared off, so as to give a fair chance for next day's operations!

My lecture stirred them up a good deal in Brooklyn and brought special appeals and insults to Sam from his flock (he being unable, because of lumbago, to attend). Some of them came home with me afterwards and tormented him with proffers of gymnasiums and chest expanders. One enthusiastic youth implored him to become a *fireman*.

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Last Thursday I went to New Haven which is the most superb nursery of elms I know anywhere. . . . I got there early and had a charming walk to the top

of East Rock. I stayed with the Elliots. . . . They live in the old Roger Sherman house with painted tiles. My lecture took immensely with the college boys.

Last week we had Rarey here . . . but the most interesting parts — his personal simplicity and earnestness, and the *expression* in the horses' faces, render it perfectly fascinating. I feared he might be conceited, might mystify and be grand, but he seemed like a perfectly single-minded reformer, like Wendell Phillips, and his one desire seemed to be to show at each step how utterly simple and intelligible the whole process was.

Yesterday I was walking and crossed a pasture, where the cows all came around me attracted by some boughs I had and which I had to hold out of their reach; they were very gentle and timid, though trustful, and I had to keep very quiet, like Rarey. They seemed to wish to understand me — licked my arm to see if I were a branch and rubbed against me to see if I were a stump, and I did not know how to explain myself. I stood in a circle of six . . . they made a halo, or cow-low about me.

1855

I saw Rachel in "Phédre" — one of the most terrible things I ever did, yet fascinating and superb-like, as Mrs. James well says. I never saw an actress so far removed from the audience; even when called out, she ignores them and her bow seems a part of the play. The acting is more real than anything I ever

saw, and the character being detestable, she appears so. The serpent-like begins with her body, which has a joint in every inch of it, like a snake's; every motion is a glide, and her whole form expresses more than anybody's else face.

August 16, 1862

Yesterday I went to Lynn, exchanging with Sam Johnson. After tea I went up to a camp meeting of Millerites near there, on a beautiful lake. It was a strange scene, wagons, horses, dogs, rowdy young men, and in the centre a great tent with rows of pale, eager listeners squatting in semicircles among the trees, with tears and Amens. The speakers were earnest and vivid, the people less excited and less intelligent than I expected, but it was the close of the meeting. I found all the types of character I expected there and was glad to have gone (for the first time). I peeped into one of the company tents, with the walls all hung with little carpetbags; and elderly women (not hanging up) packing up " duds " with tears streaming.

. . . I, willing to join in any innocent amusement, took a hand at a round game of spiritual rappings, but withdrew (as usual) with small winnings.

It seemed queer to be in the midst of these two parties of seekers after the mysteries of another sphere, and both rather forgetting this world for it; and as I came out of the house to the dim evening view of Nahant and the sea horizon, I was rather glad that we do not learn too fast, but have time to digest as we go along.

Again, he wrote:

I had a nice time on Sunday at Plymouth. They have a sort of come-outer society there, partially Buddhist, you would perhaps think, who are having a series of meetings on Sundays, at which different persons officiate, sometimes clerical, sometimes lay. They meet at Leyden Hall (a good Pilgrim Association) and have for their motto old John Robinson's saying to the Mayflower-ites, "More light yet is to break forth." By the public they are termed "*five-cent meetings*" (that being the admission-fee); sometimes "Marston's meetings," from Marston Watson, who got them up and who takes care of the preachers, and who is the best part of Plymouth. He . . . was classmate and crony of Sam Longfellow; and is certainly the finest specimen I have met of the combination of practical and ideal. Ever since he left college he has been a gardener, has a farm in a pretty valley about a mile from the town, a picturesque cottage of Sam L.'s designing, farm, garden, two greenhouses, a pretty little bright Plymouth wife, and some charming children with voices as sweet as their mother's. He raises chiefly ornamental trees and flowering plants; has miniature nurseries of young rose-trees in his greenhouses; imports all the new plants from France and Belgium and sends them all over the South and West. This he enjoys intensely and thinks it teaches him more than all the books in the world, though he finds time for these too. . . . I preached morning and evening; in the afternoon it rained, but we walked into the woods which stretch from near his house some thirteen miles

to the shore opposite Naushon island; in these woods there are *deer*, which come and drink at the many little lakes.

WORCESTER, December 31, 1852

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Last night Theodore Parker lectured here, and we tea'd with him; he is, you know, the most eloquent talker living; nobody compares to him in that; some are more *original*, perhaps, in talking; but he knows everything, and pours it out in the most simple and delightful way. His lecture was wonderful as a specimen of popularizing information and thought; in this he has no equal in this country; he is far before H. W. Beecher as a stump orator. It is a treat to see how people listen to him.

Two years later he wrote again in reference to Theodore Parker:

I stayed at Mr. Parker's nominally, he being at the West, and luxuriated in his splendid library, the finest in Boston, I suppose; beyond comparison. Perhaps you do not know that he appropriates to this his receipts from lecturing, and that he is building it up for a *permanent* thing, to be placed after his death in some public institution; for the benefit of scholars yet unborn. Miss Stevenson told me many instances of his kind actions, young people supported at school, and such sort of things. Just now he is hand in glove with Dr. Beecher, and they are trying to get an organization to find places in families for girls who are in danger of

crime, which some persons think better than a Reform School for girls. I recommended E. E. Hale as the best person for their agent, and they have taken it up quite eagerly.

In 1852 " Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in the book world.

My dearest Mother:

I am sorry to say that you have quite seriously offended my lady wife. . . . She has . . . brought a note from you, in a state of excitement, supposing, of course, it would be full of — " Uncle Tom's Cabin " — and now that I have just read it to her and there is not a word about our respected Ethiopian uncle . . . she naturally feels slighted. . . . This being Mrs. H.'s one absorbing subject at present, you must be sure and not omit to mention it in your next. It certainly is an extraordinary book, unequalled in American fiction and would still be so if the characters were all snow-white. The picture of Southern life is perfectly wonderful and has made me recall the life at Farley [Virginia] more than I have done for a long while.

In another letter he speaks thus of Mrs. Stowe:

Will nobody stop these Beechers? Here is Mrs. Stowe getting into trouble again. The " Christian Watchman " has his eye on her. Jesus of Nazareth was a dangerous innovator in his day, but what is he to Mrs. Stowe? He only sat at meat with publicans and sinners, but she is actually announced to write a novel in the same "Atlantic Monthly" which [en-

dorses] . . . a man who says, "If we do our duty manfully in this world, we need give ourselves no great anxiety about our fate in the next one!"

The following letter refers to a Temperance Convention:

May, 1853

Enough has no doubt reached you, through the New York papers, of the affair in which I figured there, to make you anxious to hear from me about them. . . . The best account is that in the "Herald," which I send, though all the leading New York papers were full of it the next day (Friday). This is, of course, exaggerated in parts (for instance, the majority of the dozen ladies did not wear Bloomer dresses); but the speeches and proceedings are more correct than in any other paper. You see I was the right-hand man of the Temperance meeting, and for me to take up the cause of those ladies was rather a blow. They had come, relying on the hall for the meeting, which was for "*Friends* of Temperance"; still they knew there would be opposition, but thought it their right to co-operate, and when Lucy Stone (who came with them) found I was there, she was rejoiced and appealed to me in a way that called out all my chivalry, though I should have done the same, at any rate. Besides, this female society had really worked harder for Temperance than any society in the State, and done much more than the clerical gentlemen who attacked them in the most insulting way. Rather fortunately for us, we kept our tempers (as all admit) so much better than

our opponents that we carried with us sympathy from many who did not go with us and after we left, the discussion rose still higher. Our afternoon meeting was at Dr. Trull's Hydropathic Establishment, which seems the centre of all New York reform; it was almost as large as the morning meeting, with many new persons, and many of the same. These have entered with the greatest spirit into the *Whole* World's Convention, as we call it, which will be *the* convention; we have already engaged Metropolitan Hall, the largest in the city, for four days and evenings (which was to have been the extent of the other one) and expect to have a great time. I was afraid of seeing petty and partisan feelings peep out and spoil our side, but they all seemed to have a more generous feeling.

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This fracas did not prevent my speaking at the grand evening meeting of the American Temperance Union, which was quite a distinct thing from our morning affair. It was in the great Metropolitan Hall, and I was rather unusually successful. No allusion was made to the morning's affair, though some of the same gentlemen who had denounced women in the morning were ready to flatter them in the evening.

WORCESTER, 1853

Last week I had a queer evening with Mr. Brown [a neighbor]. I was to lecture at the Holden Lyceum, seven miles off, and he rode over with me. Calling at the house of the Secretary, his wife timidly informed me that there was to be no lecture that night, she

believed; her husband was away in Vermont; however, there was to be a *concert*, she suggested, as if perhaps I could introduce Mohammed among the fiddlers, somehow; some have suspected him of drawing rather a long bow. On further inquiry it appeared that my letter, naming the day, was awaiting the Secretary's return. What to do? Not ride back in the cold, unrefreshed, so down we went to Abbott's Hotel to order tea. A lumbering hostler took our horse; a great wood fire was blazing in the old bar-room, hung round with pictures of horses and dogs; a room like those in Porter's old hotel at Cambridge, suggesting traditions of many winters, bright with flaming flip irons [irons used to warm drink]. But tea must be ordered, and nobody appeared. So forth I went into a great dark hall, fireless and voiceless; seven doors opened out of it, and I opened one by one — no fire, no light, no person; it became a nightmare, and I thought I should go on all night and forever, penetrating into remote silent rooms in the great old dark house. Perhaps some dejected Mariana I should find at last — or some Sleeping Beauty. At last I opened the remotest door and there she was — in such a room! If I had been wandering about the George and Vulture, or some storied English inn, and had come to such a kitchen, I should have said "enough; I have found Old England; let me sit down here and all Sam Weller is a reality." Such a kitchen, long, immeasurably long and narrow, with rafters in the ceiling running the whole length, so low as to graze my head, and *black*, polished black with time and good cheer. Old tables and chests of drawers; two

great fireplaces — one altered to contain the most enormous cooking stove ever beheld; the other less altered, and with six great legs of bacon hanging in its wide embrace. Mariana turned out an elderly and kindly Irish woman, who soon evoked a mistress, the tartest and most precise of Yankees, who turned an ear less deaf than indignant to our urgent entreaties to have our tea in the kitchen and fairly ordered us off. A nice tea at last appeared, we meanwhile lingering in the bar-room with the hostler, who turned out a wag, and one or two queer old people who still cluster round the fire and mourn for the desolation wrought by railroads and the Maine Law. On my remarking the fitness of the large hall for dancing purposes, the lumbering hostess said, with a sort of sigh, "Folks don't dance now," and declared their only patronage to be when "once in a while a fellar comes and knocks at the door and wants to know if we'll tell him *how far it is to Worcester*." And many other such touches of solid humor. I was glad I was not to give a Temperance Lecture there; her dry pathos would have left me dumb. I pitied the ancient landlord, confined upstairs with gout, and dreaming of bygone glories, when stages put up at the Holden Tavern and every room was full. Before departing I made one more visit to the antique kitchen, but failed to propitiate the guardian Dragon. I think her surliness, however, rather enhanced our enjoyment; we ate an immense tea for the good of the house and rode home in the cold with great satisfaction, which has not yet passed away.

October, 1853

Next Saturday I am going to New York to preach. They wished to know my subjects, to advertise, and I gave my evening-subject as "The Three Kinds of Courage," which they read *Three Kinds of Beverage*, and would have so printed had not some good angel led them to consult me again.

This note written in 1855 to Emerson is interesting as showing the price then paid to lecturers:

I am authorized by the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, to ask you to name some time for the actual delivery of your address. . . .

I believe that our Treasurer had no opportunity of paying you the twenty dollars proposed. In view of the circumstances (as we rely greatly on the sale of single tickets, in our course), the Committee seem to think themselves authorized in offering you the full price for your first lecture (or attempt at it) and ten dollars more should you come again, — making thirty dollars in all.

In 1855, that gentle pioneer, Lucy Stone, was speaking on Suffrage and Mr. Higginson wrote from Bangor:

Lucy is Queen of us all . . . and delights the whole country from Maine to Kentucky; she is a household word down here on the Penobscot, after one visit a year ago. You have no idea of the eloquence and power which have been developed in her; she is one of the great Providences of History.

Her marriage to Mr. Blackwell had occurred recently, and Mr. Higginson was the officiating clergyman. He described the event in the following letter to his mother:

May 1, 1855

We went yesterday afternoon at four by cars to West Brookfield, where we found rather a short, stout, pleasant-looking person, with very black hair and whiskers, blue eyes, and a good forehead, who turned out at last to be the Blackwell. There also got from the cars a rather peculiar-looking personage, but of beautiful soul — Charles Burleigh the lecturer; we were all the company, Antoinette Brown and Elizabeth Blackwell (Medicine and Divinity in female forms) not having appeared, though expected.

We rode three miles over a road among rocky hills till we reached a high little farmhouse, round which the misty sky shut closely down, revealing only rocks and barns and cattle, small children at the back door, and little Lucy beaming at the front door. She ushered us in; the children turned out to belong to the married brother, and his wife appeared also. While I was uncloaking Mary [Mrs. Higginson], Lucy disappeared and came in leading a fine, hale, sturdy, stout old lady, saying, with an air of love and pride, "Mr. Higginson, this is my mother, my *own* mother," and the old lady looked as happy as she did.

We had provided a box of greenhouse flowers, but no orange blossoms, being unattainable; but we found that Anna Parsons had supplied that deficiency, and

we had everything else, including cloth-of-gold roses. The children flocked round to see me arrange them in glasses, and Lucy was very sweet to them, her word seemed to be law and love together. A handful of fallen blossoms she distributed among them. . . .

It was a large, low old room with an open wood fire; the children sat in little armchairs before its glow; and Charles Burleigh's long hair looked like the locks of an ancient bard.

We went in to tea at a great table; Lucy presided and cared for everybody; Mr. Blackwell sat opposite, in quite a domestic manner, the gentlemen of the family not having appeared. After tea they came in from the farm or elsewhere; the elderly father as sturdy as the mother, with a keen face, but saying little; the brother looked like Lucy, a plain likeness, an ex-semi-Orthodox-minister, now farmer; he has her low, sweet voice and we liked him very much. Mr. Blackwell also we liked more and more; he is thoroughly true and manly, earnest, sensible, and discriminating; not inspired, but valuable. They seemed perfectly happy together. So the evening passed happily away, and we went at last up the steep stairs, Lucy piloting us, and looking to see that fire and water and all were right. She took such care of everybody that I felt as if some one else in the family were to be married, and she was the Cinderella.

In the morning there was to be rather a struggle or "match against time" literally, as the wedding was to be before breakfast and we were to ride three miles before 8.20. We gradually assembled in the parlor.

Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Stone talked over Mr. Blackwell. The latter said: "When he used to come up to our place first, I never thought it would end in anything; there had been a good many after Lucy, first and last; but she had made short work of them." "Yes," quoth Burleigh with a nod like that of his namesake, "and some of them were such as some ladies who have ridiculed Lucy would be very glad to receive attentions from." "Yes, indeed," nodded the brother knowingly. Meanwhile the queer old father had his dry chuckle on the other side of the room: "Our Lucy thought there was n't anybody in these parts good enough to marry her, so she had to fetch somebody from Worcester for it, hey." The quiet old mother meanwhile sat silent, though she had something to say afterwards.

Presently in came the small lady and with her the bridegroom; he in the proper white waistcoat, she in a beautiful silk *ashes-of-roses* color. They stood up together and they read their *protest*, which I enclose, and then my usual form of service proceeded. She had had some scruples about the form, but she seemed to think a great deal of what her mother would wish, and after all our views agreed pretty well: and so she expressed her purpose to "love and honor" (not obey) very clearly and sweetly, and he as bridegroom should; and I have to add with secret satisfaction that, after this, Lucy, the heroic Lucy, *cried* like any village bride. And *I* could hardly help it when, after I had ended, Charles Burleigh came forward and addressed them so nobly and sweetly that I have felt, since, as if

it were he and not I who united them. This over, there was some little kissing; . . . and then the speedy necessity of breakfast effected an easy transition. For it was now 7.30 A.M. and we must leave the house in fifteen minutes. So in we went. Lucy soon swallowed her tears and gave others tea to swallow and we plunged into a hasty breakfast. And I record for posterity that Lucy was presently heard to say quietly, "And is n't the bride to have any breakfast?" Whereupon we all discovered that though we had not sentiment enough to fast ourselves, we had enough to neglect her, which was soon remedied, in moderation. But soon we all jumped up and prepared to go. . . . It was the most beautiful bridal I ever attended.

Apropos of Madam Higginson's changing her home, her son wrote, December, 1853:

DEAREST MOTHER:

Of course we feel very badly at your leaving Boscobel, but must console you with my quaint friend Perry Thayer's reflection, uttered to me last night. "The fact is, Mr. Higginson, humanity, ploddin' over this planet, meets with considerable many left-handed things, and the best way is to summon up courage and put right through."

I think geniuses grow in the Free Church. Perry Thayer's son, now our organist, is a born Chilean and I have just picked up a boy of thirteen, son of poor parents, who has the most remarkable natural gift for drawing and coloring. The story of his first box of

colors is as good as Sir B. West's pussy's tail. He picked up scraps of wall-papers, soaked them, *scraped off the colors with a knife*, and with them painted little pictures which he sold to the schoolboys for a cent apiece, and with this money he bought his first real paintbox! I have sent him to our School of Design kept by ——, the lankest and palest of drawling New England women, though she has studied for several years in Düsseldorf and learned how to make everything picturesque except herself.

February, 1854

We have just been reading a nice letter from Barbara [Mrs. Higginson's sister]. . . . She is having a superb time with St. Peter, Martin Van Buren, Mrs. Browning, and other Roman notabilities. She and Sully walk on the Campagna as if it were the Cambridge Common; little Lizzy plays with young Brownings and Crawfords; and Bab [Barbara] lends my "Woman and her Wishes" to Fanny Kemble and Harriet Hosmer.

May 11, 1854

Mary groans in spirit over Bab's dashing and vehement mode of life. She herself, like Lowell's charming picture of President Kirkland, belongs to a past age of quiet and finds no home here; she would enjoy the *repose* of the native Romans, who deal with time as if they were as old as their city and had as many years to look forward to. But the rapidity with which Yankees live at Rome makes her shudder, while it is

B.'s element. "I know how Barbara does it," Mary says. "She will rush up to some man and say, 'Musicali?' and then . . . run straight up the broad aisle (if they have such things) and get inside the altar and sit down on a candlestick — knitting! Or else he will say there is n't any, and then she will rush inside and pull a Pope — or somebody — and ask, Why not? *Rome will be fresher for her having lived in it!*"

In September of the same year Higginson reports, in a letter to a friend, that his sister-in-law, Barbara, has returned from Italy "with an atmosphere of art and wonder about her; and Brownings and Kembles are familiar as household words in her speech"; and he adds:

She looks so natural and at home, that it needs all the foreign labels on her trunk to convince us that she has been at Verona and Pisa.

She brought home a few notes from her, i.e., E. B. B. . . . Almost all of them related to her child and this gives a charm to them. . . . The little Browning boy is beautiful, with a broad brow and blue eyes wide apart, fair curling hair and great dignity as well as gaiety; five years old and a great love of drawing already shown. These traits are not just like those of her noble "Philip, my King!" which most have supposed to be addressed to her own child — have you seen it? . . . Barbara seems on the whole to have loved her very much and found her more attractive than him; he is very bright and talkative, observing everything and attentive to everybody; she, dark,

little, quiet, and reserved, with black ringlets round her face, but not becoming to her; looks older than she is, and invalid-like; shows traces of her sufferings and has a subdued intensity of manner. . . . She is very modest and even timid when her own poems are spoken of; whereas R. B. talked very coolly of his and defended the alternatives in last edition; not that he was egotistical; but perfectly childlike and free. His male friends say that he seems more American than English: but she is more *interesting*.

November 20, 1854

I've been wondering if the United States Grand Jury would find bills against any of us *rioters*, but suppose there is now no chance of that, as they reported to-day. Mr. Hallett has failed again, therefore. The other trial is not yet fixed.

The trial of our Butman rioters goes on slowly and will take a week or more. Probably they will all be bound over, but none convicted at last.

In a letter dated, January, 1855, written from Syracuse, New York, soon after the Anthony Burns affair, Higginson speaks of a stay at Rochester, where William Henry Channing was then settled:

I was a good deal at the Porters where W. H. C. boarded and really a charming place; they, of course, idolized him and I was *so* like him. . . . The two sights in Rochester are Neander's Library and the falls; I spent a good while in the former, which really transports you into the life of a German professor.

But the falls were yet better; *half as high as* Niagara, they fall into a curving basin formed by the high banks, regular as the walks of some castle. Looking across from the summit of the bank the white foamy water waves away on its fall, while behind it the whole surface of the rock is one great organ of fluted icicles. . . . I have seen Miss Griffiths . . . a nervous little energetic Englishwoman, who manages all the anti-slavery in Rochester, Frederick Douglass included, whose paper she partly edits.

There [Rochester] elderly ladies would peer up from their knitting and gaze absorbed upon me " seeing the bobbing of his heavenly wig," I suppose.

It is very pleasant to go round so to new places and find a circle of friends ready to receive you in each: as I do, especially since my arrest.

All my A. S. [anti-slavery] lectures were successful (extempore, of course). . . . A man came up and said, "Well, I should think they *would* have indicted you!" — which I thought a great compliment.

CATARACT HOUSE, NIAGARA

Skaneateles is a small, beautiful village, on the lake; there I stayed in a fine great house with a rich English family of Quakers (I always happen among Quakers). The old lady, a widow, touched me to the heart by constantly referring to " my dear husband " so tenderly — till I at last found that she was a regular Tartar and had nearly tormented that gentleman's life out!

On Thanksgiving Day, 1854, this letter was written from Worcester to Mrs. Chapman, a prominent abolitionist and reformer:

You are aware that the Burns case, or its consequences, cannot yet be regarded as over. Our trials on the *State* process have been constantly delayed by the pressure of cases under the liquor law (which by statute takes precedence of all others), and as those cases do not diminish, the District Attorney almost despairs of ever reaching ours, and would gladly throw them up if he with propriety could do so. The *United States* processes are only just being announced, in fact only two have yet been made public, and I do not yet know whether I shall come in for a share of those or not. We are all glad that Theodore Parker should be indicted; it must result in a triumph for him in any event, but it is absurd to suppose that a Massachusetts jury will find him guilty. I think this is no doubt the understanding of some on the Grand Jury who voted to file a bill against him; they knew that no harm would come to him and were unwilling that the anti-slavery excitement should be kept up, in this way.

You have seen in the "Liberator" the account of the Butman riot in this city; it was really a very remarkable affair — as genuine a popular exhibition as the mobbing of Haynau[1] by the London brewers. Only

[1] Haynau was an Austrian officer who took part in the Napoleonic wars and who was noted for his great severity in putting down an insurrection in Brescia. In 1850 he made a tour of Europe, but his reputation for cruelty had preceded him, and in London he was assaulted and beaten by the employees of a brewery — "for which insult the British Government declined to give any satisfaction."

there was a sort of *dramatic perfection* about this; the entire disappearance of Butman's own friends leaving him to be literally and absolutely saved by abolitionists; the fortunate presence of just the right persons — Messrs. Hoar, Foster, Stowell, and myself — I mean the right persons dramatically speaking; this joined with the really narrow escape of the man and the thorough frightening of one who had frightened so many; — all these gave a tinge of romance to the whole thing, such as was perhaps never surpassed. It can be worked up better than was ever the Porteous [1] mob by some future Scott. You cannot conceive how frightened the poor wretch was.

. . . If Worcester frightens ex-kidnappers thus, you may imagine how it would be with those who shall pursue the profession.

A Worcester newspaper of the day said: "The immediate provoker of this Worcester riot, and the man to whom Butman ought to look for the reparation of his damages, is, we take it, Mr. Benjamin F. Hallet, Mr. [President] Pierce's slave-catching attorney for the district of Massachusetts."

From an undated letter:

I have been busy about the Butman affair, and my Italian lecture. Arrests have been made. . . . They [the accused] are to be examined next Wednesday; meantime S. F. [Stephen Foster] stays in jail, on non-

[1] Readers of Scott's *Heart of Midlothian* will remember the wild mob which seized and executed Porteous, commander of the City Guard of Edinburgh.

resistant principles. I visited him to-day; he seemed very happy — only the sixth time he has been imprisoned for righteousness' sake. We may have an anti-slavery meeting Sunday night and Wendell Phillips and I speak. . . .

Mr. Higginson was arrested in June, 1854, and in April, 1855, wrote thus about the trial of those concerned in the attempted rescue:

Judge Curtis sits disfigured by his *gown*, and presides with great dignity and admirable skill. I have no doubt he would sentence one to death, if necessary, with inimitable phraseology and manners. John P. Hale takes off his outside coat more sturdily than any man living can do it, I presume, and looks so hearty and solid that I should think a jury would come down like Davy Crockett's coon, without waiting for a shot. But my keen, imperturbable little Durant has his greatness also; and it delights me to see him on the right side.

May 4, 1860

I saw . . . also my classmate Durant [founder of Wellesley College], who always interests me from his remarkable abilities and his perfect aversion to the profession in which he is so distinguished himself. Rufus Choate's life he pronounced a perfect waste, as must be that of any man of superior abilities in the law. As for Choate's having any enthusiasm for it, it was nonsense; he had heard him say so a thousand times: Choate really cared for nothing but literature;

there was not enough in the whole science of law to occupy a mind like his for a month. It was a series of fossil injustices or petty manœuvres — like hare hunting in England, splendid horses and men, dogs with pedigrees of centuries, and when all is done it is only a rabbit. Every lawyer knows that in three cases out of four, or nine out of ten, it is not of the slightest real consequence which way the verdict goes, and yet here are thousands of the finest minds in the nation absorbing themselves in such trifles and led on by mere habit and by the love of victory. For himself, he was only working for means of retiring from it. It was striking to hear the considerations, which prevented my becoming a lawyer seventeen years before, now urged with such enthusiasm by the most successful lawyer among my compeers. It made me very grateful that I had not so wasted my life.

To George William Curtis, whose position in regard to slavery made some of his friends anxious, he wrote, January 23, 1857:

Do you remember, on your last visit to Worcester, that I said that there was but one thing wanting to your position — that you should become an abolitionist? I rejoiced in your brave action and fine speeches. But anti-slavery has to you been a summer sea, and you riding nobly on the advancing waves. What is to be your future? We do not ask you to join us, till time be ripe.

Make Sumner your star, till time has taught you to see the greater greatness of Phillips. . . . Remember

that with or without Frémont, slaves are carried from Philadelphia, and to lift a finger is Treason. Colored men are thrust illegally out of cars in New York, and to take their part is Fanaticism. In presence of these things, with your upright and unspoiled nature, the end is sure, you will be more than a Republican orator, and God may grant you the privilege of being an Abo.

WORCESTER, February, 1859

George Curtis lectured here last week. With the most delicious elocution we have — except perhaps Wendell Phillips's — and a fascinating rhetoric and an uncorrupted moral integrity, he showed yet a want of intellectual vigor and training which will always prevent him from being a great man. Yet he perfectly fascinated everybody.

March, 1859

My lectures are over [for the season]. One of the last was at Dedham, and I stayed at Edmund Quincy's charming, English-looking place. Did you ever hear of an English traveller who, looking out of Mr. Ticknor's window, pointed out as the only two Americans he had seen who looked like *gentlemen*, W. Phillips and Edmund Quincy?

Yet June of the same year found the writer in Pennsylvania.

WORCESTER, June, 1859

I got home from Pennsylvania on Friday morning. Whittier was in the same region a month before me and he said, " God might have made a more beautiful re-

gion than Chester County — *but he never did.*" A beautiful rolling country, luxuriant as Kansas and highly cultivated as Brookline; horses and cattle pasturing in rich clover fields; hedges of hawthorn; groves of oak, walnut, pine, and vast columnar tulip trees towering up to heaven and holding out their innumerable cups of nectar to the gods above the clouds; picturesque great houses of brick and stone, gabled and irregular, overgrown with honeysuckle and wistaria, and such a race of men and women as the "Quaker settlement" in "Uncle Tom" portrays. All farming country; no towns nearer the meeting-house than Westchester, nine miles off, and Wilmington (Delaware) twelve. Only little old taverns here and there, known through all the country as "The Red Lion," "The Anvil," and "The Hammer and Trowel." Only three houses in sight from the meeting-house and twenty-five hundred vehicles collected round it on Sunday, with probably seven thousand people on the ground.

Almost all the people in the region were Quakers, and being dissatisfied with the conservative position held by that body on slavery and other matters, they have gradually come out from among them and formed a Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends which retains little of the externals of Quakerism and all its spirit and life. The young people have abandoned the Quaker dress, as indeed they have done everywhere, but retain all the simplicity, kindness, and uprightness. So noble a people in body and mind, I never saw before. I never was in the presence of so many healthy-

looking women, or so many good faces of either sex. Their mode of living is Virginian in its open-house hospitality; they say incidentally, " we happened to have thirty-five people in the house last night." . . . I stayed at three different houses during my four days' visit and might have stayed at thirty. I passed from house to house as through a series of triumphal arches and yet not from any merit supposed in myself, but simply because, as Conway wrote to them in a letter, " the earnest man is a king at Longwood; he finds friends and sumptuous entertainment wherever he turns. To say that they make one at home is nothing; one fears forgetfulness of all other homes."

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Do not imagine that these people are ignorant or recluse; they have much intercourse with people, especially with Philadelphia; the young people are well educated, and all take the " Atlantic." One feels in cultivated society. Aunt Nancy will like to hear that Bayard Taylor originated there and is now building a house there; I saw his father's house; also that of John Agnew, where his beautiful bride lived and died. I saw John Agnew himself, a noble-looking old man, erect as an arrow. I saw the lovely Mary's daguerreotype, and her grave. They all speak well of B. T. and praise his simplicity, modesty, and love of home; I never had so pleasant an impression of him, and if you will read his spirited poem of the tulip tree you can imagine a Chester County for a background.

The little meeting-house was crowded — seven hundred or so; the rest of the Sunday crowd was collected

outside and there was speaking in several places. I spoke on the steps. Other days the church held them all. There were morning and afternoon sessions, and at noon we picnicked under the trees every day. They discussed everything — Superstition, Slavery, Spiritualism, War, Marriage, Prisons, Property, etc. — each in turn, and uniting in little "testimonies" on them all, which will be printed. There were some other speakers from abroad beside myself, but none of much note. No long speeches and great latitude of remark, among the audience, commenting or rebuking in the friendliest way. "Friend, will thee speak a little louder? What thee says may be of no great importance, but we would like to judge for ourselves." Or sometimes to the audience: "Have patience, friends, this old man (the speaker) is very conscientious." Sometimes stray people, considerably demented, would stray in and speak; one erect old man, oddly dressed, who began and said, "My mother was a woman": and then a long pause. It seemed a safe basis for argument. Of course, they all knew each other and called by their first names. One old oddity seemed to devote himself to keeping down the other people's excesses, and after two persons (strangers) had yielded to too much pathos in their own remarks, he mildly suggested that if the friends generally would get a good chest and each speaker henceforth lock up his emotions in it and lose the key, it would be a decided gain! There was one scene, quite pathetic, where one of the leading men announced that after great struggles he had given up tobacco — they rejoiced over him as a brand from

the burning; it was most touching, the heartfelt gratitude which his wife expressed.

There was one park not far from the meeting-house which I have never seen equalled; the most English-looking place I ever saw — two avenues of superb pines and larches, leading down to a lake with other colonnades of deciduous trees at right angles. The house to which it belonged was buried in shrubs and bushes and surrounded by quaint outbuildings. At Hannah Cox's house, the most picturesque at which I stayed, there was a large wax plant in a *pot*, trained over much of the side of the house: this is seven years old and is taken in every fall and trained over the side of the room; and the thick leaves serve as registers of visitors' *names*, which have been scratched on them with a pin; some were dated 1851; I marked mine on two, lest one should fall. . . . Every time it is changed it takes five persons three hours to train it.

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I took tea one evening at the house of some singular Quaker saints . . . with a capacity for sudden outpourings of the Spirit in public meetings. . . . In the old square house General Washington had been quartered and the neat old Quaker mother well remembered when the Hessian prisoners were marched through the city. The two sisters always talked together, as is usual in such cases, and when I walked them to the evening meeting, one on each arm, the eldest was telling a long story of her persecutions among the Orthodox Friends, and whenever the sister interrupted, the eldest would unhook her own arm

from mine, for the purpose (as I at last discovered) of poking her sister's elbow and thus admonishing to silence. It was done so promptly and invariably that I was satisfied that it was the established habit of the family.

Believing that the election of Buchanan would mean another four years of pro-slavery government, several abolitionists, led by T. W. Higginson, sent out a call for a convention to be held in Worcester, in January, 1857, to consider a separation between the Free and the Slave States.

. . . The Disunion Convention was very successful and commanded general respect, whatever the newspapers may say. I am sorry, dearest mother, you differ from me about it, but I never was more sure of being right. It is written in the laws of nature that two antagonistic nations cannot remain together; every year is dividing us more and more, and the sooner we see it, the better we can prepare for a peaceful and dignified policy.

A few years later the writer of the above was fighting to preserve the Union!

This was written after the brutal attack on Sumner in the Senate!

WORCESTER, January 9, 1857

I had various Kansas and other experiences, saw "old Captain Brown," but not Governor Robinson. Captain B. expects quiet till spring, and then another invasion, and is trying for means to repel it.

The best thing I did, you will think, was to see Mr. Sumner at the Athenæum Library. He seemed at first very well, looked as usual, while seated, and spoke as easily and in as firm a voice as ever. But finally I proposed to him to go up and see Page's Venus in the upper hall, of which I had the key, and when he rose I saw the change. He rose slowly, . . . holding both hands upon his back, and walked with a cane and quite feebly, instead of his peculiarly vigorous stride. He thinks of going to Washington this month, but I suspect he will be persuaded not to do it till the end of the session, if at all. He is obviously unfit to deliver his future speech, which, he says, will be to his last one "what first proof brandy is to molasses-and-water." "I think I shall probably be shot," he added; "I don't see what else they can do." Perhaps it is so, though *he* had better not say it, still it was simply uttered, and I never saw him appear nobler or abler. But I do not think he will ever be, physically speaking, what he was.

WORCESTER, January 27, 1857

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I send you my speech at our Convention. You asked if I was *led* into it. It was entirely my doing, from beginning to end; nobody else would have dared to do it, because I knew of nobody at first who would take part with me, except the Garrisonians who were Disunionists before, but I found several rather influential persons, and the whole thing has succeeded better than we expected.

A nice pamphlet report will soon appear. I am surprised that you should not see the weakness of Theodore Parker's idea of preserving the Union for the *slaves*, when everybody admits that but for the Union, ten would escape where one now does, and slavery be soon abolished in the Northern Slave States. Last week Colonel Benton was here, and when he said these things as arguments *against* Disunion, everybody applauded, much to his surprise. They say his speech did more than our Convention.

I had a note from Mr. Sumner the other day, who thinks that Virginia will secede, first or last, and take all the States except perhaps Maryland, which can only be held by force. If it were not for the necessity of keeping Washington and the Mississippi, it would be well to have it so, but since those must be kept, it is hard to predict the end. I think however that you need feel no anxiety in Brattleboro'; I don't think the battering-rams (of which the old lady in the Revolutionary times, according to Rose Terry, was so afraid, her only ideas of warfare being based on the Old Testament and Josephus) will get so far. And I think there is more danger of compromise than war, at any rate.

I don't know whether you are aware of an impression which exists in many minds, but which I cannot attach any weight to, as yet, that the seceding States will prefer to abolish slavery, under the direction of England and France, rather than come under Yankee domination again. Wendell Phillips thinks this and

says the Frémonts are very confident of it. If they made such a bargain, I think it would end the war and separate us and I don't think it would be so formidable a result, certainly. Even as a matter of Union, it would lead to ultimate reconstruction, for nothing but slavery can ever keep us permanently apart. And the slaves may be better off if emancipated by their masters than by us. Still I don't believe there is any chance of it.

Nothing could have happened better fitted to create enthusiasm than to begin the war by such a distinct overt act from the Southern Confederacy — and by a great disappointment. When you consider that such a man as Mr. Ripley firmly expected to see fighting in the streets of New York with the friends of the South *there*, and that the New York Mayor advocated annexation to the Southern Confederacy, the unanimous enthusiasm there is astonishing, compelling Bennett [of the "New York Herald"] to turn his editorials to the Northern side, for personal safety. Nothing else has been so remarkable as this.

January, 1859

Barnum has been lecturing here, and sent me a copy of his life with a very good, manly letter. He has heard of some criticisms of mine he thought unjust. . . . I had met him at the W. W. Temperance Convention in New York. I have written him an equally frank reply, telling him that I admire some of his qualities and respect his pecuniary honesty and fidelity to engagements, and that I wish while priding himself

on this, he could treat the public to a little *truth* also occasionally — that being, in my opinion, his one enormous sin.

. . . As for the result of my trial [Anthony Burns riot], I expect a disagreement of the jury. But I don't care much; I should n't regret the imprisonment for a few months except for Mary; it would be a good experience, help my influence, and give me a chance to write some things I should be glad to say. But I expect no such thing.

WORCESTER, June 17, 1859

DEAREST MOTHER:

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We have had the greatest heroine of the age here, Harriet Tubman, a black woman, and a fugitive slave, who has been back *eight times* secretly and brought out in all sixty slaves with her, including all her own family, besides aiding many more in other ways to escape. Her tales of adventure are beyond anything in fiction and her ingenuity and generalship are extraordinary. I have known her for some time and mentioned her in speeches once or twice — the slaves call her Moses. She has had a reward of twelve thousand dollars offered for her in Maryland and will probably be burned alive whenever she is caught, which she probably will be, first or last, as she is going again. She has been in the habit of working in hotels all summer and laying up money for this crusade in the winter. She is jet black and cannot read or write, only *talk*, besides acting.

This "modern Moses," however, managed to escape capture and made nineteen perilous expeditions, leading to freedom more than three hundred slaves. A reward of forty thousand dollars was offered by the South for her capture. During the Civil War one of her services was acting as a spy for the Government. She finally died a peaceful death a few years ago.

In the diary is an allusion to an "anti-slavery convention" held in Boston, January, 1870, at which Colonel Higginson gave some reminiscences of the fugitive-slave era.

Spoke in answer to Phillips and Powell.

Mrs. Child and others at dinner.

Mrs. Child describes her collaring and pulling away a man who was shaking his fist in Mr. Phillips's face at Music Hall mob — and her surprise when he tumbled down. When Jonas H. French said, "This is no place for women," she answered, "They are needed here to teach civilization to men."

Many years later, Colonel Higginson wrote of Wendell Phillips: "That which really attracted him was public life and not the bar, and nothing attracted him more. His dream would have been a life in the United States Senate, as he himself told me."

March 22, 1861

DEAREST MOTHER:

Did you ever hear of George Smalley [the newspaper correspondent], a young lawyer who once lived

here and was at one time engaged to our pretty Susan Gray? He is now in Boston; never heard Wendell Phillips speak till the time of Richard S. Fay's row, then fell desperately in love with him and in all the dangers since was his bodyguard, never leaving him and watching many nights in his house. This he enjoyed thoroughly, being a trained athlete and a natural soldier. When I saw him at Wendell's planning with us to mount guard, and then turning to pretty Phœbe —— to arrange little plans to keep everybody still and spare Mrs. P.'s nerves, I thought to myself that the adopted daughter might prove the next attraction, and now it turns out they are engaged. He is tall, erect, strong, blond, Saxon, and she a brunette with lovely eyes and a Welsh smile — you know her mother was Welsh; they will be a picturesque couple, and it is quite a chivalrous little affair.

August, 1852

Dearest Mother:

The difference between Perry ——, of Worcester . . . and his brother . . . Elijah is that Elijah not only *is* insane, but is thought so. Perry is round and rosy; Elijah is tall, straight, with a fine face, and a taste for walking the streets with his hat off, declaiming loudly. He has travelled a great deal and can take excellent care of himself and property. His last visit was to Rome to convert the Pope; he is himself a devout Catholic, but has some peculiar views on penances and the like. Failing in this, he comes to my meetings, where he gently reclines on a bench, as the Isles-of-

Shoalers used to do when the missionaries first went there. But everybody knows him and takes it quietly. He has a gift at extemporaneous prayer which he indulges freely from 10 to 11 P.M., his room being next to mine with a thin partition.

Perry —— talks faster than any *man* I ever met, but he is quite shrewd and well informed, reads a good deal, and is the man who pronounced Vergniaud *Virginnyord.* He says: "My wife's great-grandfolks wuz the fust white folks that settled up Paxton way: and the Injins wuz gittin' considerable sarcy before the war, and one day two on 'em came on old Elnathan Dodge, two *to wunst,* right thru the door: wal, he just took and chucked one on 'em eaout, right over the horse trough, and chucked the other after him, right on eend, and they run, and that night Elnathan *up duds and cleared*" — which last is as vivid as *veni, vidi, vici.* The —— children are named Eugene, La Roy Delavan, and *Freewalder Channing.* Freewalder, he informed me, was a German hydropathic establishment.

The last Worcester letters were written while John Brown's trial was pending and speak of Higginson's fruitless attempt to escort Mrs. Brown to her imprisoned husband.

To a friend:

Of course we are all deep in *Browns,* and you can imagine how stirred up is Worcester generally, especially since the rumored arrests of people in Boston

as witnesses — I mean proposed arrests; but I don't think it will come to anything.

WORCESTER, October 27, 1859

DEAREST MOTHER:

While you are dreaming of me in this alarming manner, I am placidly laying out a new bed of crocuses and tulips for the spring, and buying at auction a second-hand tapestry Brussels, quite handsome, for seventy cents a yard, to put in the study. This afternoon an African brother visits us, not for insurrectionary purposes, but to aid in putting down the same on the study floor.

Of course I *think* enough about Brown, though I don't feel sure that his acquittal or rescue would do half as much good as his being executed; so strong is the *personal* sympathy with him. We have done what we could for him by sending counsel and in other ways that must be nameless. By *we* I mean Dr. Howe, W. Phillips, J. A. Andrew, and myself. If the trial lasts into next week, it is possible to make some further arrangements for his legal protection. But beyond this no way seems open for anything; there is (as far as one can say such a thing) *no* chance for forcible assistance, and next to none for stratagem. Never was there a case which seemed more perfectly impracticable: and so far as any service on the spot is concerned, there are others who could perform it better than I. Had I been a lawyer, however, I should probably have gone on at once, to act at least temporarily as his counsel. A young man from Boston named Hoyt has

gone on for this, and probably Montgomery Blair, of Washington, will be there to-day, to conduct the case.

Of Frank Sanborn, one of the active participants in the Brown conspiracy, Mr. Higginson had written in 1855:

We had a pleasant visit last week from the most interesting young man of the day, Frank Sanborn, a Senior at Cambridge, and editor of the "Harvard Magazine." He is three inches above my head and very handsome, a person of great talent and noble character; and did you never hear of his romantic engagement, marriage, and bereavement? He is only twenty-three now.

WORCESTER, November 5, 1859

DEAREST MOTHER:

. . . Four days I spent in going to the Adirondacks for Mrs. Brown and then another in Boston about her affairs.

It was a pleasant reward to be taken through that wonderful Notch, far finer than any road through the White Mountains — the excitement of the black gateway enhanced by the snow and ice, and by the fact that for three miles I pursued my runaway horse and wagon, with the constant expectation of finding them smashed on some projecting rock or over a precipice. . . . These mountains were a fitting shrine for the family of Browns and Thompsons. . . .

When I came out through the Notch again, I felt as if that corner of the world would *tip down*, as if there were not virtue enough here to balance it. . . .

Dear Mrs. Brown — tall, erect, stately, simple, kindly, slow, sensible creature — won my heart pretty thoroughly before we got to Boston, and many people's there, for many visited her during the morning she was there, bringing money, shoes, gloves, handkerchiefs, kisses, and counsel. Amos Lawrence had a large photograph taken of her and now she has gone on to see her husband.

I got safe home, recited to my wondering family the deeds of the invalids and the annals of Marion, and settled down to daily life again. . . . Mary has n't exaggerated my interest in Harper's Ferry accounts; it is the most formidable slave insurrection that has ever occurred, and it is evident, through the confused and exaggerated accounts, that there are leaders of great capacity and skill behind it. If they have such leaders, they can hold their own for a long time against all the force likely to be brought against them, and can at last retreat to the mountains and establish a Maroon colony there, like those in Jamaica and Guiana. Meantime the effect will be to frighten and weaken the slave power everywhere and discourage the slave trade. Nothing has so strengthened slavery as the timid submission of the slaves thus far; but their constant communication with Canada has been teaching them self-confidence and resistance. In Missouri especially this single alarm will shorten slavery by ten years.

November 22, 1859

I send you two sweet letters from Mrs. Brown and her married daughter, Mrs. Thompson. Money seems

to be flowing for them from all directions, and that is something, because, besides their severe bereavements, they greatly need money: though not so totally destitute as many seem to think. I have had some queer letters about them, one from a man in Winchendon offering to adopt one of the daughters and teach her telegraphy.

The whole thing is having a tremendous influence on public sentiment.

In 1857 Mr. Higginson made a visit to his old "Prex."

DEAREST MOTHER:

I thought, when waiting for admission to President Quincy's study, that there was really nobody living, except the veteran Humboldt, before whom I should feel so much awe, as in the presence of this ancient Doge. But when finally admitted, the impression of old college times was so strong that I felt an immediate expectation of an English oration or a little good advice. The latter came in the form of his views on Disunion, which he had evidently thought over pretty thoroughly, and stated with the utmost heartiness and even vehemence. He spoke just as he used to do, with occasional pauses for a word, though not often; and with singular vigor and emphasis.

He expressed no sort of fear of Disunion; he was "perfectly willing to look over into this dark chasm which yawns in the midst of the Republic"; and as for fear of *saying* what he thought, "old age had made him courageous" (an unusual effect of old age, I thought).

. . . He thinks that the Union may be dissolved; but that this is more likely to occur from the mere size and weight of our future nation, than from the hostilities arising from slavery, though, he says, this last " would no doubt be by far the most *glorious* cause of a separation." He said some very weighty things about the general position and character of the nation, the necessity of discussing first principles, and the wrong done by any distrust of agitation. " Our fathers built our nest upon the waves, and we must not shudder at its rocking motion " ; and then he quoted Fisher Ames, that our nation was not a " ship of state," but a *raft;* safer, indeed, but one's feet were always in the water.

. . . He described his position very quietly, without egotism; said he felt no sensation of old age, except sometimes in walking; could work in his study from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. without fatigue. " I am a miracle to myself," he said. Then he told me of the memoir of J. Q. Adams on which he is now engaged and which will be out in a few weeks. " Then," said he, with a sort of roguish pause, " *I am going to school.*" I smiled interrogatively, and his face lit up with a perfectly *boyish* smile of triumph. " Yes," said he, " to school — all existence is a school, and I hope to keep on learning here, till I pass to a higher one." I said, to draw him out, that after this I supposed he had no new literary plans. "Ah, I won't say that!" he quickly answered with the same gleeful smile, and afterwards quietly said that he had " one or two " projects of that kind, which would require a *great deal of preliminary preparation and on that he was about to enter!* Thus tranquilly

does this man of eighty-six plan his life from month to month.

That year Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes, the Arctic explorers, claimed public attention.

February, 1857

. . . "Health is the first object," as the worthy Doctor used to say, so I take naps and gymnasium and read the fascinating Dr. Kane.

I do believe Robinson Crusoe will have to give place hereafter, and that boys will keep some small edition of Dr. Kane instead of Baron Trench in their school desks. I seldom read of anything which I do not fancy I could have done myself, such is the weakness of our common nature; but here I confess myself distanced, even in fancy.

On the other hand, what a dull and unprofitable book is the "Letters of Daniel Webster"; no genius or power in it, or charm of any kind except the letters to his farmers, which are quite delightful. Perhaps his letters about and to his children, especially to the star-eyed Julia, show more domestic feeling than I supposed; there is one quite beautiful burst of fatherly pride where he describes her to somebody as being "beautiful as Juno." But he shows beyond all question that shallowness of knowledge which Theodore Parker attributed to him, and everything in the shape of thought is amazingly commonplace. . . .

Mary . . . has been reflecting to-day that there's no telling what might have been; for instance, she

might have been the wife of Dr. Kane; and what *would* he have done with her in the Arctic regions? That's the present anxiety.

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I am giving Sunday evening lectures on the "Seven Deadly Sins," or, as Mary irreverently terms them, "the Deadlies." The congregations are crowded as much as ever, though half the original ones are gone West.

WORCESTER, February, 1857

You will like to hear something of Dr. Hayes and his lecture. There was a large audience, who of course expected plenty of beard and bearskin, and applauded rather faintly when a spare young man in black stepped out on the platform. He is thin, nervous, spirited, with quite a lively manner. . . . Much of the lecture was familiar to us; but the descriptions were very simple and quite graphic. He always said *we* and referred but once to Dr. Kane, speaking of "the brave heart of our commander."

The most novel and least pleasing part of it was his description of their separation from Dr. Kane. This he did not speak of as a thing requiring apology, but he did not give the explanation given by Dr. Kane, or rather added it, as part of their plan, to remain at the Esquimaux settlements and supply the rest of the party with food. But how were they to get the food? They were not hunters, and their few knives and treasures soon lost their power over the natives, so that they would not sell them even provisions enough for them-

selves, as might have been anticipated. Dr. K. softens down their sufferings, perhaps in charity for their blunder; he says they had lived on seal and walrus for two months, but Hayes says that they lived for the last three weeks on lichens from the rocks, and had only fuel enough to cook coffee twice a day.

Another thing Dr. H. told with great openness which Dr. K. omits entirely: that the party of the former had not only appropriated some . . . furs — but much worse. For they drugged with laudanum some natives who visited them, took their sledges and dogs, and made off. Being poor drivers, however, the owners soon overtook them, and were compelled by (empty) rifles to drive them to the brig; thus they escaped . . . and it seems rather hard, after such an example, to reproach the poor Esquimaux with theft. To be sure, the party were reduced to extremities, but the Esquimaux were in extremities all the time.

Otherwise, I liked the Doctor and walked along with him afterwards to his hotel. His great desire now is to go in a small screw steamer to explore that open sea; I begged him not to mention it, lest I should go too. . . . He wore finally a bearskin coat, one of *the* skins, and says his sensations of cold here are not the least affected by his Arctic experiences. (N. B. The mercury fell to zero as soon as he entered the city.)

About the same time Higginson reports lecturing at Nantucket:

I had a nice two days at Nantucket, which is a mere scion of Cape Cod and sister of Plum Island; sandhills

and marshes and sea; but I enjoyed it. The people are all cousins. A few years ago the Coffin School went into operation and they looked round for the " Coffin family " to whom it was limited, and found them to include the whole island, so they made no distinction but of age. They are hospitable and sociable, as such isolated people always are; talk of " the main land " and " the continent " and " foreigners." I stayed at the hotel, but had plenty of hospitality, and a drive with two horses seven miles out to Siasconset, their watering place, a shower of little cottages, covered with honeysuckle, on a high bluff. At Siasconset they have fish-carts made like wheelbarrows, only with a *whole cask* for a wheel; and in Nantucket you see ladies riding in two-wheeled carts, standing up, holding by a rope to steady themselves. My lectures were very well received, only the people who had been to the Azores were astonished that I could make so much out of them!

These notes on distinguished contemporaries were written when Mr. Higginson was thirty-four years old:

Mr. *Emerson* is bounteous and gracious, but thin, dry, angular, in intercourse as in person. *Garrison* is the only solid moral reality I have ever seen incarnate, the only man who *would do to tie to*, as they say out West; and he is fresher and firmer every day, but wanting in intellectual culture and variety. *Wendell Phillips* is always graceful and gay, but inwardly sad, under that bright surface. *Whittier* is the simplest and truest of men, beautiful at home, but without fluency

of expression, and with rather an excess of restraint. *Thoreau* is pure and wonderfully learned in nature's things and deeply wise, and yet tedious in his monologues and cross-questionings. *Theodore Parker* is as wonderfully learned in books, and as much given to monologue, though very agreeable and various it is, still egotistical, dogmatic, bitter often, and showing marked intellectual limitations. Mr. Alcott is an innocent charlatan, full of inspired absurdities and deep strokes, maunders about nature, and when outdoors has neither eyes, ears, nor limbs. *Lowell* is infinitely entertaining, but childishly egotistical and monopolizing.

Lecturing sometimes took the writer as far afield as Canada.

MONTREAL, November, 1857

. . . We crossed the long bridge to Rouse's Point in a wild wind, and the hotel, which is built far out into the lake, rocked all night with the wind and waves. I had a large room with two doors and no fastening, but the landlord said if I was " timid " I could put a table against the door. This morning I hurried breathless to the cars at seven; got there just in time, but was the first passenger. The ticket-seller said seven was the hour and they should leave " as soon as they could get ready " — which was not till a quarter to eight by his clock. Most of the passengers evidently understood and got there about seven-thirty. Three quarters of the talk in the cars was French, and all the peasants are French.

WORCESTER, December 3, 1857

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[In] Montreal . . . I saw many delightfully wholesome-looking people, English and French. Among other excitements I went to a steeplechase, which is one of the most enlivening things I ever saw — riders galloping over a mile and half circle of farming country, taking hedges, ditches, and walls at full speed, the horses leaping like kittens, of course always at some risk of failure or delay. This multiplies the points of interest, and made it infinitely more exciting than any mere trial of speed on a level track. Then the people, those staid John Bulls, were as wild with exuberant emotions as a Yankee caucus. Everything indicated an athletic race. One thing especially delighted me; when I went in to ask the price of snowshoes, they asked me if I wished gentlemen's or *ladies'* size; and I found that ladies there wear them a good deal.

From Hamilton, Canada, the record continues:

What's the use of going to England and using up excitement, all at once, when one can come to Canada and get enough here? I am as distinctly a foreigner here as in Sebastopol, and circumstances have enabled me to enjoy the experience more fully than I expected. . . .

Behold me, then, domesticated at the City Hotel. Not a Yankee in it but myself — all straight, solid Englishmen, with deep, clear voices emerging from their fur-covered chests. Everybody's made handsome by a fur cap without a vizor, the most picturesque

thing possible. The rooms of the hotel are dark, solidly furnished, and hung with colored prints of horses, races, and mail-coaches. The long dining-hall has a large painting of the Queen at one end, of the British arms at the side, with many others of various merit. At dinner each guest is offered a tall, narrow glass of foaming ale. No other gustatory novelty save *macaroni pudding.* I wish to chronicle, however, that I never saw guests eat faster in America — I mean the United States. Also I never had a scantier supply of water and towels — far inferior to Niagara, though, to be sure, water is what people come there for.

I am now writing in the Institute News Room and Library. Little bluff Canadian boys in fur caps are coming in for books to my kind and busy friend Mr. Milne (pronounced Mellen) . . . and a group of sturdy seniors are debating the £1000 which the city has just voted toward the fund for relieving the wives and children of those killed in the Russian War.

Hamilton is a city nearly as large as Worcester and growing rapidly, but with nothing in the least resembling its apparent life. A set of English and Scotch merchants, old and young, congregate in this Reading-Room, which has a sort of provincial or *Little Pedlington* air. For instance there are six little tables, with chessboards on top; — conceive of persons with time to play chess in New England!

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I had a fine afternoon walk up the mountain west of the city. . . . At the top I passed a tollgate and stopped to read the inscriptions; the tolls were very

complicated — distinction made between private and hired teams, and between the width of tire of different wheels. Below, in large letters, "*Clergymen and Funerals gratis.*" I preferred to pass, however, neither as a clergyman nor as a funeral, but as a foot-passenger.

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Wednesday afternoon. Chess is perpetual in this "Institute." A handsome youth, in beard and vizorless cap, plays every afternoon. All last evening there was a game with five lookers-on.

To-day is brighter, and brings more people into the street. I think I never saw so many black-haired, black-eyed, and black-clothed women, which surprises me. I have just met a beautiful child of eight, in deep mourning above her knees, and all below in full white pantalets and snowy long stockings drawn over her shoes. A girl a few years older had the same rig, but no mourning veil and a bright checked skirt. But the oddest little butterfly was a girl of six or seven coming home from school this morning: a scarlet cloak and hood, over a dark blue dress; then scarlet flannel drawers, loose and short; then black stockings surmounted by gray socks, covering the shoes. On the head, finally, a large round fur cap, with ears and no vizor. A sort of servant attended her. I saw some pretty fair-haired boys with large vizorless fur caps and loose gray wrappers, gathered by a belt of the same. The men are far handsomer than the women. *All* wear fur caps and gloves (which I did not see in Maine), and *none* the buffalo coats and red leggins which were common there.

This morning I went to the markets — wood, meat, and grass markets — all in open air. . . . I saw women sitting for hours in the freezing cold. There is a queer mixture in the currency. In the hotel placards they state $2 per day as their price, and " York shillings " seem as familiar as any other currency. In the same shop you see one thing labelled as 7/6 (English) and another as $6.00.

In fact, the American infusion is larger than I supposed. Mr. Smith, a Worcester man, . . . called on me. . . . He was eager for Worcester gossip. . . . He said there were many Yankees here and they prospered, as he had. . . .

I am amused to find that other American things creep in here also. My devoted little friend, Mr. Milne, is about to lose his place because of what the Directors called " an act of insubordination," in inviting Lucy Stone here to lecture, on his own account, after they voted her " not a proper person for the Institute to countenance! " . . . But the spunky Secretary is resolved to have her here, in some other hall than the Institute's and I have promised (*sub rosâ*) to write *the opinion of an American clergyman* upon her, to be inserted in the paper, when she comes.

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I noticed English-looking hotels with pictures of the Crown and Anchor, the Fox and Hounds, etc. I saw but few colored people, but they looked, without exception, well clothed and comfortable.

DETROIT, Thursday evening, January 25

At one this morning we were driven down to the [Hamilton] station. It was filled with large English or Irishmen reposing on benches. Presently a freight train came thundering in, and up jumped all the Irishmen. Going out I found that there was an emigrant car attached, and then out came bundling a multitude of women and children, and also numerous great neat corded boxes. Poor creatures, I supposed them newcomers, and wondered what would become of them. I saw that all seemed to get off very quickly, and the great boxes were wheeled away with miraculous activity, while the elders seemed quite at home. At last I discovered that these were the *wives* of the men on the benches, fresh from the old country, every soul of them, nine women and fifteen children, five children having died on the voyage, which explained the tears that streamed down the cheeks of one wild dark woman, as she convulsively grasped her husband's hand.

When this was once understood, it became a scene worth watching. All, without exception, were comfortably clothed and looked pictures of health — such round little rosy children, clustering round the fire, winking and blinking, the older ones asking, "Mother, is it morning?" and the smallest always decided on that point — "Oh, yes, iss morning!" Most were English; the few Irish were more talkative and demonstrative, telling all their experiences; the English were quicker, but all seemed really happy, and the men shouldered about the babies, and did n't believe little Jimmy was the same boy, which all the Jimmies re-

sented. The women looked handsome and respectable, but seemed coarse; they swore a little and the husbands a great deal; then one man treated all the others with hot wine and water and whiskey and water, and all the women drank in a circle, very quietly, and let the children taste, even an urchin two years old. It was like a scene out of Dickens. Of course I began distributing candy, and plump little girls dropped old-fashioned curtsies. Then our train came up and I whirled away, and left them still talking and laughing and crying behind; on this the first night of their New World.

(On the train.) . . . We had several Irish families; it was pleasant to see that nothing could disturb Irish good-nature or make Irish peasants — even the ruggedest men — any less devoted to their sturdy little children. Was wood wanting in the stove, the Irish laughed, the English grumbled briefly and sat still, the Yankees grumbled nervously and then set out, hunted up wood, and revived the fire. . . . I saw no Germans or Swedes, but to my surprise found the "notice to passengers" translated into *both* those languages — a thing which speaks volumes. . . .

I felt a childish pleasure in the thought that I was really getting into the West. Our track ran through scores of miles of woods, broken only by log huts, and one could see our straight path, looking back, far as eye could reach. Some log huts held Irish apparently, and some negroes; others of the latter were driving wood-sleds, or sawing at the stations. All looked hale and well dressed.

My heart bounded when we came out of the trees on a vast level plain, with the withered grass appearing through the snow, and a snow-storm driving across it — reminding me of Sarah Clarke's brown etchings. They tell me since that it was not a prairie, but it was as good as one to me.

At last we got to Windsor, where the ferry-boat was slowly toiling through the ice, and I preferred, with many others, to walk across, carpetbag in hand, and thus I reached Detroit at 3 P.M.

January, 1860

DEAREST MOTHER:

I have not written very punctually, but it is from wandering up and down the world lecturing. . . .

I enjoyed Hartford. . . . There I saw Rose Terry. She lives in a sort of moated grange a mile out of town, an old house with an air of decay, once lovely among its fields and shrubbery, now more lonely with the city grown up to it. There she has lived for sixteen years with an old gray father and a sister more finely organized and invalid than herself, and the healthy tone of the majority of her stories seemed more surprising than the weirdness of the minority. She seems seven and twenty, tall and sallow, with fine eyes, the lower part of her face the smallest and narrowest I ever saw, with a slender, slight voice scarcely audible. She is full of talent, feeling, and delicate humor, very lovable, I should think, but impulsive and vehement, and with a satire as fine as the edge of a lancet. Her sister is married now, and she lives alone with her flowers and her father.

March 22, 1861

In Boston I was much interested in looking over Leigh Hunt's library which J. T. Fields bought and had for sale. It carried one nearer to a past era in English literature than anything else could do, to see his name and notes, all written in ink, in a delicate Italian hand and very abundant.

November, 1861

. . . Lecturing in Chelsea last night, I spent the night at their [the Fields] house in Boston for the first time. . . . Nothing could be pleasanter, more hospitable, and more entertaining than the bibliopole himself. Such treasures as that house is crammed with. Most of the books there described I saw and some not mentioned; as, for instance, a Greek book, marked in the title-page "Percy Shelley and Leigh Hunt," in the latter's hand, but the blank leaves full of Shelley's notes in pencil-writing, delicate as himself. The Wordsworth volumes were captivating, with his own later alterations put in with ink in the neatest way, and showing the delicacy of his literary work. They have the original engravings from Sir George Beaumont, giving the actual scenes of "Lucy Gray," "Peter Bell," and other poems. Fields described Wordsworth's reading of his own poems in old age, quite grandly, and his reading Tennyson aloud also with equal impressiveness; and turning on a silly lady too profuse in her praise of passages, with "You admire it? But *do you understand it?*"

A long parlor, in a house on Charles Street like

Louise's, looking on the beautiful river at full tide, and crowded from end to end with books and pictures. Beautiful engravings of great men, framed with an autograph below — *Addison* with a note to a friend to meet him at the Fountain Tavern; *Pope*, with a receipt for a subscription to the Iliad; Dickens, Tennyson, Scott, Washington, etc., each with an original note or manuscript below. An original drawing of Keats by Severn, his artist friend, in whose arms he died; given to Fields by Severn, as was also a lovely little oil painting of Ariel on the bat's back. Two superb photographs, of a wild, grand face, more like Professor Peirce than any one, with high, powerful brow, long face, masses of tangled hair, and full black beard; they might be a gipsy or a wandering painter or Paganini, or anything weird — and they are Tennyson.

The next letter refers to a rising young author in whom Mr. Higginson took great interest:

Do you remember a Newburyport girl named Harriet Prescott [Mrs. Spofford] who writes me immense letters and whom I think a wonderful genius? She has just sent to the " Atlantic " a story, under an assumed name, which is so brilliant and shows such an extraordinary intimacy with European life that the editors seriously suspected it of being a translation from some first-class Frenchman, as Balzac or Dumas, and I had to be called in to satisfy them that a demure little Yankee girl could have written it: which, as you may imagine, has delighted me much. It is called " In a Cellar " and will appear in December.

A few months later he wrote:

We had a nice time in Newburyport. I enjoyed seeing the little authoress more than anything; it seemed just like Fanny Burney of whom we had been reading. She was very modest and humble about it, and only felt as if it were a sort of cheat to take $105 for a *story*. She said she never thought about its attracting any attention, or she should have been more anxious about details; she supposed, if it got in, that it would pass quietly and nothing more be said about it. Her young friends got her to a meeting of their Reading Club, and read it aloud in her presence. When they got to that wonderful description of the old shop in Paris, her next neighbor murmured, astounded at its local details, "Why, Harriet, where *did* you get all that?" — "*Made it all up, every word of it,*" was the rapid reply of the young authoress, over her crochet-needle. After the reading, the folding doors were opened and there was an elegant little collation. Stately old Squire Porter conducted Miss Prescott to the seat of honor, and proposed her health in wine, with a little speech, to which she replied; and at the close all the girls escorted her home; quite a pretty little ovation for Newburyport. . . . One of the first things she did with the price of the story was to get a bouquet of flowers for Mary [Mrs. Higginson], which was a pleasant thing. She is always full of gratitude to me, for the little I have done for her.

Mrs. Spofford kindly brought the editor some letters which Mr. Higginson had written to her at various

times after leaving Newburyport. Here are a few hints to his young friend about the books she should read:

We see how few people live *in* Nature by the rarity of any real glimpse of it in their books; almost all is second-hand and vague. . . . The only thoroughly outdoor book I have ever seen is Thoreau's " Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," which is fascinating beyond compare to any one who knows Nature, though the religion and philosophy are of the wildest. He has led a strange Indian life, the author, and his errors and extremes are on the opposite from most people's. . . .

Thoreau has sent me his book [" Walden "], which I have enjoyed as much, I think, as the other; it is calmer and more *whole*, crammed with fine observation and thought, and rising into sublimity at the last.

. . . The two authors, whom I am chiefly anxious that you should read earnestly and appreciatively, are (as you perhaps anticipate) Shakespeare and Emerson; though *when* you read either is a secondary thing. From Emerson, I differ, . . . in temperament, attitude, and many conclusions; but in spite of this I know of no author whose writings seem to me so densely crowded with absolute truth, and so graceful in beauty; though there is never any artistic wholeness in his Essays; they are a series of exquisite sentences; and yet more than this I value for you that noble calmness, gentleness, courage, and freedom; and that pure air and unflinching moral heroism which make him the very strongest teacher for the moral nature

that this generation has given. I know this by its fruits, in myself and my contemporaries. . . .

You said you had never read Bettina [von Arnim]: I hope you will get the book; for it needs, perhaps, to be read early; I have enjoyed it more and get more out of her than I ever did from Goethe, and I am never tired of her books, though it is painful to think of her, because her life seemed exhausted in that early flowering. It is touching to see how small she thought herself beside the great man, and yet she is as much a part of the universe as he and could be as little replaced by another.

July 10, 1859

Dearest Mother:

Emerson says, "To-day is a king in disguise"; and it is sometimes odd to think that these men and women of the "Atlantic Monthly," mere mortals to me, will one day be regarded as demi-gods, perhaps, and that it would seem as strange to another generation for me to have sat at the same table with Longfellow or Emerson, as it now seems that men should have sat at table with Wordsworth or with Milton. So I may as well tell you all about my inducting little Harriet Prescott into that high company.

She met me at twelve in Boston at Ticknor's and we spent a few hours seeing pictures and the aquarial gardens; the most prominent of the pictures being a sort of luncheon before our dinner; viz., Holmes and Longfellow in half length and very admirable, by Buchanan Read (I don't think any previous king in

disguise ever had his portrait so well painted as this one, at any rate); also, by the same, a delicious painting of three Longfellow children — girls with their mother's eyes and Mary Greenleaf's coloring, at least three different modifications of it. . . .

In the course of these divertisements we stopped at Phillips's and Sampson's, where we encountered dear, dark, slender, simple, sensitive Whittier, trying to decide whether to "drink delight of battle with his peers" at the dinner-table, or slide shyly back to Amesbury in the next train. To introduce him to Harriet was like bringing a girl and a gazelle acquainted; each visibly wished to run away from the other; to Whittier a woman is a woman, and he was as bashful before the small authoress as if she were the greatest. Cheery John Wyman was persuading him to stay to dinner, and on my introducing him to my companion turned the battery of his good-nature upon her, pronouncing her story the most popular which had appeared in the magazine — "Oh, sir," she whispered to me afterwards, "he spoke to me about my story — do you suppose anybody else will? I hope not."

Duly at three we appeared at the Revere House. You are to understand that this was a special festival — prior to Mrs. Stowe's trip to Europe — and the admission of ladies was a new thing. Harriet was whirled away into some unknown dressing-room, and I found in another parlor Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Whipple, Edmund Quincy, Professor Stowe, Stillman the artist, Whittier (after all), Woodman, John Wyman, and Underwood. When dinner was confiden-

tially announced, I saw a desire among the founders of the feast to do the thing handsomely toward the fair guests, and found, to my great amusement, that Mrs. Stowe and Harriet Prescott were the only ones! Nothing would have tempted my little damsel into such a position, I knew; but now she was in for it; to be handed in to dinner by the Autocrat himself, while Lowell took Mrs. Stowe! Miss Terry was at Saratoga and Mrs. Julia Howe suddenly detained; so these were alone. But how to get them downstairs — send up a servant or go ourselves? — that is, were they in a bedroom or a parlor; an obsequious attendant suddenly suggested the latter, so Lowell and I went up. In a small but superb room the authoress of " Uncle Tom " stood smoothing her ample plumage, while the junior lady hovered timidly behind. . . . Mrs. Stowe was quietly dressed in a Quakerish silk, but with a peculiar sort of artificial grape-leaf garland round her head which I could not examine more minutely; she looked very well, but I thought Harriet looked better; she had smoothed down her brown curls, the only pretty thing about her, except a ladylike little figure, robed in the plainest imaginable black silk. . . .

Down we went: Dr. Holmes met us in the entry; each bowed lower than the other, and we all marched in together. Underwood had wished to place Edmund Quincy by Harriet, at his request, she being on Dr. Holmes's right — the Autocrat's right, think of the ordeal for a humble maiden at her first dinner party! but I told him the only chance for her to breathe was to place me there, which he did. On Dr. Holmes's left

was Whittier, next, Professor Stowe, opposite me, while Mrs. S. was on Lowell's right at the other end.

By this lady's special stipulation the dinner was teetotal, which compulsory virtue caused some wry faces among the gentlemen, not used to such abstinence at "Atlantic" dinners; it was amusing to see how they *nipped* at the water and among the *bon mots* privately circulated thereupon, the best was Longfellow's proposition that Miss Prescott should send down into her Cellar for some wine, since Mrs. Stowe would not allow any abovestairs! This joke was broached early and carefully prevented from reaching the ears of either of its subjects, but I thought it capital, for you remember her racy description of wine, of which she knows about as much as she does of French novels, which I find most people suppose her to have lived upon — she having once perused "Consuelo"!

Little Dr. Holmes came down upon her instantly with her laurels. "I suppose you meet your story wherever you go," said he, "like Madam d'Arblay" (and indeed the whole thing reminded me of her first introductions into literary society). . . . I seized the first opportunity to ask whether she and Mrs. Stowe had any conversation upstairs. "Yes," said she meekly; "Mrs. Stowe asked me what time it was and I told her *I did n't know.*" There 's intellectual intercourse for a young beginner! . . .

When the wife of Andrew Jackson Davis, the seer, was once asked if her husband, who was then staying at Fitzhenry Homer's, was not embarrassed by being

in society superior to that in which he was trained, she replied indignantly that her husband, who was constantly in the society of the highest angels, was not likely to be overcome by Mrs. Fitzhenry Homer. And when I reflected on the entertainments which were described in " In a Cellar," I felt no fear of Harriet's committing any solecism in manners at an " Atlantic " dinner, which she certainly did not, though a little frightened, occasionally, I could see, at the obsequiousness of the waiters and the absurd multiplicity of courses. . . .

I don't care so very much for " Atlantic " dinners — Professor Felton says they are more brilliant than London ones, but I think that Mary and I get up quite as good ones in Worcester — but Dr. Holmes is always effervescent and funny, and John Wyman is the best story-teller the world ever saw, and indeed everybody contributed something. The best thing Holmes said was in discoursing on his favorite theory of races and families. " Some families," he said, " are constitutionally incapable of doing anything wrong; they try it as boys, but they relapse into virtue; as individuals, they attempt to do wrong, but the race is too strong for them and they end in pulpits. Look at the Wares, for instance; *I don't believe that the Wares fell in Adam!* "

In a letter to Harriet Prescott, I find this allusion to the Stowe dinner:

Dr. Holmes — whom you evidently did not fancy, though you describe his talk so well — is really superior, at every point I can think of, to Lowell, whom you

liked so much; I should except personal appearances, for Lowell's brow and eyes are Apollo-like, while all Holmes's face is small in outline and expression, though mobile and vivacious. . . .

Maria Lowell was a living poem. She was his inspiration and his moral tonic beside, and he has been living on her memory ever since, in both respects. . . .

The chief editor [Lowell of the "Atlantic"] reads every article without knowing the author's name, so as to be perfectly impartial.

Apropos of the "Atlantic," Higginson wrote his mother in July, 1861:

You ask about the "Atlantic" — Fields will edit it, which is a great thing for the magazine; he having the promptness and business qualities which Lowell signally wanted; for instance, my piece about Theodore Parker lay nearly two months under a pile of anonymous manuscripts in his study while he was wondering that it did not arrive. Fields's taste is very good and far less crotchety than Lowell's, who strained at gnats and swallowed camels, and Fields is always casting about for good things, while Lowell is rather disposed to sit still and let them come. It was a torment to deal with Lowell and it is a real pleasure with Fields. For instance, the other day Antoinette Brown Blackwell sent me a very pleasing paper on the proper treatment of old age — called "A Plea for the Afternoon." I sent it to Fields by express and it reached him after twelve one noon (I don't know how many hours after). *At seven that night I received it again by express,* with

approval and excellent suggestions as to some modifications. . . . Such promptness never was known in a magazine; it would have been weeks or months before L. would have got to it.

This letter refers to an earlier "Atlantic" dinner:

Perhaps you expect a full account of last Saturday's "Atlantic" dinner; but really it was hardly worth it, except for Holmes, who was really very agreeable and even delightful, far more so than James Lowell, the other principal interlocutor, who was bright and witty as always, but dogmatic and impatient of contradiction more than he used to be, though he always had that tendency; whereas Holmes was very genial and sweet and allowed Lowell to be almost rude to him. The other guests were Edmund Quincy, Dr. J. W. Palmer (author of your favorite Miss Wimple), Charles W. Storey (a lazy, witty lawyer), Charles Norton, Underwood, John Wyman, formerly of Worcester, and myself. . . . Most of the serious talk turned on theology (which Underwood said they often fell upon), Holmes taking the radical side and Lowell rather the conservative. Holmes said some things that were as eloquent as anything in the "Autocrat" about the absurdity of studying doctrines in books and supposing that we got much from that source, when each person is the net result of a myriad influences from all nature and society which mould him from his birth and before it.

This critical letter to Mr. Fields was written in January, 1862:

DEAR FRIEND:

I send the "Letter to a Young Contributor," which will cover nine or ten pages.

I am sorry to say that this household unites in the opinion that February is a decidedly poor number. Mrs. Howe is tedious. "To-day" grim and disagreeable, though not without power; "Love and Skates" [Theodore Winthrop] trashy and second-rate; and Bayard Taylor below plummet-sounding of decent criticism. His mediocre piece had a certain simplicity and earnestness, but this seems to me only fit for the "Ledger" in its decline. I could only raise one smile over the "Biglow" ("rod, perch, or pole"), but I suppose that will be liked. Whittier's poem is daring, but successful; Agassiz has covered the same ground often. Whipple uses "considerable" atrociously at beginning of last critical notice, and "Snow" has a direful misprint on page 195 (end of paragraph) — *South* for *Earth*. I liked "Ease in Work," "Fremont and Artists" in Italy.

The thing that troubled me most, though, was the absence of a strong article on the war, especially as January had none. I see men buying the "Continental" for its strong emancipatory pieces, and they are amazed that the "Atlantic" should not have got beyond Lowell's timid "Self-Possession." For the "Atlantic" to speak only once in three months, and then *against* an emancipatory policy, is humiliating. Perhaps I ought to have written and offered one, but I could not write when busy about regiments and companies, and after that I supposed you had a press of

war matter on hand, as no doubt you did some months ago; but public sentiment is moving fast if events are not, and it is a shame that life should come from the "Knickerbocker" and not from the "Atlantic." You always get frank criticisms from me, at least, you know.

P.S. I see the papers treat the number well — but so they always do. At the lowest point ever reached by the magazine, just before your return from England, the newspaper praises kept regularly on.

January 29, 1862

. . . "Snow" [an essay of Higginson's in the "Atlantic"] seems quite popular and Thoreau likes it, the only critic whom I should regard as really formidable on such a subject. By the way, he is fatally ill with hereditary consumption and may not live to another summer. It is probably aggravated by neglect and exposure.

February 6, 1862

. . . Always after writing anything I immediately come upon something which ought to have gone into it. Last Sunday I came in with a bird's nest all full of ice and snow and showed it to Charlotte Hawes, who was here, saying something about its having the wrong thing in it. "Oh," said she quickly, "*snow is eggs*, you know — in cookery." . . . Then she also told me of a little girl who said snow was *popped rain*, which I think inimitable.

April, 1862

Since that "Letter to a Young Contributor" I have more wonderful effusions than ever sent me to read with request for advice, which is hard to give. . . . One begins:

Summer is come
Winter is gone
On! the brier
And prickly thorn

and ends:

My little home
Is safe and sound
And I 'm a til-
ler of the ground

Worcester, October, 1860

. . . It so happens that we have just had a visit from Edwin Morton, Gerrit Smith's private tutor, who went to Europe at the time of John Brown. "The wicked *flea*, whom no man pursueth," Judge Russell satirically termed him: but he is a very cultivated and refined person and had that career among English literati which seems to be cheaply open to all young Yankees.

A letter without date describes Colonel Higginson's first meeting with Anne Whitney, the poet and sculptor:

Here I am in a farmhouse in the loveliest, greenest region of Watertown, on a by-road, next house but one above Mr. Cushing's and next to Miss Anne Whitney's. . . . After my nap this afternoon, as I was beginning to write to you . . . up came a message that Miss

A. W. was below, so down I went. White dress and cape bonnet; face between Elizabeth Whittier and Susan Higginson: looking older than I expected. Her brother was with her, which made it less remarkable for her to call on me. She and I agreed on a walk, which we later took — a lovely walk through green lanes fringed with barberries to a beautiful great elm tree and some superb oaks. I really never saw such groups of trees. It was an elm tree with the vigor of an oak — a little marring its peculiar grace. A. W. is like her poems, in a less degree — spirited and decided and a little abrupt and odd, sometimes saying very condensed and graphic things, but with no grace, herein being unlike her poems. I don't know how she liked me; she said I was entirely unlike her expectations which I believe is uncommon for people to say, is n't it? She did not repel me, neither did she charm me. . . . I took tea there afterwards and rode to a meeting and back with them this evening.

CHAPTER III

JOURNEYS

In 1855 the Worcester pastor with a few friends took a trip to Mount Katahdin. This jaunt he described in a current number of "Putnam's Magazine." These bits of description are taken from his letters home:

Mattawaumkeag, Maine
Stopping to tea
September 5, 1855

We see Katahdin gloriously all day — pale blue, finer than Monadnock, with vast scars of slides down the sides. All say we can go to the mountain easily and partway up, at least.

Lake Camp (Camp No. 2)
Outlet Wissatacook Lake
September 8, 1855

Dearest Mother:

The dotted line [in a sketch] is a lake about half a mile broad; beyond this are woods stretching up to the bare magnificent top of Katahdin — some four miles from us in an air line, but ten by our pathway. Yesterday we walked about nine miles, seven harder ones to-day; seven more to-morrow bring us to our highest camp halfway up at the foot of a slide. . . . Thence we ascend on Monday morning, thus making an easy day's work, these two days. We left our first camp at 7 A.M. and reached here at 2, and have had a delicious rest this afternoon.

I cannot say how glorious this mountain is — the most *personal* mountain I ever knew, more so than Monadnock. It stands out magnificent and lonely, in a sea of woods, the chief peak like a broad crater, and on the right stretches out another, with an awful semi-circular *basin* into which we can look and see its bare precipices, five hundred feet high, without a spyglass. Over the whole mountain grows each moment a soft film, and it retires farther and farther. A few soft clouds, reddish brown and golden, linger along its solemn outline and make us feel as if Pomola were right in forbidding its ascent, as Indians fable.

The lake is a little ruffled by the evening wind. Three figures stand catching fish rapidly (we have about a *hundred* trout and chubs this afternoon); a few are sitting on a stone to watch them. Three are writing; Mr. Battles [a Universalist minister from Bangor] is dressing fish, and Martha and Mr. Brown are helping our guides in picking hemlock boughs and piling our soft broad couches in tents. We have all had such a happy afternoon; the freedom of the woods descends deeper and deeper into us; all obstacles have vanished, and everything is easier than we expected.

All of us are better and stronger than when we started, although we have had for twenty-four hours only very hard crackers, either dry or fried pork, salt pork, and milkless tea, all which I have learned to like. To-night we have enough for several days and may have moose or deer hereafter. I never slept more delightfully than in our tent last night, a booth open on one side to the great fire and only *too* warm for us all.

We all found it impossible to realize our blessings, and yet all thought the fact better than all previous fancies. I never was with so happy a party. One of our guides calls it " the pleasantest gang he ever came up with " — he being a young lumberer. The chief guide, a noble youth of twenty-three, an Indian in figure, strength, and quietness, a natural gentleman, " head of a gang of lumberers " who never used tobacco or drank a glass of spirits in his life, gave me his opinion thus, " There 's no better grit to be scared up anywhere than *them* women have," and truly they deserve it. All wished to go farther to-day, but it was more convenient here. It only seems absurd that strong and active women should go anywhere else. Nothing equals this; we have all enjoyed every step of the way. Now, good-night, light is gone, and the fish almost ready.

Sunday. Up at five. It had rained in the night, and I feared a rainy day, but found it only cold and raw. Sent off the ladies to bathe in the brook below the dam, while we went to the lake, some to fish, some to bathe. Had a delicious swim, while fish flapped rapidly on our lines. This was a work of necessity; so I learned afterwards to dress the fish.

The mountain this morning was a new wonder. Instead of the radiant outline of filmy brightness, there was a vast tower of chill cloud, with dark towers of precipice showing here and there between. It was no longer our summer friend, but the dark and awful home of the Indian's Pomola. I remembered what Thoreau said, that perhaps it was an insult to the Gods to climb their mountains, and shuddered to think

that our night's camp would be within that skirt of white, soft, impenetrable material. Should we dare it? But moment by moment clouds went and came, and always more went than came, and at last the sunlight came and shone brightly on the wood-fringed lakes; and meanwhile we bathed and fished and dressed our fish and went up to breakfast.

An adventure! . . Last night we heard mysterious steps round our camp, and the men watched for moose, but none came. Just before breakfast came two rifle shots in quick succession, while our one rifle lay quiet against a tree!

Who might it be? Some said "Demons." All rushed in different directions — I to the waterside, where stood a dripping and soiled man with eyes like blue fire, haggard and torn. He looked drunk or insane, but turned out at last a wandering hunter who had come from Hunt's since 2 P.M. yesterday, on our track, lost himself in a swamp, and was sleepless, tired, and hungry, and just washing himself. He was a Lowell man, but seemed to have been all around the world. Our woodsmen received him to their hearts at once and we to share our delicious fish and he in return had partridges for us. So he has accompanied us to-day on our four-mile walk to our noon camp on Roaring Brook at the foot of the mountain. I write now on a tree which M'Lane has felled for our bridge.

Another mountain excursion involved a visit to the Adirondack camp of sundry Worcester friends:

WORCESTER, September 11, 1859

DEAREST MOTHER:

Last night brought me back from my pleasant nine days' trip to the Adirondack. It was somewhat hurried, but the region is fascinating and it was perfectly delightful to me to be in the woods again. I cannot compare it with my trip to Katahdin very well, that being entirely a pedestrian affair and this almost entirely boating. On the whole the Katahdin region is wilder, though both have been "lumbered" over too much for thorough wilderness. Still, there we were beyond houses for five days, while there is hardly any one of the lovely Adirondack lakes without one or more clearings somewhere upon it, where supplies or shelter can be got in case of need. There we shouldered our packs and were reduced to a minimum of comforts for that reason; here we had boats for carrying everything and lived in comparative luxury; the party having, for instance, got milk every day, thus obviating Mr. Emerson's grand objection to the wilderness, that the cows were not driven in. On the other hand, the style of camping was not so agreeable as in Maine, closed tents being used and the fires not kept up all night. Indeed, I personally only camped out one night, the others being more or less under shelter. . . . As to scenery there was no one mountain comparable in lonely glory to Katahdin, nor did I ascend any, but there was a far greater variety of mountain background. . . . After all this comparison with Katahdin, remains the perpetual boating, a thing ever fascinating to those who enjoy it all, gliding on from lake

to lake, like Evangeline, beneath cliffs and wooded islands, under overhanging boughs just tinged with autumn, and through dawning and dying days; large lakes with rippling waves ("chibogles," as the boatmen say) breaking their darkness into blue; little fairylike ponds with outlets inscrutable; creeks losing themselves in bushes; the fascinating Raquette River, soft and shaded as the Artichoke, down which for many miles we travelled; with tall pine trees left by the lumberers, cedars hung with long white moss, and mounds of trailing grapevines. The immediate banks are seldom so high as one expects, but the backgrounds are always beautiful.

I left Worcester on Friday, reached Keesville that night, rode forty-six miles on Saturday through a dark and dusty iron region to Martin's on the Lower Saranac, the end of civilization; there took boat and guide on Sunday afternoon, the morning being too windy, and went in pursuit of my party. Fifteen miles that night brought me to a log house, Steve Martin's; the next day we partly spent off the right track in going up Follansbee brook and pond in pursuit of them, but we saw that pretty pond, where "the philosophers" went last year, but a party of ladies and gentlemen from New Haven were camping and deer-hunting that morning ; then back to the Raquette River again and down to Stetson's, the most picturesque of log houses, where a handsome and intelligent household charmed us; here we had something to eat for the first time since morning and found that our party were still ten miles farther after rowing and paddling twenty-five;

on we pushed under the moonlight, and at nine stole upon them at their camp-fire and were enthusiastically received — that is, I and my guide and his dog. . . . They had quite given me up, but had had a jovial time in spite of much rain; indeed, everything is jovial and successful which Tom Earle leads. They were camped in the most charming place on Tupper's Lake, opposite the Bog River Falls, which flow into the head of the lake, lovely as Trenton. The next day we stayed only for another unsuccessful deer hunt and then turned homeward and had two delightful days of boating back to Martin's, reaching there Wednesday night, and they leaving Thursday morning, while Edward Spring and I stayed another day to penetrate to the new Philosophers' Camp at Amperzand Pond and see Stillman, the artist, who had invited us all. You who have not seen Eddy Spring, son of Marcus, do not know how sweet and chivalrous and handsome and charming a young man of twenty-two can be, but I found him the most delightful of companions. Amperzand Pond is a region of romance; you go seven miles by water up a secret brook, then four miles' hard climbing through wild and beautiful woods; suddenly the path ends, between great trees, in the loveliest of lakes with no sign of human life. In despair you discharge your rifle, and suddenly a boat comes out from a wooded point, and receives you as guests in fairyland. Stillman is the presiding spirit; he stays there all summer and paints while the other artists and savants who make up the Adirondack Club (or Amperzanders as the boatmen call them) come and go. This summer

there have been James Lowell, Estes Howe, Judge Hoar, Horace Gray; and Emerson and Longfellow and others are now coming. John Holmes came, carried in an armchair through the forest by four men; they said it was hard, but he was *so* funny. They are just buying the pond and its whole surroundings, to keep them sacred from lumbering and injury, and have taken this out-of-the-way place to avoid company and disturbance; besides, it is by far the most beautiful lake we saw, the mountains coming closer and steeper round it than in any other place we saw, and they are laying out rude paths to all the points of interest in the neighboring wilderness, while their camps and dining-room and kitchen of logs and bark are perfectly picturesque and show exquisite taste of arrangement. Stillman was hospitable, though not quite satisfactory, and dined us on venison boiled and broiled, cranberries and guava jelly, and by and by we came away and let the wilderness close around the lonely artist.

Coming back we stopped to see the finest of all the fine arts, most graceful of all things ever done by man — fly-fishing as practised by a great master, Henry K. Brown, the sculptor, Larkin Mead's teacher, of whom he will like to hear. . . . The next morning we left Martin's, got to Burlington that night, and home the next (Saturday); and now the lakes and mountains are fading into dreams.

In 1855 the Higginsons sailed for Fayal for the benefit of Mrs. Higginson's health.

WORCESTER, July

. . . For companions on the voyage we may have Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dabney . . . very pleasant people. There seem plenty of entertainments there — oranges, music, whaleships, Catholic priests, and a steep mountain. "Pico" half as high again as Mount Washington.

BARQUE AZOR., 650 miles from home
October 30

"What's the name of the place?" asks Mary of Captain Burke. "Atlantic Ocean," he promptly answers. . . .

. . . In the middle of the first night (having been implored by Barbara not to worry me or anybody about any conceivable noise she might hear), she despairingly remarked, "*Four men* have just fallen flat on the deck above my head"; and then plaintively, "But you told me not to *mind such things!*" at which we both roared and then went to sleep. The third night was perfectly tremendous; the ship rolled enormously, all the lamps fell down or went out, all doors flapped open and shut violently, tin cans and plates rolled in all directions over the cabin floor, the rain came in through cracks in the cabin skylight, all manner of roarings and creakings came from the deck, and in the morning all we could do was to stagger and stick where fate permitted.

November 3

. . . Our days have settled into a routine. In the morning I . . . go on deck in a light and graceful

deshabille, to be soused with two or three pails of Gulf Stream water by a grinning sailor, to the great glee of the Portuguese steerage passengers. . . . Twelve sometimes brings a lunch of pears and grapes and apples. . . . It is the most lotus-eating life. I do not see how a person can be fit for anything after six weeks of it; what, then, must an imprisonment be? — a thought which comes naturally to my mind, since I have been reading the sheets of Mr. Parker's "Defence," which he gave me, and which have recalled the times when I used to build visions occasionally of the inside of a jail.

. . . We have had no calms or storms, and few wonders, though many beauties. One night dolphins sent lances of fire beneath our bows; yesterday we saw a shoal of great leathery blackfish rolling their broad bulk half out of water, and to-day a little shower of white foam-flakes across the distant trough of a wave was pronounced to be flying fish.

. . . I have been reading Edward Hale's monograph, and Mrs. Dabney has been giving information respecting Fayal, delighting Mary's fancy with thoughts of nuns' delicacies, such as *kitten's paws*, *angel's crops*, *royal eggs*, and *golden straws*, and terrifying her, on the other hand, with fears of *boys*, dogs, and crazy donkeys. She avers that she never dreamed of finding her sweet enemy, *boys*, in Fayal, and has thoughts of returning in the vessel forthwith.

FAYAL, Friday, November 9

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, and again past all whooping! Nobody ever told us, nobody

ever prepared us, we knew nothing of it! They told us of the views and the mountains and the ocean, but that we should step suddenly into all the South of Europe at once, set our feet in Lisbon and Madrid and Naples all in one, a place where not a person looks as any person ever looked in America, not a sound but is new! . . . We have had the day that comes but once in a life — the first day in a foreign country. At Singapore or Batavia we should feel no farther from home. It has been a day of absolute intoxication. I have seen no beauty in Nature, I have scarcely looked at the lovely Pico across the bay, in the wonder of this new human existence. From that moment when I stumbled on deck at five and saw the dim ghostly island round which we were gliding, through all the gradual approach and the dawning of light, bringing out the great bluffs and the bare high hills, all patched in squares of vegetation, hedged with cane plants, down to the lofty precipice of rock, and while we rounded into the bay and saw the Dabney flags run up here and there and the red and yellow flag from a Spanish steamer, and the long semi-circle of bare square white stone houses and churches, up to the time when we were hoisted over the vessel's side and landed with difficulty at the old stone steps among such figures as we never dreamed of in Italy — we were drawn gradually into a bewildered spell, under which we are now prostrate.

Saturday, November 10

Fayal is more digestible on the second day. What I wrote last night relieved my mind a little and to-day I

am a little less bewildered. . . . I have only looked and walked up and down the main street as yet, for this little narrow stony lane seems to be the main street. . . . Gibraltar may be more varied in its picturesqueness and more brilliant in costume, but this is as much so as we can take in at once. It realizes all and more than all my dreams of southern Europe — everywhere the same picturesqueness of dress or undress, reminding one of " Anzoleto " and " Consuelo " and all sorts of books. . . . Scarcely any men wear coats, hats, or caps, but little round or pointed caps half covering their black hair, vests of different colors or jackets, and trousers often rolled up; some women wear broad straw hats, some handkerchiefs, but nearly half of each sex have something on their heads, baskets of fruits, vegetables, and poultry, jars or high pails of water — loads of all kinds; for instance, each article of our baggage or freight (hundreds in all) went from the landing to the customhouse, a mile nearly, on somebody's head, and this wild procession came and went along the middle of the street. My heaviest trunk was carried by a boy of fourteen, on his head, for this whole distance. Next to the human passers-by in importance rank the donkeys, almost as constant a procession, sometimes with one high pile or box or basket, sometimes with two panniers. . . . Or they go back empty, with men, boys, and girls riding. Once in a great while pass two oxen yoked to an uncouth cart, made of basketwork on a solid frame, supported by an axle which turns *with* the wheels, creaking so that the whole street resounds. Once only we have

seen a two-horse carriage, of the most ancient and astonishing structure; I have not seen another horse in town. Ladies use donkeys and sedan chairs, and to-day the Dabneys sent a pretty palankeen with two bearers for Mary. . . . It is excitement enough to stand at the window here — every moment some figure passes so picturesque and strange. The children are picturesquely naked, barelegged at least, and with little caps and handkerchiefs on their heads; they and the young men are sometimes beautiful, and fine eyes are very abundant. I went this morning to a little beach worthy of Naples — the strange, handsome figures in the boats, groups of women and children basking in the sun, or talking with eager gestures; radiant fishes heaped in baskets in gorgeous combination of red and blue and yellow. I see that picturesqueness consists in a proper mingling of nudity and dirt; introduce comfort and the art of printing, and it vanishes. I am thankful to see these things, but only too grateful that I was born in New England. Yet the beggars, though as dreadful in their appearance as I expected, are not quite so importunate.

HORTA, FAYAL, December 29

Our chamber window looks down upon the white surf which lashes the sea-wall on the other side of the narrow street; the black curving beach lies to the left, the old fort projects over the rocks to the right; before us is the sheltered bay with its six or eight brigs and schooners lying off in the deep water; and behind these, five miles away, but not looking half a mile, rises

the glorious background of Pico, the great, graceful, conical, extinct volcano, girded with its belt of vineyards and villages below and its seldom-failing garment of clouds. Yet if these clouds are not too dense, at my first glance in the morning a glory of approaching sunrise strikes through them, and at the same time there glides across the foreground a bulky lateen-sailed boat, light-winged and heavy-bodied, like all the sea-birds; it is crammed so densely with men and women that one wonders at their rashness in this rough sea; but another and yet another follows, and if I were to follow them, as they disappear past the fort, I should witness the tumultuous landing. . . . I should see them linger, in a picturesque crowd, till not merely the persons, but the live stock and freight are landed from that comprehensive boat, baskets of fruit and vegetables, cows and pigs, bundles of evergreen for firing, and finally a load of wood is thrown upon the water, to reach the steps or the beach as it can. And out of all those picturesque women (strong and erect), dressed in blue or white skirt and blue man's jacket, barefooted while their husbands wear hairy cowskin shoes, there is not one who over her dark face and great black eyes and profuse hair and nice white kerchief — not one who does not wear a broad straw hat with a red and white cord, precisely like yours, Mary, and yours, Margie, which are awaiting next summer, behind the front door or in the front entry closet.

FAYAL, December 31, 1855

. . . Have I told you that the *one* delicious fruit I

have tasted is the *custard apple*, or cheivamoia; it has more positive flavor than the other fruits; though Mary compares it to poor baked apples, flavored with cologne.

January, 1856

To crown all, a bright little English girl of ten (Calcutta-born, however) said she thought American people were all *black!* I have often heard of such ignorance before.

There were terrible winter storms at Fayal and many disabled ships were seen. An extract from the journal describes some of these wrecks.

January 16, 1856

During our enjoyment of the storm . . . we knew that it must end in disaster.

. . . A man came across the island to tell Mr. Dabney that two distressed vessels were in sight. He at once ordered out the Hortense, a schooner of his which happened to be in port, and while they were fitting her out with provisions, spare sails, spars, etc., another messenger came from the north signal station, announcing that the vessels were a brig and a schooner, both American. In an hour they both came slowly in by the north passage, as predicted, only that the schooner turned out a barque, partially dismantled.

The brig came to anchor before dark, and as her stern swung round we read with the glass the familiar name of Newburyport, the vessel being the venerable Keying, one of old Captain Cushing's great brigs. . . .

In Captain Cook, who came ashore the next day, I recognized a familiar face, and I could safely congratulate my former townsman for his success in weathering the storm with only the loss of a bowsprit and topmast and some damage to the rudder. He was also favored above all the succeeding vessels by being admitted to quarantine. . . .

The poor barque was less fortunate, and when I went alongside of her in the customhouse boat on Saturday, she was certainly a sad spectacle. She was the Warren of Thomaston, Maine, Captain Condry, from Philadelphia, with flour and grain; and as we approached her she seemed like one of Herman Melville's ghostly ships. She lay deep in the water, her starboard bulwarks almost wholly broken away, no vestige left of bowsprit and foremast, only the lower mainmast and mizzenmast standing. . . . Two women and a baby were on the quarterdeck; and to crown all the sufferings, she had no bill of health and was refused quarantine.

All this I learned from the captain, questioning him in behalf of the customhouse officers. I shall never forget the quiet, rather dogged calmness with which the poor fellow told his losses, one by one, too inured to despair even to court sympathy. "Did you do anything to lighten ship?" "Threw overboard five hundred barrels of flour." "Any water in hold?" "Four feet. Pumps choked." "Cargo damaged?" "All of it." "How many in your crew?" "Six left" (with a glance round), "three lost in the gale." So we left him, at last, with an inward thrill of sympathy

and of detestation at the inhuman strictness of the quarantine laws which kept that sympathy from being actively exhibited. Five days are passed, and she is not yet admitted.

. . . During Monday the vessels pitched fearfully, and communication between them and the shore was almost wholly suspended. It grew dim and dark and misty, and as the wind howled round our windows in the night, we thought of that poor mother and baby.

.

All this time, however, a sadder tragedy was preparing. During the gloom and the gale of Monday, there swept slowly in at the southern entrance, seen dimly through the mist, the half spectral figure of a great American ship, with topgallantmasts and bowsprit lost. . . . Slowly, slowly she passed by, now clearly visible at some three miles distance, now half concealed; and my fancy is still haunted by her weary and helpless look, as she disappeared behind the northern headland and drifted out to sea. Nothing could be done for her. Mr. Dabney in vain attempted to induce the captain of an English schooner to go out to her to supply spars and sails and to stay by her. An American captain, he said, would have gone, but this more cautious individual refused to weigh anchor. And the night closed wearily round us, thinking of the doomed and wandering ship.

On Tuesday morning the wind had changed. What was that which stood out against the horizon, six miles off, at the northern edge of the rocky Pico? A glass revealed it; the ship had been blown back again and

gone ashore in the night. . . . She had struck at the very worst points on the shore, inaccessible for boats, and far from any village. The surf was not unusually high, and only very rarely seemed to break over her. There she lay, and whether the crew were saved, no one could judge; though it seemed, on the whole, probable. The prospect of saving her cargo seemed small, indeed.

Those acquainted with the reputation of the Dabney family will not be surprised to hear that in two hours after the vessel was seen, two of the gentlemen of the family had set sail in a boat, furnished with provisions and clothing for a fortnight. . . . I felt greatly disappointed at being absolutely prevented, by circumstances, from joining this expedition.

. . . During [the same] morning an American barque rounded the southern point, which proved to be the Sumter, Captain Humphrey, which had left Charleston soon after the Keying and was now leaking badly with the pumps choked. She was soon followed by a French barque of the same size and in similar condition; making the sixth distressed vessel. But the wind was directly ahead for them, and it was pathetic to watch hour after hour and see the great wounded creatures spreading their wings in vain and toiling with the harbor full in sight unable to gain it. It is singular how one *personifies* a vessel; my sympathies seem to be much more with *her*, individually, than with any person on board. It shows how live a thing a ship is, thus to condense into itself all the anxieties and sorrows she bears.

January 17

A boat from Pico brought the news, indirectly, that the party had reached the vessel, which proved to be an American, laden with silks and brandies. The crew had got on shore, with the loss of one boy only, but the Captain was on board.

January 22

. . . The great waves came rushing in, sometimes five feet deep, each with condensed rainbows in its bosom, and Niagaras of foam blowing from its crest; seen from the beach they were a wall against the horizon, over which only the topmasts of the tossing vessels could sometimes be seen. The scene around us was peculiarly wild, from the presence of some fifty men and women, who were anxiously searching in the sand, after each receding wave, for silver coins long since sunk in the wreck of a whaling vessel near by, and still washed on shore in storms. Eighteen Spanish dollars were found that morning. In other places the surf plunged furiously against the sea-wall which protects the town, rising sometimes a hundred feet in snowy foam, and deluging the fronts of the houses exposed to the sea. The wind blew violently; hail-stones alternated with gleams of sunshine; and in the midst of the uproar a noonday salute (for it was a saint's day) from the guns of another fort mingled their flash and smoke and boom with the glitter and spray and roar of the ocean. All this on the *lee* side of the island! — while on the western side, as we heard afterwards, the spray went to the top of Castello Branco, a promontory eight hundred feet high!

January 29, 1856

I am now able to add some particulars of the wreck. She turns out to be the ship Ravenswood, from Havre to New York, with a cargo of dry goods, wines and liquors, a cargo said to be insured for $200,000. It is a terrible business. . . . The mates state that they saw the land distinctly, and attribute their wreck to the grossest misconduct on the part of the captain. . . . I regret to say that the condition in which the captain was found in his own cabin by the Messrs. Dabney confirms this story. . . . What a warning against the careless selection of captains, others may say! What a warning against cargoes of champagne and brandy, say I!

But what a tremendous labor the Messrs. Dabney have had with that cargo! It was really like the case of the man who drew the elephant in the lottery. A cargo worth $200,000 in the midst of bare, sharp rocks, on a bare island, six miles from any village on that island, with no roads, no vehicles, no storerooms, and not a man in their employ whose honesty could be trusted. . . . A population of paupers, where the few men of property are less honest than the beggars! Goods protected by guards who are no better than those they keep off! It cost one hundred dollars to get a hole cut in the vessel's side with their clumsy hatchets, and every step since has been costly. But the cost is nothing to the fatigue and annoyance, day and night; toiling almost without food, and sleeping on the ground in a hovel. . . . When I say, under these circumstances, these two gentlemen have saved $100,000

worth of property, I attribute to them what very few men could have done. The difficulty is that this property lies outdoors still, or in insecure and unprotected storehouses, and to preserve it requires as much effort as to obtain it. A road has first to be made to convey the articles to Magdalena, a seaside village, and it may take months to transport them across the rough sea to Fayal. Yet here alone can they be in safety, as you will perceive when I tell you that one of the principal men in Magdalena has already headed a gang of organized pilferers. There is also a set of marauders from this island who flocked to Pico like vultures.

So long as the Messrs. Dabney are on guard, the property is *comparatively* safe, but they cannot sacrifice themselves much longer. . . . They hope, however, to remain until the goods reach Magdalena.

After his return from Fayal, Mr. Higginson was plunged into the Kansas troubles. The following letters to his mother explain themselves:

WORCESTER, June 26, 1856

I have a momentary lull, having yesterday sent off my second party to Kansas. . . . The first had forty-seven and our Committee will send no more, leaving it for the State Committee, which was appointed yesterday, chiefly on my urging. . . .

At Chicago they show an energy which disgraces us; have arrangements and men already and need only money. The night I came from Brattleboro', Friday,

we had letters from Chicago, and our Finance Committee voted them fifteen hundred dollars and voted to add three thousand dollars more, unless I could raise this second party by Wednesday, which I did. Saturday, the day after, I was sent to Boston, with the same letters, to urge the Boston Committee to send money to Chicago. With great difficulty I got five minutes each from Pat Jackson and several other merchants, and at two they came together for ten minutes and voted to send two thousand dollars, Ingersoll Bowditch being happily absent, who had just told me he should come and oppose it entirely. I saw the telegraphic despatch written and came back.

That very night we got a telegraphic despatch from Chicago, imploring us to send that precise sum, for the relief of a large party of emigrants, detained at Iowa City for want of means. The two despatches crossed on the way.

This two thousand dollars, with our remittance, and our two parties of emigrants (which would not have gone till by this time if I had not gone to work on it the first night I came) are absolutely ALL that has yet been done by New England for Kansas, in this time of imminent need. This I say to show you how ill-prepared we are for such emergencies. The busy give no time and the leisurely no energy, and there is no organization. I should except the Committee here, which has done admirably, and that in Concord, Massachusetts, and Dr. Howe, Sam Cabot, Charles Higginson, and a few others in Boston.

There is talk now of sending Dr. Howe to Kansas

with a large sum of money, and this will be the best thing possible, but it should have been done a fortnight ago.

August 29

We have excellent news from Kansas. . . . Our men are nicely settled in the northern part of Kansas, which is more peaceful. Colonel Topliff, who has just come from Lawrence, speaks quite encouragingly and thinks they can resist invasion.

Meanwhile it will be probably necessary for me to go out West again for several weeks [he had previously been sent to Chicago and St. Louis to aid emigrants] to the Nebraska border, and perhaps some way inside. But my mission will not be a very warlike one, and I have only the same general sense of possible danger that one has in setting foot in a ship or in the cars, or in running fast downstairs, or (if feminine) in meeting a drove of cows. . . . Frank Sanborn is to stop here to-morrow, safe back from the same ground I am going over.

August 31

Some good news and some bad — the good being that our private advices state that things really are much better than is represented, in Kansas; the leading Missourians are making great efforts to raise men to invade, but find great reluctance to *follow*. They are considerably intimidated, in fact.

The bad news (for you) is that I leave for Chicago to-morrow, shall go to Nebraska City and probably

into the Territory. . . . I allow six weeks, but it may be only a month, and hope to write a good deal to you and Mary and the "Tribune," though letters may be intercepted. Letters for me to be directed to

James L. Armstrong
Topeka
Kansas

Mary taxed her wits to invent this name and intends to write in the character of an affectionate grandmother!

.

I shall take out a nice supply of boots and clothing for our Worcester men and a plum cake and some other dainties, and long to see their delight at my appearance. Good-bye, darling mama.

CHICAGO, September 3

Arrived here in safety. I find to my regret that I shall be employed more out of Kansas than *in* Kansas. They are very glad to have me here, and are in need of efficient agents.

To a friend:

NEBRASKA CITY, September 16, 1856

I know you will particularly like a word from the Border. . . . Various camping grounds are scattered along from twenty-five miles north to the same distance south, of various parties, and in a day or two more it will be "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away," as Browning has it. Only just at this moment things look discouragingly safe, and the men are beginning to fear

marching in without a decent excuse for firing anything at anybody. But we shall take in arms and ammunition and flour and groceries and specie, and shall be welcomed even if we go through safe. As one approaches Kansas, it becomes more and more the absorbing topic and every one here talks it all day, while waiting for real estate to rise. Then comes a cloud of dust on the western road and two or three horsemen come riding wearily in, bearded and booted and spurred and red-shirted, sword and pistol by their side — only the sword is a bowie-knife — wild, manly-looking riders, and they are the latest from Kansas and we get them quickly into a private room to hear the news — how the road is peaceful just now, and they need flour and lead woefully at Lawrence, and how four hundred men chased seven hundred.

. . . The wells are nearly dry, though I can't conceive that enough has ever been drawn from them to produce the effect, and the dirtiest thing in the landscape is the river. . . . The most discouraging thing I have heard for liberty in Kansas is that the Kansas River is just like the Missouri.

TOPEKA, September 24, 1856

People joke here as readily as anywhere, though all pronounce it the darkest time Kansas has ever seen. . . . Geary is conquering them at last and the leaders are flying from arrest. Just as they had thoroughly expelled the Missourians, the United States Government steps in, and arrests their best and bravest. Geary's intention is to give them peace and bread, at

the price of obedience to the laws of the false legislature. He is making a clear path, therefore, for a contest between the inhabitants and the United States troops, first or last.

Governor Geary aimed to take a neutral stand between conflicting elements, his orders being to "stop the fighting in Kansas." His course did not commend itself to the radical abolitionists, but his later career as an officer in the Union forces of the Civil War led Mr. Higginson, at least, to change his estimate of Geary's character.

This letter was written to one of the Dabney family with whom he had been in close relations in Fayal:

Steamboat Cataract
aground on a bank in the Missouri River
October 9, 1856

I know you would enjoy going to Kansas, for it is as genuine a sensation as we expect it to be; things and people are very real there. It is precisely like waking up some morning and stepping out on the Battle of Bunker Hill; one learns in a single day more about Greeks and Romans and English Puritans and Scotch Jacobites, and Hungarians and all heroic peoples, than any course of history can teach. The same process is producing the same results before your eyes, and what is most striking the same persons whom you saw a year ago in Boston, indolent and timid, are here transformed to heroes. Perhaps this brings down the dignity of our courage a little, showing it to be the child

of circumstances, but still one sees great differences of temperament in Kansas as elsewhere. What struck me most was the unconscious buoyancy of the people. Living in the midst of danger, they recognize it as the normal condition of existence, and talk of it in the sort of way that sailors do. In the intervals of dinner (if dinner there be), they talk over the last fight as if it were a picnic. In fact it was plain that the excitement had become a necessary stimulus to them, and during the partial peace which existed while I was there, they confessed that they missed something. Women complained that there was n't much to talk about. At Lawrence, when the evening drum beat to call out the guard (of United States troops, placed there by Governor Geary, for protection) somebody would always exclaim, " That sounds good!" And the patience is about as remarkable as the courage. People would describe their way of living, sick wife and children perhaps . . . and always end, " But we shall live or die in Kansas." Of course there are exceptions; but the more men sacrifice there, the more they seem to love the country. The difficulty is, that there is not much left to sacrifice; everybody has grown poor. I hope nothing from Governor Geary; he means well and has energy of *will*, but no energy of *character;* he can take efficient single steps, but not carry out any systematic plan of action. . . . I have less hope that Kansas will be a free State than before I came here. Before this last interference of Governor Geary, the Kansas men under General Lane (who is a very remarkable man) had driven out the Missourians in all directions; but

it is their policy not to resist the United States Government, and the Missourians are always ready to take the slightest advantage which that affords them. After the Presidential election the invaders will make a desperate effort; their success is certain if Buchanan is elected, and probably if Frémont is.

. . . On board I have thus far met no annoyance, though there is a company of young Virginians and Carolinians returning to their homes; they are of the race of "poor white folks," commonly. My copy of "Dred" occasions some remarks. I trust your father will feel a becoming reverence when I say that I am a General in the Kansas Army, having been immediately presented with a commission to that effect by the redoubtable "Jim Lane" himself, the "Marion" of the age. I keep it as a valuable autograph, or to be used on my next visit to Kansas.

The Worcester summers were varied by occasional sojourns at Princeton, Massachusetts, and at Pigeon Cove, near Gloucester.

PRINCETON, June, 1853

DEAREST MOTHER:

We do not see Wachusett — we are halfway up the ascent — but we look east and west over great valleys which need only more water to be radiantly beautiful. . . . The little hamlet sleeps in profound repose — a two-horse wagon, or even a pedlar with a pack, are events for a day. We look between the two little white churches up a lane which leads to Wachusett;

last night we followed this up to its first summit — a little height before the real Wachusett begins; there was the skeleton of an old church, the strong frame uninjured, though raspberry bushes flaunt through the floor, and elders look in at windows; near it an old burial ground, Wordsworth's "Churchyard among the Mountains." . . . The strawberries were ripening all over the lonely hill-top, and five children with cows and tin kettles and the baby in a wagon — in the waning June sunset; five little sisters there were, with all bleached but their blue eyes.

WORCESTER, June, 1862

Mrs. Howell, of Philadelphia, a most attractive woman whom I met last year, is there [Princeton] already. She wrote Milton's verses on his blindness which were included in a London edition of his works, and there is a mild, chronic, Quakerly flirtation between her and Whittier, who wrote in the April "Atlantic" a charming poem about a ride with her at Princeton last year. She is a fine-looking woman of forty-five, but the hotel scandal of last year was that she wears what are called *plumpers* in her cheeks to preserve the roundness of early years, and though I hold this a libel, still the overwhelming majority of last year's Princetonians believe it. Miss Betsey Sturgis, that arbiter of fashion, says plumpers are very common in Philadelphia and she does n't doubt Mrs. H. wears them. Nature has plumped the cheerful B. S., but there is no telling what other beautifying appliances may not be purchased with Mrs. Cushing's bequest.

PRINCETON, July, 1862

Here we are at this most placid of places, just now stirred to its Sunday excitement, the greatest it ever knows. Country wagons with people in their best bonnets go quietly by, or stop to call at our door because we are the Post-Office. During the week scarcely a person passes by day — only an occasional hay-maker; the shop opposite with a large sign is a scene of profound repose, and you would only know it to be "business hours" by the door's being open. At half-past six, however, the mail arrives and the current of life sets in, and from that time till eight we and the shop are in fashion — all manner of vehicles, from boys with wheelbarrows to Mr. Charles Appleton in his barouche; old farmers for the newspaper and young girls for letters from brothers or lovers at the war; and it is quite entertaining. The road is very narrow and turning round very difficult, so that Mary perceives why they have a doctor for postmaster, to provide for the broken bones.

The following letters were written from Pigeon Cove, the dates ranging from 1853 to 1864. The first paragraph is from the note-book:

It is a severe test of the mental health of a busy man to stay a few weeks by the seashore, without regular work. I have sometimes found it almost impossible to endure it.

DEAR MOTHER:

Pigeon Cove is a bit of seashore, meant originally for the Isles of Shoals, but finally tacked on to mainland

and thus brought near a railroad and some woods, with plenty of granite quarries thrown in. . . .

The rocks are precisely like Appledore and so would be the surf if there were any, but there never is any on our coast, except in storms. I always distrust that part of "Thalatta," when I am on the spot. The secret of the ocean is in the horizon line; the actual height of the waves is always absurdly small.

Here we have, for lions, artists instead of authors, though Whipple is here whom you saw at dinner and who is thought very brilliant, though he seems to me only dry and keen and critical. At a house below are some H—— and C—— of Cambridge showy, dressy women who are or have been belles; one of them is just engaged to Darley, the artist, who is here also. Yesterday I went on a long walk in the woods with Darley and Kensett — Kensett it was who illustrated Curtis's "Lotus-Eating" and drew one curl of a wave at the bottom of a page which has haunted me ever since. Kensett is about my age, short, stout, and heavy with a pleasant, genial face, dark eyes and hair and beard; Darley is larger, of English frame and substance, with sandy hair and moustache; face pockmarked and rather coarsely colored; cool, semi-military air. It was pleasant to be seated in the woods and have Darley's sketches passed about: some fine figures of guides and Indians at Moosehead. . . . Kensett came for a day with Tom Appleton, the renowned, Mrs. Longfellow's brother; Curtis, "Mot Natelpha," a famous wit and connoisseur; he it was who said, "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

August, 1860

The [boarding] house was further enlivened last night by the presence of Mr. Longfellow's son and heir . . . who with a companion sailed round from Nahant. Late in the evening — that is, probably so near the small hours as half-past nine — he was heard in the entry, rousing the echoes with the unwonted cry of *Landlord!* and when at last Mary Moody or some similar infant appeared, it appeared that they desired pen, ink, paper, and postage stamps. Mary thinks they had run away from their nurses and wished to send word home.

We have decided that Americans think their own race so beautiful, something must be done to disguise it; and bathing is taken as the occasion, certainly with great success. Mary was especially impressed with one man in scanty raiment, exhibiting an amount of bald head which Mary declared to be positively indelicate.

Also a tall, slim, red, unpleasing Californian with a perpetual pipe and a capacity for steady flirtation so long as his wife can be kept at a safe distance.

. . . To-day (Sunday) we thought would be hot, but there is a cool breeze and Miss Susanna's supposed lover is patiently stirring or revolving water-ice for dinner. Little "Parkie" Haven just called to him from the window, "Is it did yet?" — he responding, "No."

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I had a characteristic letter from Charles H. [a cousin] yesterday, closing with a hint that there was often trouble in the army about delay of pay, etc., and begging me to draw on him up to five hundred dollars

at any time, if needed. I have a great mind to take it and then turn miser and strike out a new path for Higginsons.

This is Sunday, the B—— visiting day, and their loud voices pervade the promontory — Miss Susanna perhaps does not extend into the afternoon her impressive attire of this morning, which consisted of three vast curtains of white cotton (shall I say dimity?), the first draping her head, the second reaching to her waist, the third touching the ground, and the whole filling the horizon and making a shade in sunny places. She and Isa and brother David can protect this place from sunstroke, never fear. The present delight of visitors is the calf, to inspect which all are invited by the mighty voice of Mr. George Swett, resident ambassador from the court of Cupid near the headquarters of Susanna. " George " is the Gloucester widower of whom we used to hear, and who is now admitted to a nearer probation, and has been so indispensable in the family for two years that if he struck for higher wages I certainly think Miss B. would, with the family eye for the main chance, give him herself instead. Many are the anxious observations made with the sleepless microscopic eyes of childhood by Florence and Annie, who think nothing of popping out of bed for this purpose by moonlight, and who have composed a poem thereon, which ends, perhaps ingloriously, with

> Another rhyme I wish to make
> That his name is Mr. Swett, —

which may remind you of some of Pet Marjorie's poetical difficulties.

It is a singular compensation of human skill that while all other B—— voices are so vast and resounding, that their copperness of head must go down to the lungs, at least; one youth of eighteen next door was born with a squeak. Yet by one stroke he has outwitted Fate, and by dint of a piano fortissimo and twelve hours' daily and nightly practice he has attained skill to drown any of his relations, voice and all, and is now performing "The Maiden's Prayer" in tones to silence the Mighty Deep.

. . . Looking about for some literature suited for "a lonely and athletic student" temporarily on half rations, I have selected Miss Austen, the only author except Dr. Bartol whose complete works the house possesses, and one whose perfect execution cheers, while her mild excitements do not inebriate the mind of man.

. . . There is a Mrs. D—— of Cambridge, with a gentle dyspeptic daughter, whom (the mother) I should define as a *Cambridge wailer* — a perpetual tone of motherly despair, with the personal grandeur peculiar to that classic town, when represented by its citizens abroad. She was *née* W——, and there is a suppressed-Quincy sacredness in her every gesture. Her husband is the noted antiquarian, I believe; but nothing unbends her but perch, of which she has caught more than anybody; thus linking her to humanity through the indirect tie of a fishline.

Twenty-five years later, the writer again saw his old seaport town, and wrote thus to his sister:

DEAREST ANNA:

I did wish so much that you could have gone with us in our lovely drive round the Cape. . . . What I enjoyed most was seeing Pigeon Cove again after twenty-five years and finding it so much less altered than I expected — the same queer little fish-houses and dories, a few men mending nets or putting on fishhooks, the same breakwater, only increased, and the same green street. On the piazza at "Miss Susanna's," where we boarded, sat her widower ——, now proprietor, the house still carried on as a boarding-house. . . . I inquired about the one whose early bereavement touched you so, Susanna, called "Pink," the fine-looking girl whose lover was lost at sea and to whom you sent Peabody's "Consolations." "Oh, yes, Pink was married sometime after that to Mr. Smith, over in Rockport, and had three children; then her husband died and she afterwards married a cousin of his, another Mr. Smith, and she lives in Rockport now." Thus pass the dreams of romance — Pink had always dwelt in my memory, a "Hannah at the window binding shoes"; and meanwhile she had gone placidly through two Smith bridals and probably been happy as life goes.

This description of a remarkable old woman, unknown except to local fame, was found among Colonel Higginson's miscellaneous papers:

"Aunt Hannah" dwells in a house in the outskirts of W——, solitary and alone, aged ninety-seven, taking the entire care of herself and keeping her house

as nice as possible. Sometimes in the winter she is snowed up for weeks together, so that nobody sees her, and she is perfectly happy in this solitude, preparing for it by getting in her stores, like a squirrel. Her health is perfect and she can take great liberties in the digestive line, as eating rich cakes just before going to bed, and other feats formidable to her juniors. Her sight, hearing, and teeth are perfect; and she has worn for many years a wig of curling hair, which hides any ravages of time on that head (so to speak). She is very pretty. . . . M—— calls her one of the most graceful persons she ever saw. She dresses neatly and rather fashionably, having on, when M. was there, a dress with gored skirt, in the latest style; these things she makes herself, out of dresses and materials given to her.

She is perfectly poor, but has relations who are well off, in Boston, and who give and send her many things. She has great ingenuity about her furniture and household arrangements, manufacturing for herself cushions, ottomans, etc., of the most approved style, out of next to nothing. In youth she was a beauty and a belle, and her father was wealthy, but became a Tory in the Revolution and lost all. Her manners are elegant and stately; she dislikes greatly to be visited as a curiosity, and all new acquaintances are expected to have a genteel introduction; she being rather exclusive. . . . Children she is not fond of. . . . She talks very agreeably and is eagerly interested about the [Civil] war, saying she felt just so in the time of the Revolution.

Her house is quite in decay — the house she was born in. Sometimes she has a relation to stay; one male cousin of fifty from Boston made her a visit and was far more infirm than she, so that she waited on him.

She reads but little, though she was well educated and her eyes are perfect. But she is always busy and says the days are always too short for her.

. . . She very seldom shakes hands with anybody, and when M. went forward to do this, she made a curtsy instead.

A sort of little fairy of grandeur, Mary calls her.

CHAPTER IV

ARMY LIFE AND CAMP DRILL

VERY little is known as to the training of the regiments which took part in the Civil War. From Wentworth Higginson's letters one gets an inkling of how the Massachusetts youth went to work to learn the drill. He was then living in Worcester, and on January 24, 1861, wrote:

I do not propose that the regiment which I am planning should be called anti-slavery in special, or have a platform or a policy; if others attribute these things, it is their own affair. I expect men to join me from personal sympathy with me; if they ask for pledges, of course none will be given them.

. . . The only way for anti-slavery men to share in the control is to share in the sacrifices. . . . All I ask, now, is an opportunity to fight, *under orders*, carrying with me such men as I can raise. I will risk the rest; having faith in the laws of gravitation.

Our two military companies were both ordered; one has gone to Boston, and not a person in town seemed to think of anything but seeing them off. Margaret [a niece] reports not a boy at the High School; then the male teachers vanished; then the girls.

April 5

There was an exhibition of our military school last week, which created such an enthusiasm that there is

a class of thirty gentlemen formed for learning the drill, of whom I am one, as I always wanted to learn it. I never expect, like my respected cousin George [Higginson] in Boston, to trot through town in a blue jacket and little red cap: but it is very popular so far.

The Worcester Highland Military Academy, mentioned above, was founded in 1856 as a means of preserving health and discipline among the boys.

The Sixth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia was the famous regiment attacked April 19, 1861, in Baltimore on its way to defend the national capital. Four soldiers were killed in this fray. The next letter describes the regiment's return march through Worcester. They had remained in Washington after their time (three months) had expired, owing to the Bull Run disaster.

August 4, 1861

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Two days this week have been made exciting by the return of troops; the look of Colonel Jones's Sixth Regiment was peculiarly wild, every man wearing a little red skull cap more or less faded, with or without a tassel, surmounting the worn and faded gray uniform. I do not think that Zouaves, just from Africa, could have been a wilder spectacle than those thousand scarecrows tramping in order through our streets with a bouquet on every bayonet. Dr. Martin, whom you know, has lost thirty pounds of flesh and come back the very handsomest man who ever wore a uniform.

When the daughter of the regiment — a little Jones

girl — was being placed on her horse, a black man here carried her a bouquet, saying that it was an acknowledgment for her father's "*hospitality*" in going to the defence of Washington.

Several of the men had kittens on their knapsacks.

August 13

. . . The Bull Run affair . . . did not seem to me at all discouraging; our men appeared so well when matched in fair field. And I am sure that but for this reverse we never should have the law of Congress emancipating slaves used in rebellion and the consequent instructions of Cameron to Butler — the greatest step in advance taken by our Government since its formation, and all the more valuable for being forced upon us by military necessity so that all will heartily concur in it. Now for the first time it is a war of emancipation. In this view I am thankful for the defeat.

Charles Devens left here with his regiment last week. . . . I think W. Phillips too severe upon him; this is a new era and we must forgive the past, and everybody knows that his part in the rendition of Sims has clouded all his life.

.

He would gladly have given me a commission in this regiment, if I could have gone.

Cameron, Lincoln's first Secretary of War, directed General Butler to employ fugitive slaves in any way that seemed desirable. It was perhaps in consequence

of these orders that Butler, while in command at Fortress Monroe, adroitly applied the term " contraband-of-war " to captured slaves.

Devens was United States Marshal at the time of the Sims case, and although his sympathies were with the fugitive slave, he felt obliged to obey the law. But he afterwards made a great effort financially and otherwise to procure freedom for Sims, and his brave career in the Civil War has been fitly recognized by naming for him the recent great soldiers' training camp at Ayer.

August 23

DEAREST MOTHER:

We take things more quietly here. The war has never cost us a minute's sleep, which Dr. Holmes thinks enviable at such a time. You and Anna croon over your " Springfield Republican " till you get altogether too anxious.

Our people are too excitable and felt the Manassas repulse far more than was needful. So far as the military aspects of the matter are concerned, everything looks much better to me, since that, than before, both by land and sea. As for foreign countries, it is galling that they should say such things of us, but they will unsay them when disproved. I do not think there is any danger that England or France will be anything but neutral, and that being the case, though what the newspapers say may be annoying, it is not important.

I am satisfied that we are gravitating towards a bolder anti-slavery policy, and it was foreseen that

several defeats would be needed to bring us to that. The desideratum is to approach a policy of emancipation by stages so clear and irresistible as to retain for that end an united public sentiment. With the aid of favoring circumstances I think this possible, and events seem to me fortunate or otherwise in proportion as they tend this way.

September 6

Yesterday General Butler made a speech here unexpectedly on his way to Lowell; I did not hear it, but it was said to be very bold and radical; saying especially that wherever our armies went they must carry Freedom with them, since it was absurd to fight to give the benefit of our institutions to those who *do not* desire them (the masters) and not to those who *do* (the slaves). How wonderfully the Hatteras affair has set that man up again — and indeed the nation.

November 1, 1861

You will never take a hopeful view of anything, I see, till you give up that unfortunate "Springfield Republican." In every war there must be ups and downs, mistakes committed, valuable lives lost (as we foolishly call it), defeats sustained. But these very defeats often produce good in the end. The defeat at Manassas was just what we needed, and it may yet prove so with this. It is of immense importance to know, as we now do, that our raw troops may be as cool even in retreat as veterans, for this is the point where veterans usually have all the advantage. The

recollection of this will be an immense strength in the next decisive battle, when it comes. Charles Devens smoked a cigar quietly, perhaps to reassure his men, during the whole time, and his men moved as quietly as if on parade. How sublime is such quiet courage — worth how many sacrifices! Yet that was by no means a superior regiment in material or in officers. Devens was much depressed about it when he went away. . . .

Think, too, of this remarkable fact, that while of the British army in the Crimea the majority died within a year or two from want of proper sanitary arrangements, here the health is better among every regiment than at home. It is a singular fact that the war is said not to have raised the price of gunpowder, because the amount used does not exceed the amount ordinarily expended in field sports. And so against the losses in battle we must set the lives saved from home diseases and dangers. Usually the camp is far more dangerous than the field.

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For some time I have been making up my mind that anti-slavery men were leaving the war altogether too much in the hands of Democrats and Irishmen, and that if we expect to control its conduct or settlement, we must take part in it ourselves. No prominent anti-slavery man has yet taken a marked share in the war, and I am satisfied that there are a great many in this and other States who would like to go if I do. I have made up my mind to take part in the affair, hoping to aid in settling it the quicker.

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Mary has, of course, taken this with her usual courage, seeing it not to be a fever of the blood, but a conviction of duty. I hope the same will be the case with you also, dearest; for what is the use of having children who are good for anything unless you are willing to have them used? My habitual impression of the uncertainty of human life is so strong that Mary declares I regard crossing our Main Street among the carriage wheels as being far more perilous than a battle, — and I certainly do regard it as very dangerous, — but I have always had a remarkable faculty of falling on my feet, and having got through Kansases and court-houses unharmed, have the most entire faith in my having the same faculty here. I observe that the men whom bullets hit are usually men who have forewarnings beforehand.

E. P. Whipple, just from Washington, says that one of Frémont's friends came on to smooth things over with the Government, and talked to the President till he turned on him at last — "Sir," said Old Abe, "I believe General Frémont to be a thoroughly honest man, but he has unfortunately surrounded himself with some of the greatest scoundrels on this continent; you are one of them and the worst of them."

WORCESTER, February 22

Let me congratulate you on the birthday of Washington and the reception of Old Abe. . . . After keeping silence so long, he may make as many speeches as he pleases now: and he really says very good things. I hope he won't be betrayed into any such excesses of

enthusiasm as dear Brother Andrew was when he kissed the Revolutionary musket and dropped a tear on it, which has been occasionally smiled at, I grieve to hear, by the young and vicious.

November 24

I have been waiting to know my prospects a little more clearly, but if I wish for that I must wait longer still. I suppose Governor Andrew returned from Washington yesterday or to-day. . . . What new views may be in his mind, it is impossible to say, or even whether he will return desiring to hurry or postpone the organization of new regiments. I confidently expect to go in some way, but whether in the arrangement I originally planned, or not, I cannot now say. . . . I have got my ten companies planned out, but whether he will think they promise sufficiently I do not know, for he judges everything for himself, and sometimes impulsively.

Harry Lee says, "Of course the Governor *ought* to be governed by his aides, but he is not and they have to yield to his decisions. He is not a man of practical judgment, nor does he understand men; my judgment" (with a droll grimace) "is a great deal better than his; it ought to be, for I am older than he." Nevertheless the Governor has his own way and his aristocratic aides are very deferential to him.

Certainly he has done better than Banks would have done, for he works much more straightforwardly and commands confidence far more entirely. Banks, though honest himself, was always unfortunate, like Frémont, in having those about him who were not.

To Dr. James Freeman Clarke:

WORCESTER, November 5, 1861

DEAR SIR:

My proposed regiment seems to be under very fair headway, and I wished to ask whether you could be induced to go with us as chaplain.

. . . I think that the army is becoming a power so formidable that [it] is essential to the safety of the nation that a high tone of character should prevail in it. This consideration has almost as much weight as the anti-slavery one in inducing me to take part in the war.

The election of chaplain is made by the staff officers and captains of companies, so that I shall have no power to offer it, as from myself.

The answer to this letter has not been preserved, but soon after the above was written, orders came from General Andrew to stop all recruiting and the proposed regiment was given up.

These items are from the diary dated January 25, 1862:

My last drill club disbanded last night, and so ends perhaps my special military training.

First club formed under Captain Goodhue April 1 and lasted through April, till he left with Rifle Battalion.

Then came our Rifle Club of which I was President, drilled by Wood in Lincoln House Block. This merged in the

Old City Guard, so called (May 20), and began at beginning again. . . . We got some escort duty and outdoor drill and learned all the company movements and part of the manual. Read Hardee (vol. 1) slightly, with the actual exercises, and found all far easier than I expected. . . .

No more drill through summer. September 21 to October 15, went to work on Hardee and got it up thoroughly, and renewed manual exercise and learned bayonet drill, a little way. October 10, formed plan of regiment and then gave much time and thought to the whole matter till December 10. Got authority about October 30, and the Bay State Drill Club was formed about that time with me as President. Through October was much at camp with Twenty-Fifth Regiment; had studied battalion drill but little with previous regiments, but found it just as simple as the other.

About November 20 I had opportunity to drill a smaller squad say six times, and afterwards the larger club six or eight times and taught all the company movements. The very first experience in giving orders I found confusing, but after that it was nothing. I took for a time a certain enjoyment in it, but after I had thoroughly learned it, found it exceedingly tiresome, which was surprising to me, as I never grew tired of cricket or the gymnasium. All the magic it had beforehand vanished and I was thankful to have learned it, to discover how little all this militia training amounts to. . . . I can hardly conceive now of caring to join the militia and feel a certain satisfaction

in having escaped a monotonous winter's drill at the seat of peace — the Potomac.

Therefore, although two months ago it seemed to me exceedingly delightful — and indeed quite magical — to drill a company; yet it is now a positive relief to think that my last drill club is disbanded and (unless some occasion should still turn up for actual service) I shall have no more of it.

More letters to his mother follow, dated 1862:

I was invited and urged to speak in Washington and a day was appointed; but so many were going that it did not seem important. . . . It was no disappointment to me, for the mere sensation of Civil War I got thoroughly in Kansas. . . .

I cannot feel as badly as you do about the war; I think that either they or we will emancipate the slaves in some form and so remove prospectively the only real obstacle to peace and prosperity, and then the bequest of debt and hate will be surmounted in a generation or two.

January 29

. . . Mrs. Richardson, of this city (Maria Lowell's sister), has just been there [Washington]. She says Generals are dog-cheap; President L. looks like his pictures; Mrs. Lincoln at the levee was well and quite expensively dressed; that is, her laces were fine, worth two thousand dollars, and she told a lady she hardly felt it right to wear them in these times, although they were a present. They were delighted with Mrs.

McClellan; heard Charles Sumner's speech which was *read* and not exciting; and said the Senate Chamber looked quite pathetic with half the seats vacant. . . .

In Baltimore they stayed with the Bowens; he is Unitarian minister there and married Annie Gilman, of Charleston; they are very strong Union; she hung out the Stars and Stripes when no one else in the city did, and sent her little boy of five through the streets with a Union cockade, last April, and this, though her family are *secesh*. But their parish has almost vanished, all the gentility of Baltimore being as strong in the wrong direction as possible still, and the mob also — only the middle class loyal.

February 21

You and Anna must be quite stirred up by the exciting news [fall of Fort Donelson], after all the sorrows which you and the "Springfield Republican" have interchanged. Does that vicarious journal admit the brighter side of the question? I don't believe that in the history of the world a more sudden change ever came over the spirits of any people than has happened among us in the last three weeks — the whole change from gloom to glory. Do you remember your disapproving view of Mrs. Lincoln's party? And now everybody is spending gunpowder and bell metal and calling for illuminations.

I never cared much for the Western campaign till that trip up the Tennessee River, but when one looks at the map and sees that Florence is really in Alabama, and then thinks of the enthusiasm that hailed our

troops, it is certainly very striking and does more to make me believe in a Union sentiment at the South than all else put together. If that exists, the war will not last long; but if that exists, it will have to be propitiated; there is the difficulty, and the timidity about slavery will continue. The less success on our part, the more likelihood of an emancipatory policy — and so the other way. Still, the war must greatly weaken slavery, end as it may.

.

To-morrow Jefferson Davis is to be inaugurated for six years — pleasant prospect for him.

In the note-book for the same month is this entry, alluding to the "past three weeks":

Then there was a settled anxiety almost hopelessness; nothing seemed to have been gained and nobody could forebode whether the war would last one year or ten. Now there is such a glare of victory that we only count the months or perhaps weeks until Richmond and New Orleans shall have submitted. All the great load of anxiety seems to have been lifted in one instant from the public mind. The difficulty is, that with it goes the sense of immediate responsibility to the slaves.

March 26

Thomas Earle, a friend of ours, with whom I went to the Adirondack a few years ago, is a soldier in the Twenty-Fifth Regiment and now home on furlough. He was here on Sunday and gave Mary a good account of

everything. On the day of the battle he put Conway's book "The Rejected Stone" over his heart, another book the other side, and his tin plate in the middle. Some of the others laughed at him, but a rifle ball struck him just over the heart, glanced from Conway's book and out again without hurting him. He wears the coat with the two bullet holes and showed us the book scarred by the bullet. He says that when, after the battle, he examined the swamp they went through, he could not conceive that they could have got beyond it, and could understand that the rebel officers should have believed it a sufficient protection on that side. He was enthusiastic about General Burnside and said he received the contrabands very cordially and beautifully. It seems that the whole success of the affair was owing to a slave who told them the only landing-place on the island which was undefended.

Ellen Perkins sent us a volume containing Stephen's letters copied, and we enjoyed them very much; they are really among the very best letters which I have seen, and very graphic and full of his cool, philosophical observations. It is the first glimpse into his mind which I have had since he was a boy, and I think he must have done very well. He often gives the most comical pictures of himself, as of his vacating his tent in a storm to some men who had been thoroughly soaked, after which he strolled into the woods and sat down in a puddle, where he stayed disconsolately all the morning, "like a damp hen." He describes a certain very fat officer who took refuge behind a tree in a skirmish, but "lapped over painfully." He is

always piquant, and very free of his criticisms on his superior officers, as might be expected.

Stephen Perkins, a cousin and pupil as a boy of Mr. Higginson's, was killed at the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, going into the fight when almost too ill to stand.

June 20

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Charles Devens is here and I went to see him yesterday — he looks well, and moves with a cane, but Lieutenant Sargent says his wound has made no progress since it occurred, and so may take a good while; the ball cannot be found by the probe, which is perhaps no great matter, but the peritoneum is destroyed in one place and the bone enfoliated. . . . He does not suffer and it is merely vexatious, but if it had been a Minié ball he would probably have lost the leg.

The regiment here fills up very slowly — or rather is hardly under weigh as yet — not a hundred men. People feel that it is near the end of the war and don't like the prospect of garrison or police duty somewhere for three years.

.

Parson Brownlow was here and spoke. His appearance is not formidable nor his tones, but his sentences are; he speaks frightful vengeance, but I don't know that he means half of it, after all.

The "fighting parson," as Brownlow was called, was editor of the "Knoxville Whig," until arrested

for his " incendiary articles " against the Confederate Government. The verdict was, " He deserves death and we vote to kill him "; but after a few months' imprisonment he was released and conducted into the Union lines.

After Mr. Higginson had given up his project of recruiting a regiment, he wrote of a new plan to enlist a company for nine months and go as captain.

August 15, 1862

I dare say this will seem hard to you, dearest Mother, but I remember that you acquiesced before, and I think you will again. Nine months is not a great while, after all, and as for the uncertainties of human life they seem hardly greater in war than in peace.

The Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment will be Dwight Foster, Attorney-General of the State, and one of our best men. I suppose I might have some regimental position by pushing for it, but I shall not. My proposed company takes greatly here, and many of our best young men are joining in it. It will not be long probably — that is not many weeks — before the regiment is full.

August 22

It is quite a relief to my mind that you are able to acquiesce in my plans. . . .

I have now twenty-seven recruits, very nice fellows, and should have many more, but that all the other towns are all paying bounties, and it will not be decided whether we pay one, until Monday, so they are waiting

to see. By the end of next week I hope to be full, and go soon into camp.

August 29

I am going to Boston to-day with my company roll full, to get authority to choose officers; and next week we expect to go into barracks in a large building a little out of town. I have filled up much more rapidly than any other company — had sixty-one in advance of the bounty, which was not voted till Wednesday night. Everybody praises the material of my company and their appearance on the street. I have taken them out twice.

I have come from Boston and have had a street drill of my company, marching them by the house, much to Mary's edification. I have authority to elect company officers to-morrow; and we shall go into camp when the barracks are ready — perhaps by the end of next week.

I had a glimpse of the Corcoran procession and of him, a quiet-looking man. They say Frémont's reception was magnificent and his speech reads very admirably, though he is said to be no orator. Two bouquets were carried from the platform to Jessie who sat in an adjoining gallery; this showed her to the audience and produced great enthusiasm.

September 7

I have my commission and we go into barracks when they are ready — say Wednesday or Thursday. I

drill my company every afternoon two hours outdoors and enjoy it much. They learn fast and their marching is much praised. I don't think I ever did anything better than I have done all this, so far. The lieutenants of the company are those I planned to have from the beginning; both of them have been much with me in the gymnasium and they are excellent fellows. John Goodell (first lieutenant) is a remarkably capable, strong, prompt person reliable as the North Star and able to succeed in anything he attempts. He has a splendid physique, though not tall; a rich brunette complexion, with fine eyes. He has never been in the military line, but learns very quickly. Luther Bigelow (second) is a bookkeeper like the other, and was out for three months with the army last year; still he is not well drilled and he is almost too gentle; thoroughly sweet and refined; still perhaps it is in him. My first sergeant is named Dunlap, a teacher, an Amherst College graduate; I have to train him also, but he learns easily. Most of the privates are quite young, but very nice fellows; I hardly know an exception. They are a remarkably good-looking, well-bred set, everybody says; and some very handsome men.

September 14

To-morrow I go into barracks and must write a little first. . . .

I have been drilling my companies for a week or two, several hours a day, and everybody is surprised at their rapid progress; they will be far superior to any other of the companies going into camp, so far as I can

judge. The Adjutant-General, rather to my amazement, announces Regiment No. 51 as consisting of companies raised by T. W. Higginson, Worcester, though in fact I can only be said to have raised two. This seems to imply that I am likely to be elected to a field office, which is very possible; but we are to try and get Lieutenant-Colonel Sprague of the Twenty-Fifth, who is now here, for colonel. This would be heaven for us all, as he is a perfect Henri Larochejacquelin to me, in sweetness and charm, and the greatest possible favorite here — tall, fair, low-voiced, graceful, a natural nobleman. He has been a year in the service and can teach us everything. He and I are quite friends, and it would seem too good to be true, only that everything has flowed so effortless to me thus far that any imaginable good luck seems credible. He it is of whom Miss Rebecca K.—— remarked, sitting among a mob of ladies sewing for the Twenty-Fifth Regiment, Colonel Sprague's photograph being passed round to refresh them, " Oh, let me look at my darling Augustus." " Miss K——," remarked the lady who sat next, " allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Sprague " — that fortunate lady sitting next her on the other side.

If we fail of him, we may have Mr. Scandlin, who was chaplain of the Fifteenth Regiment, and figured in the Battle of Ball's Bluff; an Englishman and a natural soldier.

I don't expect to remain many weeks in barracks.

CAMP JOHN E. WOOL
September 26

To-day I had to go down to Boston to help settle an unfortunate division of feeling here, as to which companies should go into the Fifty-First Regiment. It has been quite annoying, as two companies have been much provoked with me, in consequence; and at this moment the matter is being finally settled, whether they are to go with the regiment or not — probably not. I hope not, as they are bad companies and poorly officered.

This has given extra solicitude to me. If all the regiment were like my company it would be clear enjoyment.

October 4

I am much pleased with the officers of the eight remaining companies; none are highly cultivated, but almost all are intelligent and manly and the majority are fine-looking — more so than usual.

Yesterday we marched over the hills into Auburn, about three miles, to visit the homestead of one of our company named Rice, a nice, rosy boy. As we descended, I suddenly became aware of waving handkerchiefs in an orchard and found that there was a small outdoor entertainment for us, men, women, and children, some thirty or forty, between two great apple trees with an American flag hung above, a table with bread and butter, doughnuts, cheese and apples; and the parish minister to make a speech. So we partook of these various entertainments and responded with songs, which the boys do very well, and some cheers,

before we left for camp. On the way we stopped and similarly saluted a lady who had aided in the affair, but had been prevented from going by a sickness in the family. Then we marched back to camp, arriving after dark.

. . . I think we may be here a month. Several of the new nine months' regiments are said to be now under orders for Newbern, North Carolina, but there is no intimation about ours — only Colonel Sprague thinks he can get us into Burnside's division.

CAMP WOOL, October 13

One of the richest things we have here in the barracks is the dancing. About once a week the men have a regular ball; the bunks at the middle of the building are moved on one side, candles are stuck about the rafters, one or two kerosene lamps suspended, two fiddlers hoisted on a top bunk, with Stuart Brown, our adjutant, in a red jockey cap to call the figures; and all take partners to the extent of thirty or forty couples. The ladies are distinguishable by a handkerchief tied to the arm, and conduct themselves with much propriety, and as the younger and more delicate are naturally selected to act in this capacity, they sometimes acquit themselves with much grace, especially in the rare intervals when a waltz or polka is permitted. But these airy side dishes seldom come in — the bulk of the entertainment consisting of country dances of the very solidest description, thorough heel-and-toe work, and no flinching, as you would think could you hear them over my head at this moment.

I can remember nothing but the remotest of the Brattleboro' public balls which can in the least rival the amount of work accomplished; these, perhaps, being even more concentrated since they not only begin at seven, but close at nine. The men not yet being uniformed exhibit every variety of shirts and jackets, while here and there the shoulder-straps of some lively young lieutenant flash through the struggling mass. My young Lieutenant, Bigelow, after looking on for a while, was swept away by the charms of the prettiest of the sergeants, named Fairweather, and I last saw him winding through the " Portland Fancy " with her. Up aloft, on all the cross-timbers of the high roof, along the upper row of bunks, are perched the spectators, all masculine; the dim lights glimmer on dusky figures and particolored caps, while the floor rocks with the perpetual surge of motion. Without the excitement of love or wine, with simply the pent-up physical energy of two days' inaction during a storm, they dance like Mænads or Bacchanals; their whole bodies dance; in the pauses between the figures they throb and tremble all over, as they keep time to the music; sometimes solitary, uncouth men who are not dancing begin to whirl and frisk alone by themselves in corners, unnoticing and unnoticed. In each set there are mingled grim and war-worn faces, looking old as Waterloo, with merely childish faces from school, and there is such an absorption, such a passionate delight, that one would say dancing must be a reminiscence of the felicity of Adam before Eve appeared, never to be seen in its full zest while a woman mingled in it. It is

something that seems wholly contrary to all theories of social enjoyment; and then to think that these New Englanders are called grave and unenjoying! In all the really rustic entertainments I have ever seen, from Katahdin to Kansas, there has been a certain stiffness which I supposed inherent and inevitable. I remember a ball of lumbermen at *South Moluncus*, or *Number Three*, in Maine, that was as joyless as Beacon Street; and yet here in these barracks I have beheld a scene where the wildest revelry absorbed every person, and yet without women or drink. There is no swearing or vulgarity; they are too much absorbed for that; it is all perfectly real to them; they look forward to it and back upon it as any other young men might look on any other ball, and no one could dream, to hear them speak of it, that it is all a divertisement of men alone.

Sunday, October 26

I believe I have not written regularly, but time passes very rapidly and the days are a good deal alike. As yet I have not had a trace of ennui, because I have no leisure. There is none during the day, except when it rains, and four evenings in the week are taken up with meetings; that is, two for officers' school, which as yet is a failure, two I give to my non-commissioned officers, meeting in my room. These last are equal or superior to the commissioned officers of the regiment in intelligence and refinement, so it is very pleasant and we have nice times. My room is quite comfortable, with an airtight stove, which burns when the wind blows one way and doesn't burn when it blows t' other.

The commissioned officers are now growing well acquainted and are a good set on the whole as the various traits come out. The captains are the best; we have no actually bad ones, though several are mediocre or *slack*. As usual, the new men are the best and the men of militia or actual service the poorest — make most mistakes and are most negligent; reason, because they rely on their own impressions and limited experience, while the new men anxiously make sure of the "Regulations" or the "Tactics" or the colonel for everything. The best of them discover, with me, how annoying it is to be scrupulous and punctilious where others take it easy. Still, the stricter officers command most weight in the end.

The two captains who satisfy me are Wheeler of Grafton and . . . Kimball of Oxford — . . . the latter a very handsome young medical student, the former a noble-looking six-foot Saxon, sound and simple-hearted in his manhood, one of Tom Hughes's type of men; son of a rich machinist here in Worcester, himself a Harvard graduate, who after travelling in Europe settled down as a farmer in Grafton, with a private school like Miles's; he is the man among them all who will "do to tie to," as they say out West. My lieutenants are the best of the lot and all is harmony among us three; then there are some nice attractive boys among the others, with a mixture of older men, respectable country sheriffs and such, good, though not graceful, and then another set of precarious morale who will go up or down according to the influences.

Colonel Ward, who commands the post, I heartily like; there is little of him beyond the military, but that is excellent; he is always frank and decided and just; always sustains those who wish to do right, but is not so severe on wrongdoers as if it were his own regiment. But after all, I shall be glad to find Colonel Sprague so good a disciplinarian — that being, after all, three quarters of a colonel. The captains can do the parental — at least I can — to the men; but it is absolutely necessary to have somebody overhead who will establish a uniform standard of discipline.

We now have dress parade and battalion drill; of course in so military a place as Brattleboro' you know what these mean. The first is an easy form; the last is drilling as a regiment and is very interesting. After what I have learned from the books, it comes very easy, but as I command the right flank company I have to give all the nervous energy I can spare, to keep up sharply to orders often new and often inaudible; but the company now marches so well that the result is always satisfactory and we have made no bad mistakes.

This week we are to have two more companies; one of the two which were rejected, and another more desirable; this gives the ten companies and we shall probably choose field officers this week. The lieutenant-colonel will be Harkness, adjutant of the Twenty-Fifth, whom Sprague desires to bring with him — a splendid soldier, though with some defects. I may be chosen major and may not, and don't concern myself at all. We are to have a regimental ball in Mechanics

Hall to celebrate the election, and shall probably be off for Newbern before many weeks.

It is doubtful whether my company retains permanently the right of the line; you will be surprised at my speaking of this; but you have no idea of the importance these trifles assume, in the little world of the camp. Wisely said Goethe, "Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows."

November 2

We have chosen our field officers. . . . Had the original programme been carried out, I should probably have been major, but for that I care nothing. . . . I think it will all go smooth; in which case we shall have altogether the ablest *field* among the New England nine-months regiments. I am senior captain, at present, with the "right of the line" — that is, marching first in column — and my company and lieutenants were glad not to have me promoted — which was pleasant.

.

We have everything now but guns and may be ordered off at any time. The steamers return this month to Newbern, but I think a Springfield regiment will go instead of ours and we at the next trip of the vessels.

Studley [lieutenant-colonel] is a plain man of excellent character and a good soldier; was imprisoned at Richmond after Ball's Bluff last year. Harkness [major] is a nice little fellow, all steel; and Sprague [colonel] a chevalier. The two latter being great favor-

ites in the North Carolina department, our regiment would doubtless stand well there.

.

Tuesday the whole regiment goes home to vote, and it will seem just like a holiday in college.

November 9

Our field officers have received their commissions and take command to-morrow, for which I am very glad. A regiment needs at least three persons to take care of the officers. If I like Colonel Sprague as well as Colonel Ward, I am quite satisfied; but Colonel Ward is but one man, with a wooden leg and two camps to look after. With three first-class officers of experience, ours will be a splendid regiment, and I should far rather be a captain in it than colonel of a raw regiment with no one of more experience than myself to look to; which is the case with most of the nine-months troops. We are more sure of an honorable position and at the same time likely to be carefully kept and judiciously handled. In mere drill, experience is of little value, for one man can learn it better in a month than another in a year, and my company is admitted to be the best drilled and disciplined in the regiment; but the main part of the military sphere lies beyond this, in the proper care of the men, and here experience is of immense value.

As for our destination or time of leaving, we as yet know nothing, but the latter cannot be very far off. If we go to Newbern we cannot go for a fortnight or more; if we go with Banks we may be ordered to New

York, at least, any day. It is snowing hard again and the men take it rather hard, yet they are more good-natured than one would expect, on the whole. All my company have bought new blue overcoats in place of the shoddies — some for cash, some for credit.

On Tuesday the lady friends of the company give us a dinner at City Hall.

CAMP WOOL, November 12

We have marching orders (which I have seen) to go to Newbern by the return steamers. Only two regiments are to go, and we shall have a steamer to ourselves, which will be far more comfortable. They finally sailed on the 10th and will be ready to sail again in ten days or a fortnight from that time. I suppose you will prefer the Newbern destination.

All these plans were changed by General Saxton's proposal that Captain Higginson should take command of a South Carolina regiment of freed slaves.

November 16

. . . I found this [Saxton's] letter on my table. It may change all my plans. I have telegraphed to Governor Andrew at Washington for leave to go to Beaufort and see General Saxton, there to decide on accepting the post, which is, of course, in itself very attractive. Nevertheless I have almost decided not to sacrifice a certainty for an uncertainty, and not resign my present post till I am sure of a more important one. It came very unexpectedly. Yesterday I came in and

told Mary. . . . Then I went to Boston and saw Edward Hooper . . . and others who have been at Port Royal, and their information leaves me still in doubt how far it will be a desirable situation. But if I can get a temporary furlough, I shall certainly go in a few days to New York, there to await the steamer for Port Royal, as its going is very irregular. If I cannot get this leave of absence, I shall probably forego the Saxton offer rather than resign on an uncertainty.

.

Our regiment will probably leave in about a week, for Newbern. Colonel Sprague's rule is perfectly delightful — a silken glove and a hand of iron.

A few days in South Carolina convinced Higginson that no pro-Slavery influence was apt to destroy General Saxton's project and he resigned his commission in the Massachusetts regiment.

After taking command of the colored regiment, Colonel Higginson wrote from the South:

Speaking of Sprague recalls the thrill with which I read, in . . . [a home] letter, of my old regiment formed into line of battle, in the early dawn, and my perfect cavalier riding along the line and telling them "in the uncertain future that was before them, to quit themselves like men." How that man always throws an instinctive touch of poetry into every word and act; how strange it is that a wholesale flour store in Worcester should have reared the only man who ever enabled me to understand what Prince Rupert might have been!

The First South Carolina Volunteers was concerned in various daring raids and skirmishes, although not taking part in any of the big battles. The following extracts from Colonel Higginson's letters and journals were written, for the most part, while with his black soldiers.

CAMP SAXTON, BEAUFORT, S.C.
December 1, 1862

. . . General Saxton has lent me a horse and I had a ride through the plantation to a strange old fort, of which there are two here, like those in St. Augustine, built by a French explorer about the time of the Pilgrims, and older, therefore, than any remains in New England, even the Higginson house at Guilford, Connecticut. They are built of a curious combination of oyster shells and cement . . . and are still hard and square, save where water-worn. One is before this house and a mere low redoubt; the other, two miles off, is a high square house, bored with holes for musketry and the walls still firm; though a cannon-ball would probably crush them.

. . . William, our attendant, speaks with contempt of the cultivation of this famous plantation — "No yam, sa; no white potato, no *brimstone*" — which is the startling name given to the *yellow* sweet potato such as we have at the North, but which is superseded here by a smaller and more insipid white one. . . .

A boatload of holiday negroes crossed the river, and as the women, in gay colors with head-kerchiefs, were carried ashore in the men's arms, I was reminded of similar scenes in Fayal, while the continuous sing-song

talk might as well have been Portuguese as English. I am constantly struck with this resemblance; a peasantry is a peasantry, I suppose; black or white, slave or free, it has certain characteristics. Those dirty irregular negro houses and their surroundings are much like the Fayalese, though there is not here that beautiful whiteness of clothing, and the people are more degraded.

The Colonel's housekeeping was in a tent "bounded in a nutshell."

December 10

My little stove is burning — I call it Fever and Ague, from its intermittent heats and chills.

. . . Almost all the tents have little fireplaces, though they have almost nothing of which to make funnels except the omnipresent preserve-cans, set one upon another, and you see a little row of these sticking up funnily, behind the tents, out of the ground, for the fireplace is dug *down* instead of built *up*, except where some happy man gets a haul of bricks.

. . . Pigs run about the camp and exasperate me by marring the dignity of dress parade, till I almost resolve to let the soldiers kill them — I would if they were composed of anything but pork.

January 21, 1863

Being so near Georgia, I have thought it best to be provided with the summer costume attributed to Georgians — a shirt collar and a pair of spurs; and have accordingly purchased both those articles.

January 23 saw Colonel Higginson in command of three vessels, bound on a foraging trip up the St. Mary's River. This expedition was fully described in "Army Life." After his return he wrote:

. . . Do you know at Fernandina I tea'd with three schoolmistresses and it is quite bewildering; I had forgotten that there were so many women in the world. . . . Here I never see a white woman, save two Irish lieutenantesses.

CAMP SAXTON, February 24

Our army does not seem to me as vivacious as many suppose, but slouchy and slovenly, ill-kept and ill-handled. In this respect the navy is far superior to it; there is a universal neatness and discipline which forms a refreshing contrast. Water is a cleaner element, to be sure.

February 28

I have other dialects beside the negro to study. I have a drum major temporarily detailed from the Ninetieth New York now at Key West. He is an old Belgian who has been in a dozen armies and the state of whose brass buttons is a study for all American soldiers, so lustrous are they. His talk is a mixture of all tongues. "Co-lo-nel, I muss haf my deescharge and not return to Key West; dere is de yellow fever and then pop goes de weazel mit me: I haf no fear in battel, but de yellow fever is too much mit me."

February 24, shortly before a second expedition up the St. John's River, which resulted in the capture

of Jacksonville, the diary announces the arrival of Colonel Montgomery on the scene.

. . . Colonel Montgomery arrived last night, with one hundred and twenty men as the nucleus of his regiment, and he will be sent with us wherever we go, probably. His military experience will be of unspeakable value to me.

Three years before Higginson had written of Montgomery:

Montgomery in Kansas is a noble person, born and reared in Kentucky, and whatever he does I shall expect to find right when it is understood, though it may take long to understand it. I was not unprepared for his present course. He wrote to me long ago that the Missourians were driving him and his friends so hard that they expected to retaliate in self-defence, though the number is greatly overestimated, as in John Brown's case.

James Montgomery was one of the early Kansas settlers. His house was burned by the Missourians, and he organized a band of fighters which he had led on retaliatory raids into Missouri. He was called the "Kansas Hero" and subsequently commanded the first North Carolina Colored Volunteers.

HEADQUARTERS, JACKSONVILLE
March 16, 1863

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In respect to personal courage I have learnt nothing new, and adhere to the belief that war has not so much

harder tests than peace. But the anxiety of a commander is something for which peace affords no parallel, not even in Waldo [president of a railroad insurance company] running to the head of the stairs when any one came in the evening, lest it should be some messenger of accident on the railroad. This of itself would be enough to keep me from any desire for high military responsibility, and if it is so with one of my easy temperament, what must it be to those as conscientious and more excitable? I can understand how Burnside felt. So far as love of adventure goes, it must yield less and less enjoyment as one goes up. Were I a private, I could do many things and run many risks which I ought not now to incur. I could go out by night on scouts. I have power, responsibility, rule a city absolutely, adjudicate arrests of prisoners and restitutions of old women's cows, plan defences, go on well-escorted reconnoissances, but the propensity for personal scrapes is partially corked up.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., March 24

I remember Charles Devens saying that he never had felt such unutterable relief as when Colonel Baker arrived on the field at the Battle of Ball's Bluff. Not that he brought very strong reënforcements with him, but simply that he lifted the load of responsibility off Devens's shoulders; and after that he had merely to fight and obey orders — not command.

Something of this feeling has been mine for twenty-four hours. When the Delaware approached the wharf with the Eighth Maine Regiment and Colonel

Rust (my superior officer), I had to send him the message that I was very sorry I could n't receive him handsomely, but the fact was we were in the midst of a fight. The rebels were just then beginning to shell us for the first time with a big gun they have got on a locomotive; but the gunboats returned the fire and it did n't last long. Then he took command . . . and instantly a load fell. . . .

It is odd how used one gets to alarms, especially when "relieved" by a senior officer. Last night Montgomery said, "To-night the town will be shelled." He is commonly so little apprehensive that it meant more from him than it would from most men: it was based on their known wish to destroy the town, and their having shelled us during the day. I said, "They won't dare"; went to bed with my clothes on and never waked from half-past nine to six.

Montgomery is splendid, but impulsive and changeable; never plans far ahead, and goes off at a tangent. The last tangent is to leave us to-morrow, go up the river thirty miles on a steamer and strike directly for the interior, where the slaves are leaving the rebels to watch us here. What makes the project odder is that in forty-eight hours or so, we — i.e., the S.C.V. — hope to be under weigh to take and occupy some upper point, so that by waiting he could strike off from us. But off he goes to-morrow — unless he changes his mind. His only anxiety is that his men will get their feet so blistered; for they are all Key West men. That island is only eight miles by two, and that is the longest distance they have ever walked in their lives.

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People are coming into town; shops opening few and small. "Society" consists of a nest of sallow, singing, semi-secesh spinsters, just behind my headquarters, who are haunted day and evening by lieutenants, naval and military. I received my share of blarney on the day of first arrival, and have since kept clear of it.

Have I written you of my handsome secesh horse Rinaldo, a strong, yet slender and graceful sorrel with a white line down the face and the proverbial two white feet? A cavalry horse; belonged to a rebel officer; perfectly trained, without a trick; goes like the wind and is pulled up with a touch; foster-brother of my orderly; both raised by Colonel Sammis, a rich old slaveholding refugee who has returned with us. Colonel S. sold him to the rebel officer for $275, and I have him for $125, the Government price.

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The only trouble is that one's rides are so limited by the narrow limits of the dominion, a good part even of this being encumbered with prostrate trees to keep other people from riding.

March 28

Colonel Montgomery has just returned from up-river, as far as Palatka; he landed incautiously and was fired upon. Lieutenant-Colonel ——, who was with him, was just climbing up the wharf, had both hands up at the top of the ladder, and a buckshot went simultaneously through the fleshy part of each hand without touching the bone. He incautiously turned to retreat and a spent bullet hit him lightly on the hip.

So he brought home three slight wounds, two of which clearly belong to the major and me, both of whom had been exposed much more than the lieutenant-colonel. . . . We try to treat him pleasantly, but we think it rather grasping in him. . . . On the other hand, they brought down thirteen rebel soldiers whom they surprised asleep on picket. Montgomery took all their guns, then shook one on the shoulder to wake him. "What is it?" quoth the sleeper. "You are prisoners," said Montgomery. "No," said the man, explaining, "we belong to Westcott's company" (a noted guerilla force). "Yes," said Montgomery, "*but we don't.*" So they were all taken, with their horses and arms.

Later Higginson wrote of the wounded officer:

The lieutenant-colonel all but cried to go home and show his martyred hands to the C—— ladies who had previously planned a festival for him in the City Hall! Heaven forgive me if I wrong him, but he is an uncommon baby, for his size. . . . They crack some jokes on him, the officers; some say the rebels tried to crucify him; others that he knelt to pray for mercy and so the shots went through the uplifted hands.

On the very day of Montgomery's return, March 28, a sudden order came to evacuate Jacksonville.

In the excitement of departure the disappointed colonel wrote on March 30:

On board Steamer John Adams
Mouth of St. John's River

The only time since I entered the service when I have felt within the reach of tears was when, after the men were all on board at Jacksonville, I walked back among the burning buildings (set on fire by the white soldiers, not by mine) and picked a tea-rosebud from the garden of my headquarters. To think that this was the end of our brilliant enterprise and the destruction of my beautiful city was a sadder thing than wounds or death. . . . But this did not last long — "to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

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I told you in my last journal that Montgomery had brought in thirteen rebel prisoners (pickets); I did not add that he also captured the lieutenant, who afterwards escaped by the aid of a crowd of female friends who came to take farewell. He crawled away behind their skirts, then ran, and would not stop, though Montgomery raised his pistol. But M. would n't shoot, for he said he could n't kill him in his sister's presence — a very characteristic touch. His revolver is unerring; the other day he shot an alligator in the eye, the only part visible. . . .

We have on board a delightful old pilot seventy years old, who has been on all our trips; a perfect old philosopher, who knows every nook on the coast from Maine to New Orleans, and who, once tapped, talks forever, with the raciest personal adventures. Captain Gomez he is; was of course born in Salem, in *Clam Shell Alley*, in a part of the city called *Buttonhole*.

His mother could not read and whipped his sister for venturing to study grammar at school — "What business have poor folk's children to *learn Grammar?* I 'll Grammar you — it 's Billy Gray 's folks that *learn Grammar.*" He never learned to spell, and has a way in writing letters of putting a word in several successive spellings, to give his reader the choice, as *volley, voylly,* etc. He formerly lived in Jacksonville among other places, and was delighted to go there and get back a chest of tools; he is a brave little old thing, too, and stayed on deck when I drove all others under; and when Montgomery was surprised at Palatka and Lieutenant-Colonel —— wounded, old Gomez tried to work the gun himself.

After the Florida trip the regiment was picketed at Port Royal Ferry, South Carolina.

April 12

. . . In the misty gray of the morning, I rode out to the ferry amid rose scents and the song of early birds, hearing for the first time the chuck-will's widow, the Southern whip-poor-will, whose peculiar note I at once recognized. There all was quiet and I sent the batteries home. I never gave an order to an officer of regulars before, and though it was only a juvenile little lieutenant, fresh from West Point, who had come out on the boat from New York with me, and then threatened to quit the service because he could not bring with him a basket of champagne, still it seemed rather presumptuous. To be sure I have

habitually under my command a company of the Massachusetts cavalry detailed as pickets, and that too seemed odd at first; but " tout arrive en France."

A corporal of cavalry with whom I was riding the other day told me a story of Henry Higginson. . . . Once there was an advance beyond this ferry a year ago to fire a bridge, and the Massachusetts cavalry went along — almost their only smelling of powder in these parts — and Henry, being reproved by General Stevens for exposing himself somewhere, only exclaimed, " Pooh! They won't hurt *me!* " a piece of assured invulnerability which became a byword in the corps.

Advanced Picket Station
Milnes Plantation
April 17, 1863

. . . Four companies of the regiment are distributed at different points, two or three miles away; six are here, encamped on a breezy field, the field officers living in the plantation house near by! a little house with four rooms and the doctor's closet, and a large piazza all immersed in a dense mass of waving and murmuring locust blossoms. Upstairs the adjutant and his wife, and opposite them the major and chaplain. Below, the kitchen and dining-room in one, where William and Hetty reign [the house servants]; then my office, with my bed on one side consisting of a broad, wooden shelf and some blankets, and a great open fireplace, with bricks for andirons, to be used on chilly evenings. Then the doctor's little box, opening on a piazza. . . . Doctor's floor carpeted with pine

needles, so that the whole room is scented. Outside are the negro houses and sundry rambling sheds, to accommodate our many horses; though Rinaldo lives in a little house close by the door, where I can go and give him salt at any time, which he eats like sugar. By the house are sundry tents belonging to officials, dotted among the trees. Our mess is large and very pleasant: I have grown quite attached to the major, who is always sunny and obliging, very energetic and industrious, and as daring a man as I ever met. Then there is the chaplain, an eccentric genius with a good deal of brilliancy and perfectly unexpected in word and deed; Dr. Rogers, Dr. Minor, his assistant, and Lieutenant Bingham, the quartermaster, two as true, pure-hearted, and manly young fellows as the world can show. Then there is Captain Rogers and the adjutant and his wife; he always steady, unassuming, and equal to all he undertakes, and she taking life always on the sunny and sensible side. With two or three more women as bright and pleasant our little household would be quite a model. . . . Then I call for Rinaldo and away to visit the pickets. At Seabrook we keep a nice little sailboat which I brought from Jacksonville. Sometimes I take that and cross to some island which we do not picket and which we and the enemy both approach cautiously, they especially, for they have never shown daring except in hopes to find us napping.

April 23

I hope you have not been troubled by the attack on me by " Conservator " in the " Evening Post." As to

the putting on shore of furniture, etc., at Jacksonville, I certainly did it; for it was a choice between furniture and life. The crowding on board those boats was fearful, and nobody suffered more by it in the end than those very people whom I had partially relieved by clearing the vessel. I had my men busy removing the cannon that morning, while the town was already burning, and when I came to put the men on board ship, I found one half the hold of my principal vessel full of an immense accumulation of furniture. The captain entirely refused to take on more than three companies and I had six to place there; so the only possible way was immediately to put on shore whatever could be got at, leaving only the trunks of the people. As it was, we nearly had a pestilence on board that vessel solely from overcrowding and had to put all the soldiers on shore at the mouth of the river and cleanse out the ship.

In case of storm all the rest of the furniture and the horses must have been thrown overboard, and that might have been called cruelty too. Don't you know a woman will sooner lose her life than her feather bed? . . . There was little time to discriminate, with the vessels lying at the wharves of a burning town, ammunition on board every vessel, and a rebel force outside. . . .

Moreover, though it sounds very fine to talk about "Union" citizens, the people who made most noise were avowed secessionists until they thought we were the strongest; and then were afraid to stay because they had gone too far. One family of semi-ladies in the

house behind mine, who had confessed themselves secessionists to me, had *five wagon-loads* of their furniture brought by our only three wagons, when it was hard to get teams to save the sick from the hospital and the cannon from the forts. They had played and sung and flirted with the young naval officers and wound them round their fingers, though entirely without charm. Now they are in Beaufort, in one of the best houses, and have appeared in the streets with secession aprons. Montgomery's quartermaster is one of their chief admirers. On the other hand, some of the real Union people of Jacksonville could not get a team to haul their furniture, so overwhelmed were we with work. Not that Colonel R—— meant any special harm, but he was unequal to the terribly difficult task of evacuating a town in a hurry and carrying away the inhabitants.

As for the burning, the place was only very partially burnt, but the perfect insubordination which the attempt showed was outrageous, though not strange to any one who knows our regiments. Good, brave, hardy fellows, intelligent, too, but with no more discipline than so many calves. Colonel —— is so unpopular that all but two of his officers have just resigned, and some said openly that they burnt the houses because they thought he did n't wish it.

Of course I shall not write any correction of that report about "cruelty, etc.," because I never believe in contradicting falsehoods; it only keeps them alive. . . .

You know it is not my habit to worry, especially

about personal matters, and it is *such* a piece of luck that the public should not charge all the burning on my men, as was to be expected, that I am willing to be thought as bad as "Brute Butler" for a time, if that will buy justice for them.

But I expressed the hope in Jacksonville that I might be kept out of the way of "Union" people in rebel communities; if you trust them, they betray you.

April 24

It is odd to read the papers. We read loud to each other the narrative of our own adventures and agree that no one need say that we are not kept supplied with new novels!

Camp life was varied by studies of the Southern flora and animal life.

Dr. Rogers [brought in] a six-foot snake round his neck, not alive. . . .

The snake abovenamed was called the thunder-snake by the men, of which I could get no explanation save, "speck he look like streak lightnin', sa!" They are much more afraid of snakes than of alligators, which they say seldom attack men even in the water, but are afraid of them. I have seen a dead alligator six feet long, but there is a live one eighteen feet long in a cypress swamp not far from here, which I am going to visit.

I slept at night on the floor in Dr. Minor's little room; he dropped asleep like a baby while I worked

and meditated of possible incursions of the enemy. Soon I heard sounds which indicated them; I raised my head; then they came nearer; then there came something like the explosion of a small shell and a thump in the corner of the room. The fire still glowed, and presently I saw the largest rat I ever looked upon trot placidly forth into the centre of the floor, just between Minor and me, and look round to see what he might devour. Luckily it was neither of us, and I waked in the morning with all my features complete; but should not again select that floor to spread my blankets on.

May 8

I had some talk with General Hunter. It is hard not to like him when one is with him; he seems so good-natured, generous, and impulsive. He impressed me as being by habit lax, indolent, vacillating, and forgetful; but as capable of being on a given occasion prompt, decided, and heroic. So far as principles of action go, this war has nothing more to teach him; his defects are more hopeless because they belong to his temperament and no conversion can extricate him from them. With the tonic of a strong moral influence always beside him, he could be easily held up to the standard of a great man; as it is, while he is asleep, the Devil sows tares, and that is a large part of the time.

I am afraid to quote the things the paymaster said of this regiment, but Mr. Page has sent it all to the "Tribune," they say. I am ashamed to be so praised;

it is such a reproach on this undisciplined, unbuttoned mob we call an army. I hope it will never be my lot to write military memoirs; I should have to dip my pen in stronger superlatives than I ever mixed before.

Here is the latest Beaufort anecdote. There is a New York regiment here which calls itself "Les Enfans Perdus," or the lost children, being composed of all nations — officers chiefly French. One of these, the adjutant, was criticizing some of General Hunter's late movements, and some one in joke threatened him with Fort La Fayette. "Vas dat you say!" he cried in a rage; "ven you say *La Fayette*, take off your hât" (suiting the action to the word). "Ven you say *Vashinton*, take off your hât" (uncovering again). "Ven you say *Huntare*, do as me, — ah-h-h" (gripping his hat over his ears with both hands, grinding his teeth, and running away in an ecstasy of despair).

You may fancy from this that there is no enthusiasm felt here over the failure at Charleston and the evacuation of Jacksonville.

In another letter Colonel Higginson says that the above regiment, the One Hundredth New York, was the only one which ever planted anything around its tents. Almost all of these were surrounded by little gardens.

Referring to a long-delayed letter, the Colonel wrote his mother:

It was bâd, as one of the drummers said he should feel if killed without having any defensive weapon but

the professional drumsticks. "Cunnel," said he, "if I was to get killed, and had n't had something to defend myself with, I should feel *bâd*" — which seemed so just that I at once sent in a requisition for drummers' swords.

. . . I wish more people wrote to me. If they only would take my note (of hand) to answer them after I get home. Nothing so rare as epistolary disinterestedness; the most self-denying saint hints at an answer in the postscript. Stephen is splendid about sending me papers; in a better world somebody will send him Paradisaic Journals and Saturday Evening Heavenzettes.

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Thanks for the maple sugar which we have for dessert; also I offer it to guests instead of whiskey, now that our blessed Florida syrup is getting low.

May 7

It is a funny life we lead here, even beyond the average fun of this oddest of planets. From the time we first went to housekeeping . . . everything has been upside down. I undress according to the weather; if it is bright moonlight I turn in very thoroughly; if it is very dark and a trifle rainy, I undress as Suvaroff [a Russian field marshal] did when very lazy — take off one spur. One wakes up in the middle of the night and has a horse saddled to go and inspect pickets, or is waked up with some difficulty, to be told that somebody is somewhere firing at something, which always settles itself, like Napoleon's unanswered letters.

ADVANCED PICKET STATION, May 18

DEAREST MOTHER:

. . . We miss grass . . . grass and female society I might say. . . . General Lander's widow . . . came out hoping it was war and she was to be head-nurse. She was Miss Davenport, an actress, and quite an intelligent and earnest person; English, dignified, and rather fine-looking. Little touches of the stage are entertaining — rising and stepping to the door to see if Major ——, her lodger, had come in — "Ha! it is the Major?" then, half turning her head, with a waving of the hand to me from the doorway — "'T is he!"

I have an impression that there are people at the North who occasionally ask what they can do for such as me. No matter who they are, tell them to *write letters, without expecting answers.* To that rarest and loftiest test of human virtue, how few respond!

. . . It is nice to get letters and carry round the officers' to them — I often do it just to see how pleased they look. It would amuse you, though, to see what a tight rein I keep on them — sending them my compliments (in the style of Sprague and the regular army) and I should be glad to see them for a moment — when I wish to mildly annihilate them on arrival. They say that when the Colonel "makes a little suggestion," it is as formidable as a General Order — and indeed it rarely has to be repeated.

ADVANCED PICKET, May 25

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Only think of a picnic here the other day! Mrs.

Lander got one up at the Barnwell place, the most beautiful on the island, and I helped her a good deal. It was got up for a young Mr. Hay, President Lincoln's private secretary, a nice young fellow, who unfortunately looks about seventeen and is oppressed with the necessity of behaving like seventy. He wrote about Ellsworth . . . in the " Atlantic," and is staying with General Saxton. . . . It was entertaining to see the ex-actress's eye for effect — a tablecloth here, a scarlet-lined coat there, Miss Brown's curls in an available vista, and blackberries and black sentinels in the background. About four came the band, the officers, the young ladies, General Saxton without his livelier half, Mr. Hay laboring not to appear newmown. It went off better than the average; the place was beautiful, old trees and a view across Broad River to the rebel shore, a great sailcloth laid down to dance on; General S. leading out Mrs. L. in lingering widow's weeds, his dancing as direct, grave, and simple as his policy, hers graceful as if she were sweeping the boards, technically so called. We all like her. She is so off the stage what she was on it, simple, earnest, high-minded, sensible. We had blackberries and *milk*, and after this pastoral entertainment galloped home through the wood paths by the young moon.

I forgot to tell Mr. Hay for Old Abe's delectation that the little drummer boys of Mrs. Dewhurst's school all nodded eagerly when she asked if they knew who was President of the United States. On her requesting them to name him, they burst out in an eager chorus, " Uncle Sam."

The Department of the South had earlier been described as a "military picnic."

About this time the chaplain of the regiment, when on a scouting expedition with some of the men, was captured, and imprisoned for a year.

No news of the chaplain except sometimes through fugitive slaves, who report that the rebels pronounce him "a d——d saucy Yankee as they ever met," which I can easily credit. Under the new agreement about chaplains he would be released did he not belong to a colored regiment — and may be as it is. Somehow it is impossible for any of us to speak seriously of the chaplain's being a prisoner; we always laugh because we all have a feeling that the rebels must have the worst of it.

The following extract, which Colonel Higginson said could only be appreciated by one who knew the first lessons in drill, is taken from the journal of 1863:

It is a ludicrous travesty of the passage in the Tactics. . . . The very first question asked my lieutenant-colonel was, "What is the position of a soldier without arms?" — which he could not answer. . . . So Captain Rogers asked it of one of his men and wrote down the following in return:

Position of a Sojer widout no gun

Heels extendin' a inch apart.
Toes extendin' not quite a-elbow.
Body extendin' right plump.
Hands extendin' down side of pants.

Little finger extendin' seam of breeches.
Head flare to the front, extendin' on de ground fifteen paces.
Hat square on de head.
.

Some of these men have splendid memories. One sergeant, who cannot read, calls the roll from memory. One of our ablest sergeants, a carpenter, paid his master $365 a year for his time for several years; think of it! He used to make $2.50 a day, erected buildings on contract, etc. He and six others built the town of Micanopy on contract. Henry McIntyre is his name, a light mulatto. He would never learn to read, because it exposes them to so much more suspicion and watching.

How could I ever tell you all the funny things I hear? Yesterday a noble-looking old woman, as stately as Mrs. Le Baron, came to explain gravely to me the wrongs her son endured from a bad wife, which culminated in the following ignominious scene. "Dey got *a-tangling*, and *she took his foot and kick he out of de door!*"

May 29

Ever since I made my officers understand that they were to be kept down to a valise apiece, and no stealing, they have delighted in inveigling me into any small luxuries, a chair, a desk, etc.; and my exhibiting a sheet at last produced a thrill of triumph; and now that Montgomery's regiment is just off (which did stealing for a dozen), James Rogers has just seduced me into an enchanting mosquito netting . . . of whose

Jacksonville origin there can be no reasonable doubt. . . . I assure you that the transparent drapery, caught up in the middle over a vista of crimson blanket, quite enhances the beauty of the apartment. . . .

General Hunter's new letter to Jeff. Davis is a very unfortunate one, like many of his impulses. The threat to execute his prisoners, unless J. D. revokes, would only make the latter smile, for he must know that it would never be carried out — because public sentiment would not sustain it. But public sentiment will sustain retaliatory acts and the threat of those carries a weight which the more extravagant threat only impairs.

. . . If he [General Saxton] once did a dishonorable act I should forever lose my faith in him and with it in human nature, as I once heard old Samuel Hoar say of Charles G. Loring. I wonder what saucy things little Mrs. Tillie will say to Old Abe. Do you know she can imitate perfectly her husband's handwriting? — General Hunter's, President Lincoln's, General Scott's, Mr. Seward's and even the sacred Mr. Spinner's who signs the greenbacks. I have seen them.

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We have lost our first officer, Lieutenant Gaston, who was accidentally shot by one of his own [men] in a little reconnoissance across the river yesterday morning. . . . To-night we had funeral services here just at dusk, and it was one [of] the most impressive funerals I ever knew. . . . Just at the beginning up rode Mrs. Lander and Mr. Page, "Tribune" correspondent. The latter looked at it as an item; but

Mrs. L. was exceedingly affected by it. I was so absorbed in our men that I forgot all about her widowhood. It would have affected anybody, though; there is something so plaintive about the whole condition of these grown-up children, at any time; A —— would shed rivers of tears over almost anything they do, whether they laugh or cry; there is a sort of mute appeal about them unknown to themselves. It is very hard to punish them; they seem like dumb or blind babies, or maimed animals. There is infinitely less of the defiant or dangerous element about them than I expected; very few *devils* in the regiment; but the same soft texture which nothing but the contact with gunpowder seems to harden.

May 30, 1863

Went down in the early morning, a few of us, to take Lieutenant Gaston's remains to the beautiful green quiet cemetery around the old Episcopal church [Beaufort]. It is small, high-walled with stone, and filled with old monuments of stately Carolinian families — Middleton, Barnwell, De Saussure — all buried in masses of green shade. As I sat in the empty church the doves cooed into the window and the mocking-bird trilled, and then the cavalry bugles rang through with their shriller sound; and then I walked out again among the luxurious Southern growths, and thought there could not be in a strange land a sweeter resting-place for a discarded body.

Montgomery was then making "some capital raids" near Georgia and Colonel Higginson wrote of him:

ADVANCED PICKET, June 5

Montgomery's raid was a most brilliant success, though I don't believe in burning private houses, as he does. Nearly eight hundred contrabands!

Dr. Rogers met one old Uncle Tiff, pockets, hands, and mouth full of *bread.* "You're happy, are n't you?" quoth the Doctor. "Bress you, massa," said the poor old soul, "I ain't had so much to eat in *nine years!*"

June 10

He is an unequalled guerilla, but has no system. After all one must consume his share of red tape as of dirt, nor have I ever tried to cut it without having to tie it together again in the end. It takes a great deal of machinery to keep nine hundred men in good condition, let alone a larger number.

June 19

Montgomery's . . . brigand practices I detest and condemn. . . . It is *perfectly* easy to restrain the negroes; they are capable of heroic abstinence. I will have none but civilized warfare in *my* regiment, but the public may not discriminate.

HILTON HEAD, June 26

Montgomery and the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts are recalled from St. Simon's Island and put here for a time, or just across from here on St. Helena Island, where I shall hardly see them. The officers of the Fifty-Fourth have never had a glimpse of my regiment; this I mention because Stephen seemed to confound

their criticisms on Montgomery's guerillas with " Cunnel Higginson's reg'lars " as mine call themselves.

Last night on dress parade a white soldier said audibly behind me, " By ——, to think of my living to see a nigger regiment drill better than the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania! " . . .

My claims of *superiority* to the white regiments here in soldierly appearance may seem extravagant, but you must remember that there are no *good* white regiments anywhere except regulars and a few others, chiefly from Massachusetts, and then that my men have some great advantages. All white soldiers *look* dirty, whether they are or not, from the sunburn and the beard, whereas my men's complexions are the best possible to hide it; a shiny black skin always looks clean. Then the light blue pantaloons of our army have the same disadvantage over the dark blue of my regiment. I observe this difference in the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts. Then the artistic effect of the line of white officers against the sombre and steady background is very good. Any artist would prefer to have his soldiers black.

One of our prime favorites is dear old York, our " Uncle Tom," who takes care of Dr. Rogers, a perfect type of well-bred respectability as to the outward, and inwardly a saint. In Sunday services, when we wish to get particularly near to Heaven, we have Uncle York sit upon the platform during the services, or make a little prayer. Imagine our dismay when he dropped some hints, the other day, that he had not always been so beautiful, and had had his period of

wild oats. At length the officers, probing him farther, began to approach the details of these early transgressions. The veteran shook his head over the retrospect, and confessed, "*Used to dance — and t'ings.*" What the *t'ings* were, which came in as milder etcetera after the one great remorse of dancing, we shall never know.

Have I ever said what is the favorite reading-primer of our drummer boys? McClellan's Bayonet Exercises. Large type, short words, subject intelligible, pictures fascinating; it contains all merits. "Ac-vance, retreat, leap to de front, leap to de rear," and so on. Think of the great dethroned idol, banished from all other temples, still reigning in the primary schools of the Ethiopians!

BEAUFORT, S.C., July 7

. . . Montgomery has been a sore disappointment to me and to General Saxton, with whom he is at sword's point; I did not desire to be brigaded with him, because he would chafe so much at being under me and I should have such hard work to coerce him into my notions of civilized warfare. He had one of his men shot without trial for desertion the other day, and was about to shoot two others when Dr. Rogers's wonderful power of influence made him change his plans. Yet he is not a harsh or cruel man, but a singular mixture of fanaticism, vanity, and genius.

Colonel Higginson was wounded in July, 1863, and went home for a month. His friend, George William

Curtis, noticed a changed expression in the face of the returned colonel — the change so noticeable after the Great War in the faces of those who fought in France. Mr. Curtis wrote: "I see in your face . . . the same influence which has touched all the true soldier faces I have seen, and of which we who stay at home are not unconscious. Fire purifies, but it tries."

The next extract describes his return to Beaufort.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST S.C.V.
BEAUFORT, August 22

As the Arago came up to the pier on Thursday, at Hilton Head, sudden movements were observed among the soldiers detailed for duty on the wharf; arms were raised, fingers pointed, glances interchanged, and an evident mutual proclamation of "de Cunnel." No cheering — they seldom cheer — but Nature, in vindication of the oppressed, instead of tongues gave them teeth, and the end of the pier might presently have been a procession of elephants, so magnificent was the display which spread along the line. . . . I think no single flower of speech on my return impressed me so much as that which dismissed my departure. "You 's a mighty big rail out ob de fence, sa."

On his return the Colonel found that illness and absence had made great change in his officers.

August 26

. . . We have a new lieutenant: Childs, of juvenile look and soft manner, and one of his company was

trying for his name this morning. "Dunno he name, sa; speck he name Lieutenant Baby, sa." It seems incredible that it should be serious, but I verily believe it was.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST S.C.V., September 8

.

You don't know what an improved set of officers I've got. Captain —— I shall have court-martialed and dismissed the service as soon as he comes from the North, and Captain —— I have a plan to dispose of, and then I shall feel as happy as Tom Beecher when two out of his three church committee were in the state prison.

September 12

I see Mariotti, the new "Times" man whom I remember of old at Cambridge, being freshly arrived, burst out in amazement at the buttonless condition of our American army. This morning I had occasion to go before a board of officers — four of them, a lieutenant-colonel, a captain, and two beside. All should have been in full dress. Not one had his coat buttoned; only two had anything to designate rank, and indeed one of these was absolutely out of uniform, in civil costume. They were no doubt as good officers as the average, but I think of Lieutenant-Colonel Maggi's dismay. . . .

Apparently all American officers in white regiments (except from Massachusetts and a few batteries) have the proverbial souls above buttons. I'm sure I wish they had n't.

The allusion to Colonel Maggi is explained by an earlier letter written from the Worcester camp.

I have been amused at the feuds between the colonel of our Twenty-First Regiment, a free and easy, slipshod country squire, utterly incapable of military system, and his lieutenant-colonel, Maggi, an European martinet. The latter was exasperated at entering an officers' meeting and finding the colonel in an old brown linen sack with his feet on the window seat; and then somebody came in with a red shirt and no coat at all. "Colonel," said Maggi, "is this one of your *vagoners?*" "Why, no! This is Captain Washburn, don't you know him?" "Good Heaven! Colonel, when you expect any discipline in the army, if captains come to officers' meeting in his *sleeve-shirt!*"

While a patient in the Officers' Hospital, the Colonel wrote, October 10, 1863:

The pleasantest person in the house is a young Dr. Willard, of the navy. . . . After I had cross-questioned him and fitted him with a cousinry, I told him that people from Boston and that region did n't bore each other worse than any other people *after* they had got the genealogical arrangements fairly settled and found out who was who. Up to that time they were, of course, intolerable — until all the cross-questioning was ended.

"The Oaks" Plantation
St. Helena Island
Two miles from Beaufort, October 24

.

An old Aunt Phillis, the plantation patriarch, was

here this morning, sighing over an impracticable little boy she has the care of. "Mus' take 'um to de wood for whip 'um," she averred. "Why so?" I asked. "No use for whip 'um in de house, massa. Miss Laury [Towne] hear de very first slap come flyin', say, 'Stop! Stop! No for whip!' So everybody take he child to de wood, far place, for whip 'um! *Can't fotch up boy widout whip!*"

This picture of the whole maternal population of the place scudding for the woods, with children under their arms, to enjoy a season of undisturbed chastisement, beyond reach of Miss Laury, was too much for me.

The Oaks, Sunday
October 25

The weather is growing cold; to-day it is quite raw and uncomfortable. The family have partly gone to the church where it is Communion Sunday. They have it once in three months, and they say the elders pull away at the wine in a style which is quite vivacious; they use a dozen bottles for several hundred people, and then take up a collection to pay for it.

Camp Shaw, November 13

. . . There is a perpetual chatter of jackdaws, a black, glossy bird, intermediate between the blackbird and crow in size, which congregates in immense flocks at this season, soaring and alighting in great armies.

November 21

I believe I have a constitutional affinity for undeveloped races, though without any of Thoreau's

anti-civilization hobby. I always liked the Irish and thought them brilliant. It is the fashion with philanthropists who come down here to be impressed with the degradation and stupidity of these people. I often have to tell them that I have not a stupid man in the regiment. Stupid as a man may seem if you try to make him take a thing in your way, he is commonly sharp enough if you will have patience to take him in his own. . . . A figure, a symbol, they always comprehend, and sometimes, when they seem dullest, they have a meaning of their own. To-day Abram Fuller — certainly one of the poorest specimens of brain we have had, if not the poorest — came for his discharge papers, he having been discharged for physical disability. After I had explained to him that he was no longer a soldier and told him how to get his pay by these papers, he said, looking at me in a sort of unintelligent way, " I in dis army still, Cunnel." Oh, dear, thought I, you certainly are hopeless, and began again to convince him that he was discharged from the army, and no longer responsible to me, etc., when he stopped me with " I mean to say, dat I in dis army still," with a kind of flourish of the hands; and I felt my own head " growing thinner," as the men say when a thing dawns on them, and I fathomed that he meant that in the great warfare for freedom he wished still to be counted on, though discharged from First S.C.V. He had completely shot over my head with the fineness and elevation of his ideas, and left me no resource for my Caucasian intellect except to employ him as my private tutor. It is not the only time I have had just such a rebuke.

BEAUFORT, November 24

. . . Bear meat is delicious; it is like beef that has been fed on honey; alligator steaks are a kind of racier fried halibut; but I see that 'possum is one of the great compensations of Nature, given to elevate and idealize the lives of these unsophisticated Africans. What does abolitionism, what did Mrs. Kemble know of 'possum? They feel, these poor people, what it is to them, and speak of it with a kind of unctuous reverence. Doubting whether to send a savory morsel of it to Dr. Rogers, in town, we consulted Uncle York, the veteran, his personal attendant, as to whether he would probably eat it if sent. Uncle York opened his eyes, eyes that had seen generations of 'possum, and answered with smiling certainty, "Eat 'um, sa? *oh*, yes, sa. If he eber taste 'um, he eat 'um, *sure*," and the thing was sent.

December 21

Another frivolity is court-martials. I find that every colonel is court-martialed first or last as every child has measles. Of five colonels here, one, Colonel White, was court-martialed before I came here, another (Colonel Rust) afterwards. I have sat upon Colonel Sammons, the third and now am sitting on Colonel Van Wyck, the fourth. When this is over I shall be the only one left.

HILTON HEAD, January 8, 1864

Nothing gives a Democrat a better glimpse of aristocratic privileges than to travel in a military department. When men see you are a colonel, all

difficulties are smoothed and all privileges accorded, unless a general heaves in sight, and then you are nothing; and it is astonishing how soon one learns to claim for one's self these special privileges as if made of better clay. It must be far more so with noblemen born, since they have nothing else from childhood; and no doubt they easily convince themselves that it is in the fitness of things. It is rather despicable in this military case, but sometimes very convenient.

BEAUFORT, S.C., January 22

. . . Just now a steamer went down the river with five hundred men of the Fifty-Fifth Pennsylvania, going home to reënlist, in great spirits, on thirty-five days' furlough. With them goes Colonel ——, the most cultivated and congenial officer here, and quite a crony of mine, though the furniture of his tent is said to be four barrels of whiskey and one three-legged stool.

. . . The first night in my new tent I went to bed leaving the stove door open, and my great handsome pussy sitting winking at the flame. After going to bed I found my feet were in danger of being cold and thought to myself, if she would only lie on them, and at the very thought up jumped she and lay there till morning. Is not that a treasure?

January 30

They [the negroes] have some phrases as poetic as the Portuguese. The reverberations of the noonday gun, which are often very beautiful, they call " bush-

take-'um," meaning that the land takes up and echoes the sound. In describing a particularly severe whipping, the major has heard them say, " Mause *t'row de stick* till de bush take 'um." So " throw the stick " is to whip, and this was done till it echoed again. The phrase is pretty, though the thing is ugly.

CAMP SHAW, February 11

On the 4th inst. I found the bloodroot in bloom; there is a quantity of it just outside our camp lines. Last year also I found it early in February; two war winters rolling over its head and just the same white creature here as in Massachusetts. It symbolizes military life, though, whose forms and pageants are all innocent enough to look at — baby watches dress parade every day — till some morning unearths the ensanguined root of it all. Well, if Nature has room for the bloodroot, I suppose it has room for us.

.

I believe I never wrote about the prisoner our men took in the Battle of the Bloodhounds. He was a specimen of what our men call " de clean cracker," or the unadulterated poor white. Thus — " Where do you live? " " Oh, a piece up yonder." " What county? " " Dunno about what county; I live in *Picken's Deestrict*." (There 's Southern life for you; his geography lies in the name of his Congressman.) " Many men left there? " " Oh, yes, there 's right smart of shavers there yet." " Have you ever been mustered into the army, ever signed your name on the muster roll? " It turned out, of course, that he could

not write, and few of the company could. "But," he added, "some of our sergeants are right smart *scribes*." I believe I could say that of ours.

ADVANCED PICKET, March 13

At this very moment the burly major is just swinging in the hammock on the piazza and talking with a squad of women whom he brought from St. Simon's Island, and who stand in their clean Sunday array, erect and stately as Nubians, recalling past days. He is asking them how about Mrs. Kemble, whose neighbors they were, and they are putting together their scraps of reminiscence about her which amount to only two, though they lived on the next plantation; and one of these two at least would make a sensation among polite readers, perhaps, if appended to the next edition of her book. "Use to row-boat, sa, I seen her" — "I neber seen her wid de boat, sa, but I seen her wid de oars" — "Use to row-boat *well*." Then was extorted the last item of biography, the one trait sufficiently impressive to reach the next plantation. The narrator, half covering her face with her hand and turning slightly away, "Used to stop and pull up she stock'n's-an'-garters *anywhar*. Right in de 'treet!" (street).

What a singular commentary on the compensations of the universe, and the way in which the seeds of the finer instincts are sown broadcast throughout the human race, that these poor creatures, whose utter abasement she has delineated for the world to read, should have been slyly criticizing her all the while for

an inelegance which was serious enough from their point of view to remain a tradition of her for twenty years.

. . . All these women had husbands or sons in this regiment, whom they came to visit; one is the mother of Sammy Roberts, the youth who speculated on the taillessness of the Yankees.

This boy, according to "Army Life in a Black Regiment," was puzzled to find no proof of his master's statement that the Northern soldiers had tails.

April 21

. . . It is not uncommon, in riding about the plantations, to find three or four mere babies, from three to six years old, seriously "shouting" on a doorstep. I have noticed, too, that the one pet song of these children is almost always the most grimly melodramatic of the elder incantations.

"What make old Satan for follow me so?
Satan ain't got not'in' to do wid me!
(*Chorus*) Hold your light! Hold your light!
Hold your light on Canaan's shore."

It seems pathetic that these little innocents (straight and black as so many short lead pencils) should thus early appreciate the peripatetic habits of the Evil One.

April 25

Last night our attendant urchins got up a "shout" around a tree just by the house, four of them stamping round and round and singing with a rhythmic foot-fall,

and sometimes a hollow clapping of hands, and they happened upon one of the oddest chants that even *their* taste for the religious melodramatic has produced After their favorite " What make ole Satan for follow me so," which is the special cradle hymn of these dusky innocents, they brought out the same old offender in a disguised aspect.

" I see de old man sitting!
Glory Hallelujah!
He sit in de chimley corner!
Glory Hallelujah!
He wash he face in ashes!
Glory Hallelujah!
He call he name Jesus!
Glory Hallelujah!
But I know he by he *clump-foot!*
Glory Hallelujah.
(*Chorus*) Hold your light, brother Benjie, hold your light.
Hold your light on Canaan's shore."

April 25

. . . I never yet saw a chapter in life which was not good, no matter what people called it.

During the last months of Colonel Higginson's stay in camp, a curious accident happened which left a permanent scar on his forehead. He thus wrote about the event.

March 11, 1864

It rained furiously night before last, and when I sat down at my desk after breakfast, Dr. Minor pointed out a crack in the plaster of the ceiling, where it was wet, and said, " Colonel, that will come down." " Oh," said I, " my head is hard; I am fitted by nature

to command a colored regiment." And in about five minutes there came a crash as if the sky was falling and I the lark which was caught. It partially knocked me over, but did not stun me nor make me faint afterwards. . . . I had to keep still that day, feeling rather as if I had been in a cavalry fight, which had turned out better than I could have expected.

Not recovering from the effects of his wound received the previous year, Colonel Higginson was obliged to resign from the army in April, 1864. The remaining letters were written after Higginson's return to the North, to his mother and sisters.

WORCESTER, September 30, 1864

I hear good accounts from my regiment and a funny description of dear old Uncle York asleep beneath a tree, primer in hand, while a pet crow belonging to the regiment hops stealthily up, steals the book, and flies to a branch above the slumbering veteran's head, where he awakes him by tearing out the leaves and throwing them down to him, one by one. This scramble for literature between two black bipeds would furnish the most inimitable sketch. The major writes that York's gesticulations of wrath against the unapproachable bird were infinitely funny — the more so, as the soil yields no stones for missiles.

October 21

I have letters from the regiment, where all seems to go well. They are at Cole's Island, opposite Folly, and

deserters often come in. One floated five miles for the purpose with the tide, being unable to swim, and having four beef bladders tied on a cord under his arms to support him. In this he emulated our regimental pig, who came to the officers as a present from those of the Montauk Monitor. On one occasion going up the river to engage some batteries, they left piggy on an island, and on their return could not find him and suspected desertion, which he disproved by swimming out to join the next gunboat that came up the Stono River, the McDonough, from which the Montauk afterwards reclaimed him. Now he inspects the regiment daily at dress parade and afterwards marches up with the line of officers to salute the commandant. This Dr. Minor writes.

WORCESTER, October 28

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To-morrow I may go to Boston chiefly to see on business Colonel Hartwell, of the Massachusetts Fifty-Fifth, just from Folly Island, and may either go to the opera or to a Republican dinner to Sumner and Wilson. I hanker after opera, and indeed after all the vanities of life; one returns from the seat of war with a wholesome appetite for luxuries. . . .

Mary declares that in reading to her from Trowbridge's letter something about tales of rebel atrocities, I stopped and groaned, as she supposed for the atrocities, until I added, "He spells *tales tails*." He *is* shady in his spelling, yet I think he ought to be promoted.

. . . During the Board of Foreign Missions here, a particularly stout Board, a perfect joist, came to stay with the Firths and was taken to see the organ, then in process of building. Crossing a narrow board, narrower than himself, the human Board fell in and went crashing down among the harmonies — till he reached a stop, I suppose. At any rate, he was thoroughly lamed and the Board limped out of town on two sticks.

Theophilus Brown's toast (Paine and Plunkett being Democratic candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor) — "Paine, Plunkett, and Pendleton — three real Peas-men. May the rebels shell them."

CHAPTER V

NEWPORT

Colonel Higginson's first glimpse of Newport was in 1860, and he wrote to his mother:

Last Thursday I had a delightful day at Newport, where I had never been before. . . . I steamed down from Providence on a steamboat so crammed that there was hardly standing room. How picturesque the old town looks as one glides down to it on a full tide; none of our seaside towns have roofs and gables that look so foreign. . . .

It was a radiant morning, and I strolled alone up a street that seemed like Portsmouth, and came out on great hotels that looked like Saratoga. They were closing, however, and only one or two late visitors moved silently about, like autumnal bees round a hive. . . .

It is a pretty pastoral drive out to Miss Gibbs's — six miles from town — smooth fields and singularly pretty stone walls; then the mild climate ignores barns and great hayricks appear everywhere. . . . At last we came to a pretty English — Miss Gibbs's private — chapel, so to speak, and presently her great plantation with an invisible house somewhere. . . .

An ancestral place, perfectly kept; an aged female tending the door; an aged white dog who could not stand and bark at the same time, but barked and fell

on his knees and stumbled up and barked and fell again; a short, elderly lady in a white dress — such were Miss Gibbs and her belongings. She was delighted to see me and kept jumping up to get cake, and then to get wine, and then to get singular little apples such as Newport produces and sells by the quart. . . . Then Miss G. showed me the dining-room and the conservatory and the polished, uncarpeted floors . . . and then finally she showed me Doppo.

. . . She is a high-born style of Pigeon Cove Dorcas. She is rather tall, stoops a good deal, wears one very tight dress with nothing under it but herself (Mrs. Bartol is a balloon to her), and works in the kitchen with a large straw bonnet tied tight under her chin, and no trimming. She regarded me as a son-in-law.

Miscellaneous gleanings from Newport letters and journals are arranged according to subject rather than date. Most of the letters were written to Colonel Higginson's sisters, his mother having died.

One of the interesting acquaintances he made in that seaport town, where he lived for a dozen years or more, was an Englishwoman, Lady Amberley, from whom he drew one of his Malbone characters. He wrote in 1867:

The pleasantest things I have done have been with the Amberleys — Lord and Lady. He is the eldest son of Earl Russell and she daughter of Lord Stanley. I breakfasted with them . . . last Monday. . . . I met them also at a party that evening, and liked them so much that I invited them to drive to Bishop Berkeley's

house and haunts at Paradise Rocks (where they were anxious to go). Sam Ward added his carriage and daughter, and I drove Lady A. in Sarah Clarke's little phaeton. They are both very young, and he is insignificant in appearance — his father was called "The Widow's Mite" from his smallness and marrying two widows — and nobody could get much out of him. It is partly because it is often hard to uncork an Englishman and partly because his wife is so singularly open and easy. To me she was very taking, but she has too much brain for Newport on the one side and too much girlishness on the other: so that she frightened the beaux by asking them about schools and poorhouses. She equally alarmed Miss D—— by declining a stately drive because she and Lord A. were going down to the rocks to take off shoes and stockings and paddle in the water! She is twenty-four and has left a child of two in England. They are great friends of Stuart Mill and have letters from him. . . . She is . . . simple and direct . . . very fair hair and rather pretty; dresses in her own way and it is thought, rather ill. . . . She sprang in and out of the phaeton on the smallest provocation, like a child, and was delighted with everything, and asked and answered questions all the time. She is very radical; wishes women to vote and to be physicians. . . . She knows all the literary and scientific as well as political leaders, and gave a pleasant account of Browning — though neither of them likes his poems at all — and a very unpleasant account of Lord Houghton (Milnes) as a toady, and of Swinburne. We stopped at La Farge's and saw his

picture. They had never heard of an American painter, though she knows all about the English, and paints in water-colors herself, sketching the Hanging Rocks in that way. We saw beautiful things at La Farge's, especially some drawings from Browning and one to illustrate his "Protus" ("Men and Women") which is very remarkable. La Farge went with us to the Hanging Rocks. . . . They had not been a week here, having come at once to Newport, but are going to John Forbes at Naushon, and by and by to Boston and Cambridge. I shall be curious to see what is thought of the juvenile Viscount and Viscountess there; but certainly she is one of the *livest* people I have seen for a great while. During the war their house was divided, she being on our side with one of her brothers, while another brother and the sisters were vehement secessionists. She knows my double, Colonel G. Higginson, of the Guards.

Last Thursday I went up to Boston to a special conversation-meeting of radicals for the benefit of Lord and Lady Amberley. . . . It was at Dr. Bartol's. Mr. Alcott sat at the end of two long parlors, before a mirror, with the two foreign juveniles in armchairs, one on each side; impressive spectacle to the eye, but dismaying to the imagination. However, it was a remarkably good affair; Weiss read an essay; and Alcott, Emerson, Lucretia Mott, Bartol, Dr. Hedge, Wasson, Sam Longfellow, and I talked about religion and science. The young strangers listened, Lord Amberley looking rather more frightened than usual, and Lady A. hearty and interested as usual, but neither dared a

A leader in many of the social and literary happenings in Newport was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The following brief letters either refer to her or were written to that lady. Mr. Brooks, the Unitarian clergyman alluded to below, was noted for his translations from the German.

September, 1865

Last week we had a reading by Mrs. Howe of an essay and poem for Mr. Brooks's benefit (there is a fund raising to send him to Europe). It was unexpectedly pleasing, as she reads very quietly and with beautiful enunciation, and the essay was neither abstruse nor brilliant. There were about sixty persons in Richard Hunt's studio. It was not advertised and they were mostly acquaintances, with dollar tickets. At the end, by Mr. Bancroft's request, she recited her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and it seemed quite a Marseillaise.

September, 1868

We have had a remarkably pleasant household here this summer — three demi-authoresses, as my sister called them, Mrs. L. C. Calhoun, whom I always liked; Mrs. Dodge, who wrote "Hans Brinker," a fine, generous creature, a widow with a fine boy of thirteen; and Mrs. Louise C. Moulton, of Boston, who writes in "Harper's" a good deal, a person of fine qualities, but rather sad experiences. Then Kate Field and her mother are next door, and they linger, though the rest have gone. Mrs. Calhoun is to marry Mr. Runkle, a young New York lawyer.

. . . To-day there is a grand reception at Fort Adams for Blaque Bey, the Turkish Minister, and I am going. He is said to be a very agreeable man with a Greek Catholic wife, and lives next house but two to us. . . . If they stay late fancy us exchanging calls with a Blaque Bey! If there is a small family there, it will raise the question propounded by Mrs. Howe in her (very how) book of travels, viz., " Can a baby a Bey be? "

August 30, 1870

I met here two young Englishmen, Dicey, nephew of Sir James Stephen, brother of the Member of Parliament and author of that name, and Bryce, Lecturer on Civil Law at Oxford. They . . . are very cordial, intelligent, and good, very radical and eagerly interested in everything American. I met them at Charles Perkins's, and this morning drove out with them to see Mrs. Howe, but found only the Doctor and Laura. They live at a new little house now, nearer town than Lawton Valley, with a pretty brook and cascade, and found they had a picnic there when I was away; if she were bounded in a nutshell she would have a picnic.

February, 1871

. . . I saw some fine . . . portraits by young Porter, a rising artist; he has done so many that Mrs. Howe said to him, " Given age and sex, could you construct a Cabot? " Mary thinks it could be done without.

. . . There are so many [Cabots] in the younger generation that I suggested naming one boy Sebastian

and sending him to find a new continent where the rest can colonize.

August 24

Afternoon. "Commencement" of Town and Country Club; Mrs. Howe at her greatest brilliancy, and she it was who carried the whole through.

August, 1874

. . . The revived "Town and Country Club" is beginning well. We met on the Powels' beautiful lawn, on Saturday, and he discoursed on jelly-fishes and polyps. On another occasion Maria Mitchell will speak on Jupiter. Thus we range from starfishes to stars, and Mrs. Howe is happy.

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The Town and Country Club had a very pleasant picnic at Paradise Rocks on Thursday with a little botanical lecture. . . . Mrs. Howe was very gay and sung her saucy song of "O! So-ci-e-ty," which is so irreverent to Beacon Street that I wondered how the A.'s could remain in the field.

August, 1875

The Town and Country Club is now getting on well, and Mrs. Howe manages to get in for it, though Dr. Howe is poorly and nervous and requires immense quantities of whist-playing, day and night.

The Town and Country had yesterday a picnic at Castle Hill on the shore. Alexander Agassiz gave some natural history talks; we then had picnic tea on the piazza of an unoccupied house, which was lent to us,

in the face of a beautiful sunset across the bay. Mrs. Howe read some little verses on "Satan and Science" — quite funny, and there were speeches by Mark Twain and Ex-Vice-President Colfax, who were there as guests. It was very easy and pleasant.

January 8, 1876

Dr. Howe is evidently dying; I don't know how it will affect Mrs. H.'s life. . . . Generally she feels about her editorials as if she were a pair of tongs that could not quite reach the fire. This she said to me and it well describes them.

February, 1876

DEAR MRS. HOWE:

I wish to tell you how much gratified I was at your liking what I said about your husband. It was prepared with a good deal of care, and from the heart. . . .

I went the day after to describe the whole services to Charles Coddington, whom you may remember, a very interesting blind young man here, who is now in wretched health and confined to the house. He wished that in addition to the other speakers there could have been one pupil of Dr. Howe, who could have described him as he appeared at the institution for the blind. This seemed to me the only thing that could have added to the interest of that unique occasion.

1880

DEAR FRIEND [Mrs. Howe]:

.

Our Oldport will always be dear. The new-New-

port . . . seems a sort of dusty daylight place that must be hard to dream in; in which picturesque, romantic, unique figures such as Mariana Mott and Margie Hazard [the heroine of "Decoration Day"] have no part.

To Mrs. Howe's daughter, Mrs. Elliott, Colonel Higginson wrote, in January, 1891:

I shall be glad to come, if only to see what kind of very superior woman has married Mr. Stanley [the African explorer], whom (between ourselves) I do not greatly admire. We had too many officers like him in our war, with magnificent push and go, but otherwise ignoble, selfish, merciless, and sometimes even with that Evangelical varnish he has lately put on.

CAMBRIDGE, December 13, 1887

DEAR MRS. HOWE:

Your kind note and purpose embarrass me. They raise the question so often met, How far are generous people to be asked by us to help those who have earned money for years profusely and spent it as profusely? I have never known a more defiantly reckless person in this way than A. D. When she was earning six thousand dollars a year, she not only did not know how to draw a cheque, but when I offered to teach her in five minutes, utterly declined, saying that she did not care to learn. I think she was generous to others, but denied herself absolutely nothing; and her health broke down, I think, in the dogged effort to convince the world that she was an actress. Of course, she

should be helped in need, but can I honestly ask people for three thousand dollars for her, when I know so many, as deserving or more so, who are suffering for want of one hundred dollars? . . .

P.S. "Sister Moulton," as you used to call her, was an intimate friend of A. D. and is always warm-hearted and generous; and she has a large circle of friends both here and in England.

CAMBRIDGE, October, 1900

DEAR MRS. PRESIDENT [Mrs. Howe]:

. . . Has the Boston Authors' Club the intellectual resources for a Chaucer celebration? Rolfe might doubtless contribute something learned and our presidentess should preside. If you wish a descendant of Chaucer present, I can only offer a (supposed) descendant of Chaucer's sister . . . since Reverend John Higginson, of Salem, married her descendant, the daughter of old Parson Whitfield, of Connecticut; and I can prove it by the family tree. To be sure, I never could get any other authority for the existence of this Chaucerian sister — but is not a family tree to be trusted?

So I am not the man to resist such a demonstration, but it would seem a risky enterprise, just such as you used to like

"In the days when we went gipsying
A long time ago."

Cordially your minion

October, 1905

DEAR MRS. HOWE:

I am interested in what you say about a balance in the hands of the dear old Town and Country Club. As you were the creator, baptizer, and long-continued curse of the club, I think that the disposal of the balance left in the treasurer's hands should be decided by you, whether you devote it to your personal adornments which maturer years justify, or to beneficiaries among the colored race, or those Italians who write you such graceful odes on your birthdays, should be left to you. You have put far from you those Vices of whom I am one, but I have no doubt that they would all agree in their opinion.

Cordially yours

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Ex V[ice] P[resident]

1906

DEAR FRIEND:

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Now I wish you would consent to do what has only lately been possible, i.e. to nominate you as the first woman member of the *National Institute of Arts and Letters* in New York, of which Stedman is the president and Howells first vice-president. . . . It includes almost all our leading authors and has also departments of art and music. There must be three proposers, of whom Gilder will be one, Clemens another, and I the third, but the blank says, " It is understood that this proposal is made with the consent of the candidate " — so I write you now.

The Secretary, Robert U. Johnson (of the "Century"), is very desirous that you should be chosen, and so is Gilder, who did much to carry through the amendment. Clemens writes me, "Indeed I shall be unlimitedly glad to join you and Gilder in nominating Mrs. Howe. I agree with you that it is eminently proper that she should be the first woman member. It is her earned and rightful place." This should certainly satisfy you.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., February 5, 1907

DEAR FRIEND:

Victory at last, and you are the first woman member of the American Authors' Club. It was carried through by the two editors of the "Century" and Mark Twain, with maybe a little help from your humble servant, who would not join the Club till the constitution was so altered as to admit women. The world moves!

While in Newport the Higginsons lived for a time with Mrs. Dame, a dear old Quaker, whose house was a rendezvous for the faithful.

June, 1865

We are deep in Friends' Yearly Meeting — every corner of the house saturated with drab, and the boarders contracted to a minimum. We dined forty to-day. I help carve. Such appetites as the weighty brethren possess! — the women being more spiritual. One noble woman is here, one of their great lights,

Sybil Jones, of Maine, slender and erect, with a queenly bearing and lovely face and the sweetest voice; it is beautiful to hear her speak of the war, where she has lately lost her eldest son. It is peculiarly hard, of course, for them, disapproving war as they do; but her mingling of fidelity to her principles and pride in this son was very beautiful; she said, "*Of course* they were disowned by the Society." "Disowned" is a tremendous word to a Friend, meaning dropped from the Society. She has been in Washington, in the hospitals, etc., and was sent for by Mrs. Lincoln. Mrs. L. told her that the day of the President's death, he said to her, "I never felt so happy in my life," and she said, "Don't you remember feeling just so, before our little boy died?" Afterwards it seemed like an omen.

June, 1874

The best recent occurrence is this scene! Mrs. Dame's house full of Quakers; a prayer meeting in the evening. . . . Suddenly strange, inexplicable, discordant sounds come up. What are they, "animal, vegetable, or mineral"? Investigation shows that it is the Quakers — for the first time in their lives —

Singing a Hymn!

Till lately, you know, they have all utterly forsworn music, though a few radical Quakers in Worcester used to own musical boxes. Now, as Mary says, "when their religion is two hundred and fifty years old, it suddenly occurs to them that it is a religious duty to *squawk!*"

They are trying in all ways to get up the revival methods, and it does not come natural to them. Last year one woman raised a hymn in the meeting, but it was not approved. Now they are rehearsing at home.

It was while living in Newport that Mr. Higginson first knew Hawthorne's eldest daughter, who was then engaged to his nephew. In the spring of 1867, during Una's first visit to the Higginson family home in Brattleboro', her newly adopted uncle wrote his sisters:

Tell her I bought the other day at an auction an old "Token" with several of her father's stories, and it is fascinating to me to read them there and wonder how it seemed to him to print them among the trash that is there, when nobody but himself had an idea how exquisite they were. I always wonder how it was to him and whether he dismissed them indifferently or with a faith so profound he felt no anxiety as to their worth. How could he have loved art with a love so pure as to be wholly indifferent to the reception of what he wrote and to keep his standards so high when no one else had any standard?

The next letter is dated a few months later:

I lectured in Stoneham . . . in a hard rain; then went to Concord next day, not arriving till twelve. The house [Hawthorne's] is at one end of the village street, just beyond Mr. Alcott's; pretty enough, but with nothing very neat around it — a pretty, loverlike path *opposite* leading through willows and across a brook. Una opened the door. Her face and eyes were

what I expected, but her figure and port were nobler than I expected, and her magnificent hair blazed and glittered upon me in the doorway most unexpectedly; I think I expected it to be brown, and more unlike Rose's. She was sweet and confiding as possible and perfectly free, and it was as if I had known her from the cradle; *this* was just as I expected. We were very happy together for a time in the little plain parlor, too plain almost for comfort and with a forlorn little airtight stove; I longed so to give her a Franklin and a tract of woodland. There were some unpainted shelves of books, worn out with reading, and a few photographs and little ornaments on the mantelpiece. But Una did not really seem to need anything more, there was something so rare about her, and when the pretty little wayward, spoiled Rose came in with another gorgeous head and with that exquisite beauty of complexion which Una wants, it seemed as much ornament as the little room would bear. Mrs. H. was not well and did not come down till tea, and I dined with the two girls in a room larger, pleasanter, and more homelike, with a piano and some pictures, and soapstone stove for airtight. After dinner Una's eyes glowed lustrous at my proposing a long walk and she put on her waterproof suit — for it drizzled — and we set off; through groves and up orchards and toward Walden Pond, past Thoreau's cellar with a pine tree of ten years' growth in the middle, and up over some cliffs which he also described. . . .

Later we passed through the village and went to the Old Manse. It looked most picturesque against its

dark trees in the misty twilight, and the slender black-robed Elizabeth Ripley, who opened the door, seemed as if she might have lived there since the Revolution. . . . We dripped in, and while Una dried herself I sought inscriptions on window-panes, as thus: . . . "Una Hawthorne, aged ten months, was held up at that window to see the falling golden leaves, and how she enjoyed them." (These are not just the words.) I looked at her and thought it might have been another tale for the "Wonder Book" how they fell on her head and clothed it forever. . . .

It was all very thrilling to me, and still more so, when in the evening I sat and looked over some of Hawthorne's note-books, perhaps in the very chair where he had sat, looking up sometimes at the quiet face of the gray-haired woman he had loved or the bright heads of his young daughters. Una sat by the stove, in her expressive quietness, while little Rose shifted uneasily from one book to another, now a thumbed volume of Shakespeare, opened at "Coriolanus," then Dickens, then nothing. . . .

It rained very hard and the Sanborns came in, so I did not call at Mr. Emerson's or Mr. Alcott's as I should otherwise have done. Later I was shown the rooms upstairs, at least Una's and her mother's. . . . Una's was very tasteful and maidenly; Mrs. Hawthorne's bed had Thorwaldsen's Night upon the foot-board and Morning at the head; and the chairs have Flaxman's outlines. Hawthorne's room in the tower is empty; Julian has all its relics in Cambridge. Julian is their idol, and when he and Una are both

away, Rose pines in Concord. . . . I slept in the lower room in the tower. Next day Una came down with me to Boston.

And this is the way one of her letters was described:

I have just had the loveliest note from Una, like a clump of sod from the woods with all the spring flowers in it and dank with moisture and fragrant with rich earth. It has transported me there and made me think it a kind of insanity of conscience which made me think I must go to meetings in New York and Boston instead.

June 29, 1868

Afternoon left for Concord. Una met me at train and we went through Sleepy Hollow to her father's grave — on a lovely wooded knoll. Just a low marble stone at each end with Hawthorne; the grave grown with periwinkle and she gave me some.

Of Mrs. Hawthorne's gifted and eccentric sister, the "mother of the kindergarten," Mr. Higginson wrote in 1865:

Last week I went to Concord to lecture and stayed at Mrs. Horace Mann's. There was no especial presence of cream or absence of butter at the board (see "Christianity in the kitchen"), but plenty of agreeable conversation as well as food. Miss Peabody looks most singularly and tends to elaborate caps and ribbons, but is as bright as of yore.

Two years later, he writes of the same lady:

Mr. —— saw once at Neuchâtel, emerging from

the railway train, a party of three ladies with the most villanous-looking courier he ever saw. One lady advanced toward him. She had a long and dusty black-silk skirt, a short black sack, with something like a short white night-gown emerging between, very tumbled; bonnet all smashed, having been slept in, spectacles on *chin*, and a great deal of dishevelled white hair. She was of great size and held her head inquiringly. It was Miss Elizabeth Peabody.

The remaining extracts are apt to be brief and disconnected. They refer to various happenings in the Newport life or during lecture trips from there and contain jottings about interesting people.

The following paragraph refers to a children's party:

January, 1865

. . . Cranch [the poet and artist] was there also, shy and pleasing, with hair like elderly angels, perhaps. . . . Another queer little boy was much younger, son of Governor Strong, whom I knew, when wounded after Wagner. He introduces himself thus, "I am a good little boy, five years old, named Willy Strong; my father was a soldier and he is gone to heaven, that is, I think he is gone to heaven, but perhaps the rebels made him too lame!"

. . . Our friend Carry [Mrs. Leighton, one of the Andrews family at Newburyport] is about going to live in Washington Territory with her husband. They have lands there, and the agent who purchased for

them said that there was an Indian cemetery on the place, and he has told the tribe they might continue to use it. The L.'s being rather a romantic pair, thought it would be very picturesque, but now they find from a book that those Indians (the Flatheads) have practised sepulture from time immemorial in *canoes hung to trees;* so that it will be rather like keeping house in the Pyramids.

October, 1865

I had a very interesting afternoon talking over the subjects for my [Harvard Memorial] biographies with Waldo and Harry Lee; I never heard more continuous brilliancy than in the latter's sketches of character; the youths themselves, their fathers and grandfathers, were each dismissed with the most trenchant and irresistible touch. It is very valuable to me, too, though of course, his estimates could not be taken unmodified.

February, 1866

A sleety rain is falling, and the trees are covered with ice, and boys are skating on pavements. Once Bayard Taylor was riding with a farmer at such a time and said, " How beautiful all this would be if the sun came out." " Humph," quoth Rusticus, " it would make a drefful slop." Both views were correct.

This reminds me of the written examination of our High School and the efforts at defining words; for instance, many defined *panegyric*, a kind of *syrup* (which was not a satire, but probably a reminiscence of paregoric). *Connoisseur*, " a hairdresser " (coiffeur?).

Rosemary, "a perfume" or "an ointment," the essence being freely advertised in newspapers. *Anthology,* "the science of *ants,*" one girl wrote.

Of sundry actors and artists, he wrote about the same time:

Ristori I am unfashionable enough to admire very greatly and as much, I think, as Rachel. . . . It certainly was a pleasure never to be forgotten to have seen her at all. Kate Field [lecturer and author], with whom I went, knows her intimately and describes her as very lovable and also very faithful and conscientious in her professional duties. K. F. taught her the little English speech with which she delighted people at her benefit. She does not, of herself, know a word of English.

Evening to concert and heard Camille Urso for the first time since childhood. How wonderful her approach and her form, the infinite gravity, the large and heavy eyes, that seem weighted by their lashes and fixed on the violin. That was itself fixed against a marble shoulder while the other beautiful arm waved free. She might have lived through centuries of tears with those cavernous eyes, weeping always. I never saw a more new and impressive personal presence.

I had also a great treat in hearing Mrs. [Greenough] Moulton sing . . . before a few musical people at Richard Greenough's. She is a lowbrowed, dark, picturesque Cleopatra with coarse mouth and narcotic eyes, but I can easily believe that Rossini said her voice was one which composers had waited for (this her eminently truthful and youthful mamma told me). It

seemed to me to *unite* all the qualities which other voices had singly.

Think of my spending an afternoon with Petroleum Nasby and knowing him only as Mr. Locke, of the "Toledo Blade" — a stout, cheery man.

February, 1871

Miss Cushman delightful in evening at H. H.'s room — talking of George Sand, about whom she is enthusiastic, and of the difference between American and English audiences as to applause. Jefferson acted so much better in England because more called out; she told him so and he admitted. Even an English auditor goes to be amused — a Frenchman *to take part in the play* — he knows he is essential [assister].

June, 1861

What a wonderful creature Miss Cushman is. . . . After producing her, America may win pardon for a million half-alive women.

In 1866 Colonel Higginson encountered the romantic personality of Helen Hunt.

There is a new boarder here with two dainty rooms upstairs arranged by herself — Mrs. (Major) Hunt, a young widow. . . . She is in deep mourning for husband and child, and I fancy has private depression to correspond with her high spirits in the family, which are so far invariable. She seems very bright and sociable and may prove an accession. Do you know her?

Another letter gives the origin of the Saxe Holm story called "A Four-Leaved Clover."

Mrs. Hunt told a pretty story of the war. A Prussian sergeant in trenches before Fredericksburg found a four-leaved clover for which he had looked all his life. Springing up to show it to his comrades, he was shot through both lungs and left for dead. He came to consciousness in Libby Prison — so much for the four-leaved clovers. Still trusting in his luck, he got well, was exchanged, discharged, and went home to Chicago where he was a lion. There he wooed and won Miss Roxana Beecher, a charming niece of Mrs. Stowe, and they are soon to be married. She is named after her grandmother, the gifted Roxana Foote, old Dr. Beecher's first wife. The progenitor of the Footes was so named from helping some king by the foot into a tree, and the arms of the family are a *tree in a clover-field*. There comes in the luck at last.

Mrs. Hunt has just come in with a tale of a young Orthodox minister who wanted some crackers for lunch at a grocery and had but two cents; he ate part and asked the grocer to put the rest in paper, whereat he indignantly said, "We don't give string with two cents worth of crackers!"

February, 1867

We are going to do something very extraordinary — something to which the years of our wedded life have yielded no parallel. . . . Simplicity, as Thorcau says — simplicity. But there is really more of it in Europe; for instance, in returning social courtesies they do not

always give oysters and boned turkey, but sometimes what is called an intellectual feast. Let us profit by such examples of social independence, and therefore we have decided to — are you ready for it? — give a Ball. That is all.

There will be no gorgeous apparel, for the people are not to take off their cloaks and bonnets; no halls of dazzling light, for we prefer broad daylight; no beaming and flattering hostess, for Mary is not going to be visible to one of them. The only entertainment will be light as air; musical airs from the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, dispensed in Mrs. Dame's back parlor; while " all the world " sit on sixty chairs in front. We wish to do something for the public service, and finding this the cheapest form of entertainment, do this. Don't you think well of it? Among guests not sitting in chairs we are to have Beethoven, Weber, Haydn, Mendelssohn. Will you come?

Never was there in this world a more perfect success than our musical party. It was really delicious to hear such music rendered so much more exquisitely than the same artists could render it amid the distractions of a hall.

. . . Mrs. Hunt superintended the arrangements of the parlors — two American flags over the farther doors and all the rest flowers and hanging baskets. . . . *Nothing* went wrong — no delays or interruptions or dogs or intruders — all smooth and delightful. . . . One old lady said it was worth all the parties that ever were given; and our richer acquaintances wondered

they had never thought of it, and now several are going to do the same!

. . . Juliet [Goodwin] said, "it seemed like the kingdom of heaven, very fine music, heard in rather promiscuous society."

Then follow brief extracts from the diaries of that period, usually made after the writer's daily strolls in the vicinity of Newport.

April

. . . On a certain day in spring one discovers that the Newport days have begun. A delicate net is drawn over all the world; the ocean has become a summer sea; the white waves part and curl languidly over unseen reefs; the horizon undulates and shimmers; the soft low hills shroud themselves in the very palest blue; the sunlight glitters in the new green grass like dandelion dust; all the turmoil and labor of existence fades far away and one feels like a Neapolitan.

Walked to Spouting Rock, etc. The afternoon mists of the last few days have made two wrecks of coal vessels, and others narrowly escaped. One lies among the rocks at the beach, though keel on sand — all standing; with that look of stately pleading helplessness I have seen in a dead soldier.

November, 1866

. . . I was peculiarly fascinated with the revolving light: it seemed too delicate and human. It seemed to bud or burst or bubble out of the low dark horizon; a moment and it was not, and then a moment and it was;

one throb and the delicate light is born; another, and it has reached its full size, and looks at you straight and coy and defiant; and then it is utterly gone. It does not seem to turn, you can hardly conceive that it does; it closes instantly as if soft petals of darkness clasped over it. During its moments of absence, the eye cannot always keep with perfect accuracy its place, and it glimmers out a hair's breadth to the right or left of where one expects it. This enhances the elfish and playful look of the thing, and so the pretty game goes on, with its flickering surprises all night long, and every night throughout the year.

This letter refers to the " Decoration Day " poem.

Yesterday I took some lilies-of-the-valley (in afternoon) to Margie Hazard's grave, and entering the little evergreen enclosure found a robin drinking from the hollows of the granite pedestal that has been there for several years waiting for a monument. I have found birds there before, and it seemed so appropriate — she loved them so, and had a wonderful power over all animals. It is curious how events carry on dramas. Her house has hardly been occupied since she died, and the trees are crowding round all the windows and looking in at the piazza where she used to sit, and there is a busy jangle of birds — robins and blackbirds as if they owned the house. She was a very rare person, and bore long illness and neglect with a bravery that was astonishing. I remembered Frank [Admiral Higginson] writing once that she impressed him with more courage than anybody in army or navy, and I think that put the

poem in my head; she had nothing to do with any war but her own.

May 24, 1874

Afternoon to Miantonomy Hill for columbine — just in perfection, season being late, just as this day year. At the house the birds building closely and undisturbed, as if Margie H. were still there to love them, and the great single pane of her boudoir window where I always expect to see her looking out — that rare, rich, wasted nature whom I am glad to have commemorated in my verses just published.

Dined at the Powels with Judge Hare, of Philadelphia, who gave me one new suggestion; said that, so far as he had seen, no class of Americans were so apt to form intemperate habits as educated men in an ignorant community, resorting to drink to fill the vacuum, in the absence of congenial society.

". . . I was at a committee meeting in the *seventh story* of Dr. Dio Lewis's new and lofty house, 17 Beacon Street. . . . You go up by an elevator. What a place for mortal foes to meet. Fancy General Butler and Dick Dana recognizing each other halfway up and cutting the ropes!

Dio Lewis was one of the pioneers in physical culture.

January, 1868

. . . I . . . went two evenings to the opera [in Philadelphia], and one night went home afterwards

with the Petersons, who have $100,000 a year from "Peterson's Magazine" and horrify the ancient Philadelphia families by the good taste with which they spend their money — such lovely things, and most of all that wonder of beauty and repose, William Story's Sappho. I never can cease to wonder at the things that man achieves. . . . She [Sappho] seemed more real than any of the inmates. Fields, who adores Story, thinks this superior to the Cleopatra. It is the only *indoor* statue that I ever saw — all others suggest the propriety of removal to the yard.

June, 1869

Evening . . . called . . . on Mr. and Mrs. Colfax. . . . Found them pleasing — he much stouter and quieter than when the hard-worked Speaker. He is talkative, cordial, and cheerful, and I liked him, though not a great or commanding person. She quiet and sensible, well-bred, though not high-bred; a good person for the place, sure to command respect and be free from follies.

Although Mrs. Higginson then kept house from a wheeled chair, her active imagination supplied all that was lacking in the daily menu.

October 14

Housekeeping is very exciting and Mary thinks most of the time about her dinners; she has always twelve planned in advance, and toils steadily after them in daily efforts and nightly dreams. We are now upon a

most remarkable apple pudding. This is the second day, and the apples are not yet cooked, but by the time we have finished it, we think it will be baked. Then we have a most wonderful clock. It is the third we have tried, and it has once been home to the clock-makers to have the striking part set right. This has been so thoroughly done that it has just struck 46!!

Mary . . . says if you have not boarded with a banjo, you know not the resources of boarding; she has tried babies, belles, and a piano, but a banjo has charms of its own.

. . . Miss . . . does not gain — lies out under the trees every day and is supposed to be tended by spirits, poor dear lady. Perhaps it is something to be saved from doctors in this world.

Like most book-lovers, Higginson was always on the lookout for books and more books.

January, 1869

For some . . . I entered the little den of a shop at the Point kept by a lame bachelor, Carr. . . . He prides himself on having bought many manuscripts at old Squire Hunter's sale — "Squire Hunter, who I do suppose was the greatest man who ever lived, without it was Calchas?" "Who?" said I. "Calchas," said he. "I've read about a man of that name who I suppose was the greatest man — Calchas the great, the reverend priest and good." Don't be sorry you left your books when you think that it brought me such a fact as that. Calchas was the soothsayer who de-

vised the Trojan horse and I suppose the "reverend priest" is from Pope's Homer.

This reunion of veterans of the War of 1812 is suggestive of our Grand Army men of to-day, though the former would seem less vigorous and less educated.

1869

Evening at meeting about soldiers of 1812 — about a dozen of them; ages from seventy-three to eighty-six — some deaf, some could not see, some could not write, but respectable and intelligent-looking and with that peaceful air which belongs to age even in rags.

It was a satisfaction to Colonel Higginson to know that all honors he had ever received had come to him unasked. Two years after the Civil War he wrote:

It does not occur to them [the men] . . . that if one wishes for honors, one should not manœuvre for them, beg the aid of friends to secure them, and even ask for them openly. The attitude of spurning honors which do not come unsought appears to them fantastic or incredible. I have found the same thing in politics, in the army, and even in art and literature. General —— seemed to think it a very reasonable proposition that I should write to my friends at Washington and elsewhere, to aid him in getting me made Brigadier-General!

Early in 1869 Colonel Higginson sent this report to his sisters of a lecture:

I had really a delightful visit to Washington; had a flattering audience of notables at my lecture on Saturday; dined Sunday at Mr. Sumner's with the Marquis de Chambrun and Mr. Boutwell, and Monday was introduced to many Representatives at the Capitol, or rather had them brought up and introduced to me, which was embarrassing to my natural modesty, which does exist in a latent shape, as you, at least, know. Mr. Colfax sent for me to go up and speak to him at his desk, and when I expressed regrets that he had not been in Newport answered that he thought he *could have went* there on his late journey, which was a blow! I did not see General Grant; he had taken tickets to my lecture, but had a dinner party. I stayed with General Chipman, an army friend and a leading lawyer there.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Higginson's personality suggested the character of Aunt Jane in the story called "Malbone."

January, 1869

I get delightful letters about "Malbone." One Ohio woman writes, "I have one request to make of you. Let Aunt Jane's life be precious in your sight; keep her all through the romance, and after it is finished, continue her in the 'New York Ledger,' if you have no better use for her. I hope she is not a brain-creature, but a real flesh-and-blood woman, somewhere darning stockings and keeping the Ten Commandments."

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When I think that Richard Greenough (a most cultivated, gentle, and agreeable sculptor) told me the other day that Hawthorne was a man of talent, but had not the faintest conception of literary art, I see how far we are from any standard of criticism and how little people's opinions are worth.

To an absent Newport friend:

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The event of your Newport world is Mrs. Wetherell's twelfth baby; her babies are, indeed, annual, but there can be but one No. 12. I went there and she opened the door (the mamma), strong, blooming, and Italian as ever, scrambling up from the floor where she was mending a carpet: I heard little 12 cooing happily in the next room of the little hut, and she brought him presently and I held him. He looks and *feels* just like all the rest. Then the door opened and in tumbled Tenny, aged five, with two younger brothers under guard, all equally rosy and curly. They squatted under a big table of plants in bloom. . . . "A good deal of care for you, Mrs. Wetherell." "I don't find 'em so," she cheerily said, showing her white teeth.

August, 1869

To Morgan reception for General and Mrs. Grant. I was agreeably disappointed in both. Grant was well dressed and perfectly quiet and at ease; not at all an ordinary-looking man, with a solid, massive head to which R. Greenough said no justice had been done. He has a wonderful capacity of letting you talk, without

moving a muscle and then saying nothing himself. I did not see him smile nor seem cordial. Sherman is very cordial and lively, but clumsy. . . . But his face has far *finer* lines than I expected — he seems like a schoolmaster, tall, thin, and active-minded, though not high-bred. General Franklin has a grand, massive figure. Mrs. Grant I liked; she seemed sensible, though not sympathetic; stands firmly on her feet and would hold her own anywhere.

This Mrs. Channing of Brattleboro', Vermont, was the grandmother of Francis Channing, now Lord Channing of Wellingborough:

. . . I went halfway to Boston with Cousin Susan [Channing]. . . . [She] was very entertaining. Did you ever hear of the Quincy aunts who used to take a journey to Niagara in their own carriage, every year for twenty years and never went down to the falls? That surpasses our neighbor Stuyvesant le Roy, who passed the Louvre daily for two years and came away without going inside. Also Cousin Susan says, "My dear, the greatest objection I have to Boston is that there is always some word which everybody uses. When I was there last, the word was *culture*. Every chit of a girl who came to see Bessie talked about *culture*. I got so tired of it I forbade Bessie to use it in my presence. In my young days we talked about *education* or *cultivation*." Mary suggests that to say culture, after these, is to substitute guano for the common manures.

NEWPORT, March 30, 1870

Evening concert of twelve Russians, in national black velvet coats and lace necktie; young men, some dark, some light, and mostly of rather a peasant look, with high cheek-bones. The music was wild and quite fascinating, especially one quartette with a delicious tenor voice, and full of little echoes and surprises, a wholly new sensation. There was a dreamy character to it all, and a tinge of sadness, belonging to that strange, undeveloped nation, the only European nation with an indefinite future.

It may not be inappropriate to insert here this item about Russian school-girls:

Julia De Kay [sister-in-law of R. W. Gilder] and Sarah Gibbs are chattering as hard as they can talk. Julia says, " When I was at school in Dresden, we used to lock up our *soap* to keep it from the Russian girls; they eat a cake of soap as we should eat any other cake, and they would bite off a whole mouthful from a candle! "

June 5, 1870

. . . The summer people are fast gathering, and it is like the birds returning to a nest or tree. Some day you go by and find the whole family astir, and in the autumn they disappear as suddenly. . . .

I was going to send you a report of my Mount Auburn remarks [Decoration Day]. The best was in the " Journal," for that alone put in a passage referring to Governor Andrew whose name the " post " bears,

and whose widow's face, looking from her window, was to me the one pathetic thing of the day as we passed through Charles Street. The "Journal" never having heard of Sweet Auburn naturally puts it "sweet autumn." . . . The effect of the whole pageant was lovely — some four hundred men, mostly young, well-drilled, and with mounted officers, all bearing flowers, and many carriages and wagons of flowers. All Cambridge seemed a bower as we marched through. The "posts" were out there to escort us, and soldiers and firemen with flowers; and Mount Auburn one mass of people. I spoke from a barouche before the chapel, and it was still and very easy to speak. It was touching to see the *unknown* mourners, those to whom it was still an open wound — one or two women in black with flowers in a carriage, or perhaps an open wagon. The popular instinct seems to hit the right medium very well — sympathy, with gloom; just enough marks of mourning to keep the feeling true, and the flowers and sunshine keeping away depression.

. . . That night I went to seven boarding-houses [with a view of moving to Cambridge] . . . nearly opposite Mary Greenleaf's [Brattle Street] was one; that would be pleasant, but horrid horse-cars every fifteen minutes. Mary says the passing would not be so bad as the *expecting*. "It would be," she says, "like those gentlemen who board somewhere in Europe, and every time they meet say, 'Death and marrow bones,' or some such thing." (Remember Death!)

September 3, 1870

I breakfasted to-day with "Tom Hughes" at Mr. Fields's, and you may like to hear about him. He was there for the day with a young Mr. Rawlins, his companion. He is a remarkably cordial and easy Englishman, and frank and intelligent as they all are; wonderfully well acquainted with American things and people, and has taken the "Anti-Slavery Standard" for years, so knows especially about radicals. Thus one gets on with him at once. In looks he is a plain likeness of his own picture — rather Scotch-looking I should say, with reddish hair and side whiskers, and rather marked features; tall and tolerably well-built, but not especially so, nor particularly active in motion; his voice not especially English and cuts off his *g*'s like a Bostonian. I think the better-educated an Englishman is, the less well he is apt to articulate; it is mechanics and sailors who have the clear, manly, ringing enunciation (bating the *h*'s). He is delighted with Lowell, but seemed to understand when I spoke of his reactionary position compared with his former self; said that Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson were all as good as their books, which surprised him. He thinks we overrate Whittier as compared to Lowell, and recited much of the latter's poetry, including some against England. He knew more about our humorists than any of us did, quoting Josh Billings with delight and praising Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" with enthusiasm. He calls himself an advocate of women's voting, but was dismayed at Lady Amberley's speaking in public, and said the radical men

were all frightened thinking *their* women would be speaking also. He seemed far less interested in this than Bryce and Dicey, the two young Englishmen who were here just now, with whom it was a main point of interest. He was delighted with a remark I quoted of Stephen Foster's [noted in "Anti-Slavery Days"], who said he should hate to farm at the West, and did not wish to put his spade in earth where it would not hit a rock, and said several times that he should go to Worcester to see him. . . . He talked a good deal about the Radical Club and wished he could attend it, though he thinks us all a set of popes and the most intolerant people he knows. When I refused a cigar after breakfast, he said with glee, "There! I knew it! Of course a member of the Radical Club would not touch a cigar!" He had been at Naushon and was amused with Mr. Forbes's "little principality" there; said the game laws of Europe were nothing to those he enforced there! He expressed quite a dislike to Whitman and to Swinburne, and was surprised when I told him that the three most zealous advocates of Whitman in America were Englishmen.

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NEWPORT, 1870

. . . There is a report that at the last Woman's Convention Mrs. Howe shook her small fist in S. S. Foster's face, but Mrs. Mariana [Mott] says, "It 's what *some* women ought to have done, years ago, and will do him good.". . .

I saw George Bradford the other day. We hear that he made the custom-house officer very angry on land-

ing by insisting that every article should be taken from his trunk to make sure that there was nothing contraband; and also that when he was captured as a Prussian spy he carefully explained that though he was no spy, he was far from sympathizing with the French! From which you will infer that he is much the same G. P. B.

This trip to New York was taken while *en route* for Cleveland to preside at a Woman's Suffrage Convention.

November 27, 1870

The most amusing scene I had was on the steamboat from here to New York. Little Mrs. Newbold Edgar was put under my escort (*née* Appleton, Daniel Webster's granddaughter), with lovely eyes and widow's weeds; but she has been abroad a year and is said to be engaged to young Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore. She is very nervous and full of French vivacity. We met General Butler and I introduced him to her. She at once began instructing him about French affairs and our foreign ambassadors with the most coquettish and airy zeal; that we had only three *gentlemen* in Europe; that it was the wives who were more important than the husbands, etc.; she never keeping still an instant and playing off eyes and bonnet ribbons and gloves at him unceasingly; and grim old Ben listening to her and playing her off as Dr. Johnson might have Mrs. Thrale, or better yet Mirabeau with one of Marie Antoinette's maids of honor.

She says that the Emperor's cousin told her that

Eugénie says she never wishes to hear of the Regency, nor of the Empire, nor of the Emperor, but to be left alone with her boy.

Yesterday I dined with the Reverend Doctor de Koven, an Episcopal minister who has come to live here. . . . There are two very odd old-mannish little boys, twelve and eight, very remarkably educated and full of facts. The little one is a demure little fairy . . . he sat by me on the sofa and we talked. He told me how many feet of hose the united engines of Newport had, etc.; then asked some questions about the war, and then looking up in the gentlest way said gravely, "Were you in the battle of Bunker Hill?" . . . I whispered it afterwards to the father and mother (very jolly people) to their immense delight, and the next day she got out of little Bertie that he really meant Bull Run!

— May 19, 1871

Interrupted by Bigelow and Bret Harte, with whom I drove and dined. Liked him very much; not striking in appearance or manner, but quite unspoiled; less shy than Howells and perhaps less refined; but manly and pleasing.

Said he could not conceive of any editors making suggestions as to his style; it would cease to be his own.

June 25

I have dined out twice this week, but not under exciting circumstances; once with four Philadelphia gentlemen who talked about different vintages and

brands of wine for an hour after dinner — a subject on which, as Waring suggested, I probably could not afford much valuable information. I don't mean that any considerable amount of wine was drunk; men talk about wine still, but hardly taste it. One of these (Boker the "poet") complained, "Nobody drinks now-a-days — they only sip."

July 29

Parton [the biographer, and husband of Fanny Fern] expressed greatest delight in Howells's "Wedding Journey"; thought it would live, and wished he had an income of two thousand dollars to settle on H. "It is no matter about me," he said; "I have n't the *gift* — I am a drudge, but Howells is capable of something better."

August 27, 1871

Afternoon saw M. Coquerel. . . . He described George Sand, who had sent for him to talk Protestantism. Both times he saw her she was sitting in a dark corner for eyes, with a dozen guests or visitors, all smoking cigarettes. She lighting one every ten minutes, asking questions and never saying a word — says she never does. At Nohant she has guests all evening; then at twelve walks alone in garden, then writes all night, takes another turn, and goes to bed in broad day and sleeps till noon. Never writes by day.

October, 1871

Lecture at Medford. Stayed at Hallowell's; tea with Wasson. H.'s guide in the Adirondacks said, "Do you know Jim Lowell?"

"No; who is he?"

"He 's a fellow down your way; writes books and poems."

"Yes; James Russell Lowell, I know him."

"Well, he 's a d——d ignorant cuss, ain't he!" (Then told of his wishing to be paddled on sunny side of brook, etc.)

The next letter describes a Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington:

December, 1871

The convention was an entire success, and they all said, would do much good; large and orderly audiences and much attention. George Hoar of Worcester, one of the ablest men in Congress, made a speech in which he gave it as the result of his long experience in courts that they needed nothing so much as a larger mixture of feminine or institutional element and thought our juries would get at truth far better if they were half women and the judges the same. He quoted the wife of Pontius Pilate, and many other instances of the greater acuteness of women in judging character, on which, he said, the investigation of evidence half consisted.

. . . I went to see Mr. Sumner, who was grand as ever in his egotism — "I know more about judges than any man in America." "After I am gone, there is nothing in the gift of the people of Massachusetts which George F. Hoar may not expect." He has a sort of levee every Sunday — people coming and going.

The same letter speaks of Judge Bell, who had married one of the Storrow cousins in Virginia:

He is now judge, it seems, and he and Maria came on to Lincoln's first inauguration, their Unionism holding out till then. At that time the —— [neighbors] took the "Tribune," and I sent Maria the "Atlantic." For some time neither came, and on inquiry they learned that the Vigilance Committee used to burn the two in the post-office yard, as incendiary documents. I felt quite proud of this.

Of course the life at Mrs. Dame's brought the Higginsons in contact with a variety of stray "transients."

Nora Perry, author of a popular poem called "After the Ball," was endowed with a great quantity of red hair, and Colonel Higginson wrote thus of her:

DEAR A. AND L.:

. . . She [Miss Perry] is bright about one thing — she saw at once the effect her head had upon me and spoke of it with amazement to Juliet Goodwin, several times. "To think," said she, "that a man could walk up to the cannon's mouth and yet could n't stand my head!"

. . . The Perrys go to-day! I went in there, and Miss Nora, coming down, began at once on her usual theme — "Mrs. Douglass has just been talking to me about *my head;* she says it looks like an imitation of the negroes, all crimped up so!"

January, 1872

I am just back from Providence where I spent yesterday and lectured. On Saturday evening I was to speak on Woman Suffrage at Woonsocket, and stepping into a barber shop at Providence had the good preliminary experience of being shaved by a woman — the first time in my life. She said there were quite a number who did it in New York and Philadelphia. She was a neat colored woman of thirty-five, wife of the barber. It was a very good text for my speech — now, when women travelling in sleeping-cars are tucked up by chamber*men*.

Last week I, too, heard Miss Cushman read — a selection of shorter poems — and never enjoyed more, hardly Fanny Kemble. She read a touching little poem of humble life called "The Young Gray Head," by Mrs. Southey, so that you seemed to see every fibre of thatch on the roof and every bristle on the dog's back.

Undated

Miss Smith is a disagreeable Philadelphian of fifty-five who fell in love with Phillips Brooks and took passage by steamer for Europe with him; he waiting for the next. She stopped at Halifax and came on board his steamer smiling. She is rather cracked and hard to dislodge from boarding-houses.

October, 1872

Dear Sisters:

The Warings sailed yesterday, I suppose. . . . That seems the last squeeze of the orange of Newport for the

winter, and it only remains to see if any of the newcomers are promising. I therefore began with the Sidney Everetts. He is a little dried-up wasp of a creature, son of the great E. E., studies languages and nurses his lungs; she a fine, hale, English-looking woman, Dick Fay's daughter; you remember her mother at the old Judge's, or I do. It is odd; she says she does n't feel bound to live in a country (United States) where her husband has no more votes than any negro or Irishman. (I never knew a big woman with a forlorn little husband who did n't exalt him and abhor female equality.)

In the same year he wrote again to his sisters:

Did you ever hear of any poems by Emma Lazarus? She is rather an interesting person, and her volume of poems was better received in England than here. They are rather in the Morris style. She is a Jewess; they are very rich and in fashionable society in New York, and she has never seen an author till lately, though she has corresponded with Emerson. It is curious to see how mentally famished a person may be in the very best society. . . . Less excluded from brains are the J. J. Astors whom I took tea with at Richard Hunt's. They are very pleasing. . . . The son, perhaps twenty-two and the heir to forty million, is a modest, pleasing fellow absorbed in sculpture, and quite repining at having to learn law and business in order to manage his property. Mrs. Astor, a thin, dark woman of forty-three or so, had of diamonds (1) two ear-rings; (2) a cross; (3) a breastpin with monogram in small

diamonds; (4) an enamel snake coiled on her wrist, with head and neck covered with diamonds; (5) three diamond rings. It sounds fearful and yet had a less tawdry look than . . . more varied stones.

At the Ocean House reception, last night, one of the first figures I encountered was dear Jared [Sparks] wandering in a dreamy manner in search of Miss Florence, with whom he is staying here and who had danced away somewhere. He was very sweet and friendly towards you and all of us, and said many of the happiest associations of his life were with our family. I left him still wandering.

We have all been interested in Miss Murfree (C. E. Craddock), a cheery, little, pale body, lame in one foot, who goes about everywhere and enjoys Boston as we enjoy London or Paris. She holds her own capitally, modest and gentle, yet spirited and very wide-awake. I am a great admirer of her Tennessee stories.

The dinner to Froude was given at Delmonico's, and the only comment in the diary is, " not brilliant." The Bottas were Newport-New York friends, Professor Botta, an Italian, with a Vermont wife.

October, 1872

I went on to New York to the Froude dinner which was elaborate and elegant. . . .

I stayed at the Bottas and we had Froude there to lunch; also Messrs. Parke Godwin, John Bigelow (late Minister to France), Professor Draper (" History of the Development of Europe "), Bellows, Rev. Dr.

Smith, Frothingham, Godkin ("Nation"), Warner ("Summer in Garden"). The latter is stiff and quiet. Godkin I had never seen and liked unexpectedly: he is pleasing, intelligent, and reasonable, at least in talk. Froude is enjoying himself and is quite a lion; showed me some of his odd letters from strangers and autograph seekers.

This extract, written in 1873, refers to the author's first meeting with that strange genius, Emily Dickinson:

. . . I saw my eccentric poetess, Miss Emily Dickinson, who *never* goes outside her father's grounds and sees only me and a few others. She says, "There is always one thing to be grateful for — that one is one's self and not somebody else"; but Mary thinks this is singularly out of place in E. D.'s case. She (E. D.) glided in, in white, bearing a Daphne odora for me, and said, under her breath, "How long are you going to stay?"

When in camp in South Carolina in 1864, Colonel Higginson received his first letter from Emily Dickinson, who wrote, "War feels to me an oblique place."

Another letter of the year 1873 describes a visit made with that enthusiastic woman, Mrs. J. T. Sargent, whose house on Chestnut Street was in those days a popular meeting-place for distinguished men and women.

I went also with Mrs. Sargent to see Mrs. Wendell Phillips, who lay on her bed with a great Oriental rug

that looked like a continuation of the Bazaar. She was very bright and quick-witted. By my absence I missed seeing Mrs. Edward Guild, a wonderfully pretty and graceful creature. She is trying sculpture and came to ask Richard Greenough how to keep statues from tumbling down. Her hair is wonderful — the ends touch her boots; we have one hair one and five-eighths yards long, and some are one and three quarters.

She is going with Mrs. Hunt to Colorado. . . . The grave Edward [Rev. Edward Guild] is anxious about the Indians, and she says, "he does n't want them to get my hair!"

Apropos of a fire which had started in Theodore Parker's house, Higginson wrote:

June, 1873

The morning of that day I went to the fire, that is, to Mrs. Theodore Parker's. It was really delightful to see so many people going there at once; . . . all sorts of people, and Mrs. P. perfectly cool, though the room was hot from the fire. We got all ready to move, selecting especially all Mr. Parker's manuscripts, books with his notes in them, etc.; but nothing was actually moved out, though one faithful adherent had a cart in the court (Exeter Place), which was otherwise filled with engines and hose. We had blankets and pails of water to wet the outside of the house, but they were not needed. We could see back to the corner of W. Phillips's house, where he was moving all out, having

sent away Ann P. and Anne Alvord, both sick at the house — the former to the Sargents', where she told me over the banisters next day that she felt nicely and waked up singing, "Music in the Air."

I met Mrs. Sargent in the thick of the crowd, running home to receive A. P. [Mrs. Phillips] (the carriage being full), with flushed face, bonnet fallen back, and grasping in hand a basket with some rolls of paper and a pair of worked slippers.

February, 1874

. . . In Boston I lately dined with Wilkie Collins and liked him better than I had expected, as also Mark Twain whom I had not seen before. I dined at the latter's house in Hartford since; it seemed odd to have him say grace, yet it seemed a genuine thing. He has a very sweet refined wife. . . .

I went to the Woman Suffrage meeting in Providence. Nothing out of Dickens was ever more quaint and naïve than the two old Misses Smith giving before an audience the latest views as to their cows; talking as simply as if by their fireside, interrupting and corroborating each other, smiling, waxing indignant or humorous, and thoroughly satisfied to fight the good fight.

July 21, 1874

Last week I had a very pleasant day and night at Hartford, at the Philological Society meeting, staying at the Warners' — a charming house on the edge of a picturesque ravine near Hartford with great beautiful chestnuts around it and seeming in absolute seclusion.

Mr. and Mrs. W. are most agreeable hosts, and the cat Calvin stood up beside me and wished to help himself from my plate. When before breakfast I went out with W. to pick raspberries in the little garden and "Polly" came out to meet us, it seemed like "Summer in a Garden," indeed.

. . . Did I tell you of seeing General McClellan one evening at Charles Perkins's? He has rather a crushed and discouraged look. It rained hard that night and three foreign diplomats brought me home in their hack — an Italian count, a Russian baron, and a Spanish admiral — and not a man of elegance among them.

February, 1875

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How you do go on about Weiss! That 's the impression he always makes on enthusiastic young women; he is "a man one part flesh and three parts fire," Mrs. Runkle said. His mind has so fine an edge to it, though — a feather edge, easily turned.

July 17, 1875

This week we have had the Philological Convention and I have been very busy managing it and billeting the people about. Thursday we went up the river to Rocky Point, about one hundred of us . . . and I presided at the dinner and had a little good talking. Professor Rogers [of the Technology] and his sweet wife were there and helped. Rocky Point is a beautiful place, and the long dining-hall looks directly on the

water. The great shady grounds are always full of people (from one to five thousand daily) enjoying themselves in all ways. No liquor is sold, and some German gentlemen present were quite delighted with this proof that Americans could amuse themselves.

. . . We have also had in the house Elizabeth Stuart Phelps whom we had never seen; she is a very interesting person, sallow and sick-looking, but with beautiful dark liquid eyes and fine smile; not graceful, but infinitely truthful and self-devoted; utterly free from selfishness or display.

May, 1875

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I took two hurried trips to Boston, presiding at an evening Woman Suffrage festival and again at the morning session of Free Religions. Dear old Lucretia Mott spoke. She said that long ago in noting the failing powers of a speaker, she told her daughter she herself should stop speaking at sixty. Her daughters think "mother takes a long time in being sixty," as she is now past eighty and still spoke half an hour clearly and forcibly.

The concluding notes were found on scraps of paper, perhaps for use in lectures. Colonel Higginson once said that nothing would induce him to go to a lecture without notes in his pocket, and that nothing would induce him to take them out after he got there!

Of Tom Appleton [brother-in-law of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow], who was to the circle of clever men

at Cambridge what Luttrell, for instance, was to the Greville circle, I knew something at Newport. Like Luttrell he said better *mots* than anybody, and like him left nothing behind, unless it were in Appleton's case those verses called "The Whip of the Sky," which so well describes the tonic effect of the New England climate. He was that rare character in America in those days, and even now, a man of wealth and leisure without regular vocation or domestic ties, affectionate yet selfish, paying deference to no man, taking up favorites and putting them down at will, free-thinking yet superstitious, cosmopolitan yet American, unpuritanical yet free from actual vice. He always had favorites about him, to whom he was exuberantly kind until superseded; took sudden fancies, tapped a young artist on the back while copying in the Louvre, and said, "Come with me to Egypt," and took him, paying all expenses. He treated ladies as men, with no more courtesy, but equal intellectual recognition. . . . I once dined with him tête-à-tête at his house in Newport. . . . I felt as if I had had a day with Horace Walpole. No man of that day produced so much of utterly ungarnered grain as Tom Appleton.

In a circle where Holmes and Lowell were the leading spirits, it was a great thing to have some one who when so moved would ride directly over them and talk them down. This was true of Appleton, but of no one else except, at rare intervals, Agassiz. For information, Whittier surpassed any of them, although trained only by reading in a library, and the person who came

nearest Appleton in sheer flow of reminiscences was Josiah Quincy, second bearer of that name.

Another man of great practical successes and brilliant social gifts was himself a son of Newport; one who traversed this country as a great engineer and Europe as an organizer of expensive engineering projects, who went through hairbreadth adventures by the dozen. . . . This was Clarence King. I know no book of personal travel which is to-day so fascinating in every page as his "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" [1871]. . . . Among the simple and powerful mountaineering notes there are scenes not to be forgotten of personal peril from the frontier marauders, scenes of lonely climbing, of swift rescues, and of all manner of oddities. I still find myself turning to it when other books fail, and there is no mood which it cannot meet.

CHAPTER VI

FOREIGN TRAVELS

In 1872 and in 1878 Colonel Higginson made his first trips to England and the Continent; and these "bits of travel" are taken from his journals.

Soon after his arrival in England he wrote, May 9, 1872:

I came on to Chester and found a dense crowd in the station, because of the races. . . . There was horsy England, indeed; . . . the horses and riding were all I had imagined, but the human sight much more. Besides the gentlemen on the grandstand, and near them, there were hundreds of professional betting men, each standing on a chair or post, with his name and address round his hat, or on his umbrella (for it rains every fifteen minutes and stops, nobody minding it), and a money-bag round his neck with the same address on it; and in all the intervals of races all these men and most of the gentlemen are shouting at the top of their voices, "I back the field"; or, "Five to four on Solon"; or whatever the horse is, and these thousand voices make a roar like battle. The races are on the loveliest green meadow outside the walls . . . and the Dee winds round it and the wall is lined with people overlooking; and inside the track there is an extemporized village of tents, booths, photographers, people playing Aunt Sally and throwing sticks, and great steam merry-go-rounds, carrying fifty people on

wooden horses three abreast. All deep in mud, all jolly, and the beautiful racers with jockeys in gorgeous colors cantering on the track and between the races; and over all, this tumult of voices.

London, May 12

. . . The Zoölogical Gardens [are] . . . admirably arranged and most interesting. Five tall white cranes in a row asleep, each on *one* leg and his head and neck concealed — it was like so many cotton balls on tall sticks; then the funny little hopping penguin, his wing only a flipper, and in the cage with him a glorious frigate bird with vast wings, as figured in Michelet. Presently a man said to me — a well-dressed Englishman — "*There's* a great man, though he don't look like it," and he pointed to a little short stuffy red-faced man in a queer gray surtout. "That," said he, "is Sir Edwin Landseer!" To see him see animals was a treat — and I followed him. But he turned out to be Sir *Thomas* Landseer, after all. Millais was there, too, that afternoon, but I did not know it.

May 13

The only day of hard rain I have seen — went to Hon. Mrs. Grey about Female Education, Lady Rose's friend — a sweet ladylike, elderly personage with plenty of good ideas and says she was always radical. The royal princesses, she says, are also so. Then to lunch with Sir Charles Dilke, a young, amiable, rather self-important person, with a keen bright wife, like an American, much quicker than himself and quite con-

servative, but thinking that England may be a republic two hundred years hence, " when Charley 's in his little grave." We studied out the Wentworths and he is proud of being descended from three regicides. In evening to House of Commons, but though I had a Speaker's order, could not get in till after Gladstone and Disraeli were done.

May 14

. . . At four drove out with the Smalleys [George W. Smalley, American journalist] and Ida Greeley — Horace's daughter, a nice little naïve thing — to Hammersmith to see the Harvard crew row. The Thames is very pastoral there, trees and slow barges. Dined with Smalley and had Holyoake the radical, a very interesting man to me, and told me much. . . . Oh, I forgot that before dinner I went in to see dear Una Hawthorne, sweet and loving as possible and looking nobly with her great eyes, seeming perfectly well, but I fear —

May 15

. . . Peeped into the wonderful Albert Hall, the longest in the world — seats eight thousand people. Many of the boxes and single seats were covered to show them *sold;* i.e., leased for ninety-nine years! That is English.

Mrs. Higginson, who had been a lifelong invalid, died in the autumn of 1877, and the following spring Colonel Higginson went abroad for several months.

May 13, 1878

A perfectly delightful trip to Aldershot to see the Queen review the troops. . . .

Possessing an average share of American audacity, I found no great difficulty in pressing my way, even on foot, to a very favorable position, quite near the flagstaff beneath which the majesty of England was to take its stand. . . .

Her Majesty has the royal virtue of punctuality, and all eyes were turned toward a low straw-wagon with two white ponies, which came trotting along the line of spectators.

. . . It was called very brilliant, and certainly the predominant English scarlet is incomparably more effective to the eye than our sober blue. But the very perfection of the appointment made it all seem such a play-soldier affair; I had grown so accustomed to measure soldiers by their look of actual service that a single company of bronzed and tattered men would have been a positive relief among these great regiments of smooth-faced boys. This involved no reproach to the young recruits, and did not affect the mere spectacle, but it impaired the moral interest. However, the drill and the marching were good, though there is a sort of heaviness about the British soldier when compared with the wonderful vigor and alertness of German infantry. As for the uniforms, the arms, the appointments, the horses, they were simply magnificent; I do not believe that there ever was an army in finer material condition than those sixteen thousand men at Aldershot.

And all this brilliant display was subject to a woman, and when the final salute was paid, every gun was at "present arms" for her, and in her honor the band played "God save the Queen." There was something of real majesty in her manner, as she stood up before her soldiers in acknowledgment of the salute. She is short, stout, with a rather heavy and not altogether a pleasing face, even as pictures delineate her: but in spite of all this, she has dignity of bearing which amounts almost to grace and is the only personal charm that her subjects claim for her. Even this does not make her exactly popular, and at this very time I heard unkind remarks in regard to the large Highlander, John Brown, her confidential servant, who in gorgeous array sat behind Her Majesty, much more lofty and conspicuous than herself. But I am afraid it is true that England still prefers to be ruled by a queen; and it is certain that the present sovereign will hold her prerogatives, such as they are, with a firm hand. I never find myself quite such a ruthless republican anywhere else as in England; and yet there is a certain historic satisfaction, after the long subordination of women, in thinking that the wealthiest monarchy of the world — and in some respects the foremost — takes its orders from a woman's hand.

May 15, 1878

Lunched at [Moncure D.] Conway's. They now live in a perfectly charming house, set in the middle of a large old-fashioned garden with trees, lawn and paths, all surrounded by a high brick wall, utterly

separating it from the world-like garden in Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter." . . . At lunch was only Mrs. Hennessy, the very pretty and picturesque wife and model of that artist. They live in France. . . .

Then we went to see a Mrs. Rogerson, quite highly connected, and such a character. In ran the heartiest, most offhand little person in black silk, looking Irish rather than Scotch, which she is, greeting eagerly my companions (she is radical) and rattling away at first about horses. She seemed like some one from Miss Edgeworth's novels. "Ye may get a smacking good horse in Provence for ten pound." She told the liveliest stories of a high-born little German niece of ten now staying with her, "the greatest *gamin* ye ever heard of, except meself." This child ran outdoors, eluding all governesses, and was found in a crowd, perfectly absorbed in "Punch," with her arm round the neck of a butcher boy who was holding her up on the curbstone, a handsome, fair-haired child, beautifully dressed. . . . She [Mrs. Rogerson] was partly brought up at the Court of Hanover, where her sister is lady-in-waiting.

Dined at a quarter of eight with the Russell Gurneys — they were at Newport with the Joint Commission. They live in the palatial part of London; superb great houses in gardens, called Palace Gardens, behind Kensington Palace, looking on Kensington Gardens. The Gurneys have lived there twenty-five years. It was quite a swell dinner party, though of nice, simple people. I sat on Mrs. Gurney's left (it was not a party for me) and on her right Mr. Howard, the great friend

of Mr. Sumner, and brother of the Earl of Carlisle — a fine-looking, elderly man. Then there was a Mr. Rothsey . . . a very agreeable man who travelled with Kingsley in the United States and knows all about American botany; also young Northcote, who was with the Joint Commission in Washington and wishes he were there again. Two of the ladies were pleasant nieces of Mrs. Gurney, sisters, I suppose, of those three young girls who were drowned in the Nile when travelling with the Gurneys there. There were about a dozen in all, waited on by four menservants, two in livery, two not, and these have lived from seven to twenty-seven years with the Gurneys — what a feeling of permanence that gives! It was strange to see Mrs. Gurney, so shy and retiring in America, though always sweet and intelligent, now receiving company, elegantly dressed, with diamonds, and looking quite at her ease. He looks and is old and ill, and the dignified butler when I asked him, as he showed me out, about his master's health, said, " We can't brag on him, sir."

May 21

Breakfasted with a good typical English family, Captain Verney, Royal Navy, son of Sir Henry Verney, and nephew of Florence Nightingale. He is one of the Prison Reform people and I met him there; has travelled in America. He asked me to come before five minutes of nine or after nine so as not to interrupt family prayers; so I went before. There was a breakfast table and a row of chairs. In came Captain V.,

his nice wife, and two friendly little girls, not afraid to be put on my shoulder. He rang the bell; in came a neat governess, four neat maids, and two neat men. Fancy all that for two grown people and two children in a small house!

May 22

. . . Went in afternoon to Gaiety Theatre, where Kate Field got up a Shakespeare jubilee. It was crowded and successful; object to build a theatre in Stratford. She got delightful actors together . . . and Miss Neilson with the lovely balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Kate Field's own acting (as a marquise) was rather wooden beside the others, though she had Vergin with her, and she recited an address of her own in poor taste. She was well received (though some one in the gallery said "Go it, Katy"!).

May 27

. . . Last night I dined with my kindest English friends, the Pollocks. Lady Pollock has just returned from Paris; she looks older than when I last saw her, but has the same bright eyes, sweet, kindly manners and intelligent talk. It was a good specimen of the pleasantest kind of small dinner. There were present only Sir Frederick, his eldest son, and two agreeable men and capital talkers — old Mr. Venable, whom I met before (he writes the "Annual Summary of Events" for the "Times"), and Mr. Newton, of the British Museum. The best London talkers I have seen are quieter than our brightest talkers; do not

flow or dilate, don't try to shine, but quietly and rather indolently bring out some capital story or witticism and then let it go.

. . . To-morrow Paris, to return June 12.

June 3

I had a perfectly delightful trip alone to Versailles. . . . When I walked through the vast halls laden with pride of kings, or at least the walls covered with them till Louis Philippe made it an historical museum, I felt anew what a great landmark in history the French Revolution was and what strength it showed in the nation who could overthrow the old régime, with all its prestige about it. . . . There we saw halls devoted to Napoleon's glories in the same way — even more unvaryingly warlike than the others. The Galerie des Batailles is the chief of these. . . . But it touched me that in the very centre of the hall is the only picture of Peace — the really lovely face and figure of Joan of Arc relieving the siege of Orleans in 1429, riding on with her calm eyes steadily fixed above, bareheaded, serene; priests precede her, women cheer her, and a beautiful youth by her side seems to represent some younger generation that shall be trained in thoughts of peace. The battle scenes had suffocated me till I came to this, which seemed the sufficient protest against all.

June 6

Then the great Pantheon, with its pillars spotted with bullet marks — there is always fighting there in any revolution. When I was a boy I used almost to

weep over Holmes's poem, "La Grisette," and his vain search after her.

> "I wandered through the haunts of men,
> From Boulevard to Quai,
> Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
> The Pantheon's shadow lay."

June 10

I had this morning a very interesting talk with a young Boston artist named [Abbott] Thayer who came to Henry Higginson's hotel, where H. and I were talking, and claimed Henry for me and was equally happy to see us both. He is the son of my classmate Thayer and grandson of the old teacher; he has been living here three years with his wife and now his baby, in one upper room working in Gérôme's studio. His wife is German and a friend of Hélène Gilder's, and this has helped to keep him from the vices of the young artists of whose life he gave the most naïve particulars and very repulsive, after all, only that there seem to be such circles in Paris not so much of a defiance of morality as a sort of utter ignorance of certain virtues, so that vice is a shade less disgusting and more seductive. He says that the only young Frenchman in their *atelier* who pretends to any moral standard is an ardent Roman Catholic and a strong Bonapartist, the only Bonapartist there, and on all these grounds he is regarded as a sort of *lusus naturæ* by the others and always joked upon. He says that young American artists seem to have absolutely no moral fibre. They begin by good behavior, going twice to church for several Sundays, and then drop suddenly out of it all

and henceforth show ambition to lead the vices of the others. In Gérôme's studio there are seventy in all, half a dozen Americans. There was one studio (*atelier*) to which women were for a time admitted, chiefly American, and he can only explain their staying there by their not understanding the language well enough to interpret the songs and jokes of the young artists which were invented expressly to drive them away and finally succeeded.

READING [NEAR OXFORD]
(Rev. C. R. Honey's) June 17

Came here from London. . . . Honey took me first to his little church and then to the foundations of his new and larger one. He is a type so interesting to an American; vicar of a new parish, just created out of an overflowing one, as full of energy and activity as his American brother [then a Newport lawyer] and almost as radical in opinion. He calls himself a republican, favors disestablishment (thinking it will drive out drones and make the church more efficient), utterly rejects the infallibility of Scripture, the Jewish Sabbath, and the resurrection of the body; aims to combine all extremes in his church; has candles and flowers for the High-Church people, but never uses the word sacrament and calls himself Broad Church, and has several Quakers in his congregation. . . . He visits all families in his parish (which is geographical), whether Dissenters or not, and they always receive him well. I notice that Dissenting churches (chapels) now have steeples, but they are not allowed bells.

Tuesday, June 18

. . . I went to call on Master Jowett (he is master of the college and is addressed " Mr. Master " as we should say Mr. President). I sent up Conway's card of introduction and mine and was very kindly received. He is a scholarly, refined-looking man, gentle and quiet, with smooth, rosy face and very soft, fine white hair. He seemed pleased to talk about his " Plato " and hear of its cordial reception in America. We spoke, too, of the system of scholarships, and he thought the Harvard method " a very bad system "; i.e., limiting them to the poor, and said that, though rich young men rarely got them, yet the fact that they sometimes did increased the self-respect of all, and made it more the thing for rich young men to study; and the scholarships were now published as honors. Sometimes the richer young men give them back after winning them.

June 21

. . . I went to meet the Conways at Mrs. William Rossetti's reception. He is brother of Dante and Christina R., and she is daughter of Maddox Brown, the artist. Their house is the headquarters of the advanced set, the pre-Raphaelites in art, and those who celebrate Morris, Swinburne, Walt Whitman, and (formerly) Joaquin Miller. . . . The most interesting person to me was the artist Alma-Tadema with his young English (second) wife. He is short, strong, and fair, looks about thirty-five, with cordial manners. He has just returned from Florence with his

wife, where for six weeks it was so cloudy that she did not see the mountain line once. Almost everybody was artist or poet. . . . In the evening I went alone to a party at Mrs. [Louise Chandler] Moulton's. . . . Mrs. M. looked really finely in a lovely dress ("The Gospel of good gowns"). . . . The American delegation was not to my taste. . . . Joaquin Miller . . . Kate Field, looking very thin and worn, Julian Hawthorne, Grace Greenwood and daughter, a simple and rather pleasing girl who inherits her mother's Pennsylvania accent. The hostess appeared extremely well, and all was simple and in good taste.

June 22

Very warm, a sudden summer like ours. Went with the Conways to two garden parties — one in town, a mere reception with a little garden plot where people sat and had frozen coffee and heard the band of Captain Morgan's militia regiment. The one attractive woman there was lovely Mrs. Hennessy, the artist's wife, who ought to be photographed as much as Mrs. Langtry. She told me that when Joaquin Miller was first introduced to her and an English friend at a reception, he sat down between them and put his arms round both, touching them. Both jumped up, and the other asked Mrs. H., "Is this an American custom?" He had quite a flirtation with Miss Hardy, daughter of Sir Thomas Hardy, just dead, before they knew he had a wife, and it is since renewed with the understanding that he is to be divorced. I wish he would take her to his mountains and never reappear. The other party

was much more elaborate and just like a pretty scene from "Punch," an exquisite place — lawn, trees, and one-storied cottage, front very old, and all covered with "creepers" (they never say vine but of grape-vine). When I say from "Punch," I mean the pretty pictures.

At Datchet, near Windsor, June 23

[Here the traveller stayed with an interesting young couple, parishioners of Mr. Conway's.]

. . . After early tea we had the loveliest walk to Eton and Windsor (which are really one village along the Thames), through meadows more American than English. . . . The Queen was there, so the apartments were not open, but Mrs. Hickson has great energy and was resolved to get me in to the funeral services of the King of Hanover, to take place to-morrow, and went to one official after another, though the funeral is to be quite private in St. George's Chapel. It seemed to me that the Queen might bury her old uncle in private if she was a queen, but Mrs. H. thought otherwise. But we failed after going through the castle yard and cloisters and looking down on the fine view from the terrace. . . . The night was warm and I had an immense feather bed with blanket over it, such as you find in English houses, but I put it on the floor and slept on a hard mattress.

June 24

. . . Hickson and I went to Windsor and at last got inside the castle just as the private service was

done for King George of Hanover . . . and saw all come out. From one door came the Prince of Wales, while the muffled drums beat a roll and the guard presented arms. I had no good look at him, but he seemed like his pictures and good-looking. (Mrs. Hickson said of the Royal family, "After all, it's bad blood.") Just at the same time ladies in mourning came out opposite me, the Royal princesses showing solid German or English ankles as they got in their carriages, while the Princess of Wales had pretty feet and a light step like an American or a Frenchwoman. Her eyes glanced brightly, too, through her mourning veil. Then another carriage came to another door. The small crowd of spectators moved and the big form of John Brown showed Her Majesty approaching. She came from a private door and bundled in, and men around me said, rather disrespectfully, "Did you see Johnny Brown?" These carriages were quiet, but with the Royal lackeys in red dress-coats, black trousers, and white waistcoats and ties, on the box. Many gentlemen of the Court and foreigners walked from the chapel to the Royal apartments. They were in evening dress and wearing ribbons, and oddly trying to look mournful for an ex-king whom they had never seen.

. . . By the way, Honey was himself a ritualist for some years and used to hear confession. He says it was such nonsense, practically: women confessing generally to having neglected public worship or being too much devoted to a new sealskin cape. He used to prescribe the non-wearing of the cape for a certain

time. . . . Have I added about my parlor that it has gratings in the windows to keep students from getting in or out, as have the Oxford and Eton rooms generally?

June 25

Oxford. . . . Later we (Honey and I) took a dog-cart and a minute pony and drove out to Blenheim, eight miles. . . . We drove past a house where Chaucer lived, passed the great gate, picking up a small boy as guide and supervisor, and drove through part of the immense estate — the whole circuit being eight miles. . . .

The finest trees are wonderfully large cedars of Lebanon, but there is no end to the beauty of trees or of walks along the lake, and these are varied, not the vast and stately stiffness of Versailles, only the garden spots are stiff and formal. But the treasures of art are beyond description or comparison — room after room filled with Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and Carlo Dolce. It seemed incredible that it should be a private collection and I longed to spend hours and days there. I understand how people come from the Continent to England to study great masters. . . . Then the library is fascinating — dozens of old editions of Dante, Petrarch, and each classical author. There is no librarian, and when I asked the housekeeper how often they were dusted or dried she said, " They have not been touched for ten years." The Duke is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland where he lives and does not care for books. . . . An old man of seventy-eight went

about with us who has been sixty years on the place; he lives three miles off, must be there from seven to five-thirty every day, sweeps the paths, etc.; has seen four Dukes of Marlborough and is paid a shilling a day.

June 26

Oxford Commemoration Day. . . . E. P. [Edward Potter] went with us to the theatre at eleven, and our tickets admitted us to the area of lower floor among the dons and students—men only. . . . After a while, as we waited an hour, the cheering began for various things — for "Beaconsfield . . . and for the British Empire" enthusiastic; then groans for Gladstone. . . . Then the doors opened and the robed procession came in, all the Doctors of Law (D.C.L.) in scarlet gowns, including those about to be made: Lord Hartington, tall and erect, but with heavy face; Lord Napier, the general, with soldierly medals, scarlet gown, and *chapeau bras* with white feathers, a picturesque combination and received with enthusiasm; Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the great lawyer, big and ponderous; our Edward Pierrepont, the most inferior-looking of the lot. . . . My friend, Mr. Bryce, made the Latin speech for each one amid many interruptions from the undergraduates. . . . There was renewed enthusiasm over Napier, and then all were convulsed when one sung the latest form of the "Jingo song":

> "We don't want to fight, but, 'by Jingo,' if we do,
> We won't go ourselves, we 'll send the mild Hindoo."

Certainly these English are readier to "chaff" themselves than any one else. . . . The Professor of Poetry's Latin speech fared little better, and the chief prize essayist was tormented unmercifully, being much too long — such courteous taunts, "Could n't you leave a little of it out, sir?" "Could n't you get on a little faster, sir?" "The ladies are all going to sleep, sir," in the most dulcet and encouraging tones. . . . I should have said that when Pierrepont came, and Bryce in guarded tones complimented his country rather than him, one said softly in nasal tones, "I guess we know about that," and then sang, *sotto voce*, a verse of "Yankee Doodle." . . . I should say that a conspicuous figure in Bachelor of Arts gown was a very black youth from Africa with whom I had some talk. They call him "King Cole."

June 27

Waked early with regret from my last night in College. . . . One of the Hertford College guests was an extraordinary little colonial Bishop of whom I must tell — Bishop McDougall, of Ceylon, or Borneo. He distinguished himself some years ago by taking command of an English ship at Borneo, and sinking boat after boat of native pirates by running them down, he himself steering; and he wrote such an animated account of the execution done by his own rifle as to scandalize people much. He is a very striking-looking man, short, very broad and strong, standing firmly on legs clad in Episcopal knee-breeches; he is bronzed, bald, and with a magnificent black and gray beard like

Weiss; he often wears a velvet skull cap, and as he walked up the area at Commemoration in this and his scarlet Doctor's gown, he was most effective to the eye.

In Scotland, Colonel Higginson visited his cousin, Frank Channing.

June 28

From Edinburgh to St. Fillan's (8.30 A.M. to 2 P.M.). . . . All Scotland is literally becoming one vast game preserve, moors letting as high (where there are red deer) as £4000 or £20,000 for the season; a common estimate is that each brace of grouse costs 10 shillings (or $2.50).

June 29

St. Fillan's, Loch Earn. I am sitting in the most delightful doorway . . . looking on the beautiful lake. Loch Earn is seven miles long with steep, wooded banks, soft and tinged with blue. . . . The house is the last in the village but one, and there is only a road between it and the loch. This morning one cart has passed and one or two anglers — that is literally all. I don't know how we are fed, but nobody comes to the house. . . . Opposite is a bare mountain 2200 feet high (Ben Bhan); behind this on the left is the forest of Glenartney — "lone Glenartney's hazel shade" — and on the right is the shoulder of Benvoirlich. Thus we are at the beginning of the "Lady of the Lake." This morning, when I looked out first,

"the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,"

and in the barking of a pack of dogs across the lake I could fancy

> "The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
> Resounded up the rocky way."

This lake is north of Loch Katrine; and some of the scenes of "The Legend of Montrose" took place along here. I walked before breakfast along the lake, and brought home a handful of great foxgloves, which I never can resist or get used to their growing wild.

June 30

Such a hot day! I went to the little Free Kirk, holding about one hundred people and full. . . . The use of Sunday is severe, though; nobody would drive except to church, and there is a law forbidding boats on the loch. I took a long walk up on the moors behind the house, getting perhaps fifteen hundred feet above the sea by a stony path. . . . It was utterly wild; only chattering curlews soaring and plovers, with the sweetest, wailing, flute-like notes. High up I followed a brook and came upon the cellars and walls of deserted cottages clustered along the brook. Frank has found other such villages; the children born there are now in Canada or Australia. That is the saddest aspect of Scotland — men banished to make way for grouse.

London, July 10

Went to a charming garden party at Mr. Spottiswoode's, President of the Royal Society, an eminent chemist. . . . Mark Pattison is quite a lady's man in a professional kind of way, and sweet Mrs. Smalley

calls him " that dear old Mark." She dresses exquisitely and is always graceful. Presently I saw two tall, slim, English-looking girls in the straightest possible green dresses, and a boy and another girl. These turned out to be the Smalleys and Miss Huxley. The Smalleys inherit the father's muscles and have big hands and feet; they are perhaps thirteen and nine. . . . We had refreshments, but rather too light for our coming so far, bread and butter and strawberries, whereas at other out-of-door garden parties there has been quite a dinner. At six or so the vehicles were ready for us, and " the country people " who had come in their own carriages stood on the lawn, thirty or forty, to see us off before leaving. As we drove back there were more children than ever to cheer us and throw hay and flowers, and the Smalleys and their friend Huxley's daughter, who went on our drag, threw them ha'pence and were in the highest spirits. I went to London in the carriage (railroad) with a pleasant man, Mr. Pigott, licenser of plays, the man who says what is proper to act, and how long the skirts of the dancers must be.

The random chronicles now range from London to the Continent.

PARIS, July 19

. . . We board with Madame d'Harmenon, well known to many Bostonians, and indeed when I sent her my card she thought it was Henry H., whom she had formerly taught. The Foote brothers (Henry and

Arthur) found her through a banker and say she knows half Boston. She is a sunny, talkative, good-looking Frenchwoman of about fifty, I suppose, with a son of about twenty-three in the army, daughter Alix (Alice) at home, and a little boy. There is also a speechless artist husband at the other end of the table who avoids everybody. Madame is the household, keeps house, manages the money, gives lessons, and is adored by her children and liked by all her boarders. . . .

I spent the best hours of that day (after moving) at the Exposition, taking Mrs. Moulton (Louise Chandler) there and showing her things. She is much improved and developed by her London life and wonderfully unspoiled by it. She has really had a success among literary and artistic people such as is very rare. Lord Houghton, for instance, gave her two breakfasts, one on her arriving (to which Browning and Swinburne came and Tennyson was asked) and one on the publication of her book of poems which has been far more noticed and admired in England than at home.

July 20

Expedition to Fontainebleau. . . . A dear little boy sold photographs and I said, after buying one, "Aimez-vous bien la république Française," and he said, so prettily, "Ah, Monsieur, je suis encore trop jeune pour y former d'opinion," or something like that. It was a touch of high art, especially as he was not much older than the republic. The old guide had been sixty years in the forest and his father before him, and he said he was there "comme un oiseau sur le nid."

July 23

In the evening for the first time saw acting! . . . the great parts were by Sarah Bernhardt and Croisette. . . . It [" L'Etrangère "] is considered a rather *moral* play by Alexandre Dumas *fils*, but, as Mrs. Tweed said, French morality is a shade worse than French immorality.

A few days later the traveller went to Normandy to visit the Hennessys.

Le Manoir
near Honfleur, Normandy
July 30

. . . In the war with Prussia the Uhlans came as far as Honfleur, but the fishermen had carried every boat large and small across to Havre and the invaders could not cross. The women all hid their linen (their great treasure) under their cabbage-beds. Mrs. Hennessy afterwards questioned a German servant as to what *they* would have done had the French crossed the Rhine, and she said, " We should have buried our linen under our cabbage-beds." So that evidently the soldiers of each army would have known just where to look. The pretty Lisa, the maid here, has a lover, a rich, young, handsome miller who is just conscripted for five years so that they cannot be married, and she is in despair. They dread the conscription so that when this young man's elder brother was drawn, the father, being refused permission to buy him off, actually shot himself so that the young man, as the eldest son of a widow, would be excused.

LE MANOIR, August 2

I don't think you could fancy any pleasanter life for my particular taste, away from home, than a Normandy château with nothing about it that is not picturesque, perfect weather, a few pleasant grown-ups, and half a dozen children to romp with. . . . At dusk Mrs. Hennessy has to make her rounds of the outbuildings — where the servants are afraid to go after sunset for fear of "seeing something" — to put her various animals to bed; see that the rabbits are shut in; that there are stones on the hencoops to keep the foxes from overturning them; to collect the young pigeons from the eaves of the sheds and shut them away from the little owls who come in the night from the ivied church tower to devour them. It is like a scene in *Mirèio* to see this wonderful woman [from Middletown, Connecticut, originally], with three or four of those soft white feathery things piled against her bosom and held with difficulty together by her small hands, conveying them along to the doors from which the older pigeons have cast them out, and scolding and soothing the whole cooing family into peace. . . .

In the afternoon we had a charming drive among the hills. . . . On the way we passed a *colombier*, or old water-tower for pigeons, which made such bitterness before the Revolution, when only nobles were allowed to rear them and they [the pigeons] fed on the crops of the peasants. Old people still remember the bitter feeling, and now nobody is allowed to keep that old breed of pigeons, but only a domestic breed that never

strays from home. I find nothing harder to realize than that this was the country of the French Revolution and that all these country churches were gutted then.

August 3. *En route*

With real regret I have torn myself away from this charming place and feel quite lonely for a moment at quitting the Hennessys. . . . I had an hour at Lisieux, which was delightful. Of the two churches I could only see St. Jacques, not the cathedral. But the old houses fulfilled my visions of Normandy picturesque. They are quite beyond Honfleur, and there is a single house which eclipses all in Chester — the house of the Salamander in a very narrow street. It is four stories high, not large, but the woodwork absolutely covered with the quaintest old carving; every timber end and upright has weird faces or figures, sometimes in very high relief, the whole crowned by a great salamander, which seems crawling down from the ridgepole — this creature being the crest of King Francis the First, to whom it belonged. Beneath that roof Pierre Ronsard and Clément Marot very probably sang and caroused and then went to confession in the old church near by. Now the house is almost tottering and the lower part is a clothing store of the cheap grade. I lifted a coarse frock marked three francs to enter the door where the beauty who threw the glove to the lion may have passed out (see Browning's poem " The Glove ").

From Normandy Colonel Higginson strayed into the borderland of Germany and Switzerland.

August 6, 1878, Coblentz

. . . This morning I breakfasted opposite two German students with fresh rosy faces, slit all over from duels — one with four cuts on nose, lip, and cheek; the other with one long one. . . . About half the people are English and Americans. . . . One Englishwoman had feet so small and pretty I said she could *not* be English, and the Hartford ladies interviewed her and she proved to be half French, which explained it. I have never yet seen those supercilious English of whom we hear; they seem just as approachable as Americans. This English-French lady has been several times up the Rhine and said she needed no guidebook but Longfellow. As for Mark Twain, they all quote him before they have spoken with you fifteen minutes and always give him a place so much higher in literature than we do. I don't think any English prose writer is so universally read.

August 7

. . . My German-English-Greek friend, Mr. Cherabin, went with me up to the fortress [Ehrenbreitstein]. . . . Cherabin is an interesting companion, full of activity and talk. He has no children, but is very fond of them, but only of *English* children, he says, declaring that German children are so repressed and so over-schooled from five years old that they have no life in them — " never wish to do mischief." The only mischief they ever do is to throw snowballs sometimes in winter, but they are always repressed for that; English children alone have life and mischief. . . . I

Ehrenbreitstein = "brightstone of honor"

am struck with the unsoldierly air of the German soldiers on fatigue duty. They wear coarse white frocks, etc., and look like common laborers, except that a man will sometimes have a china pipe literally as long as my umbrella.

August 19, Neuchâtel-Berne

. . . I had a very pleasant companion in the liveliest little Swiss school-boy. . . . He received a few little seed-cakes and plums at Bienne with that sense of enormous obligation so delightful in dealing with the age of thirteen, and gave much information and polite advice. . . . I am still always taken for English by Englishmen, but twice to-day was known as American by French Swiss — first by a bookseller who could not or would not say exactly why, and then by my little boy, who said on cross-examination that he saw Boston on a newspaper I had, but he should have known it from my speaking French; that the English spoke with much more accent than Americans, which is certainly true, our higher and more nasal voices helping us on this side of the Channel, no doubt. Then he said, " Monsieur n'aime pas les Anglais, n'est-ce pas? " He seemed fresh from the history of the Revolution by the way he spoke. I said that I liked the English very well, but that being a republican I preferred my own country and that seemed to content him. " J'aime beaucoup les Américains," he said. (It was after the plums.)

August 27, at Lausanne

I am alone on the little wharf from which one of the

boats with great lateen sails has with difficulty got away — they are like the Fayal boats and are more picturesque than any other. . . . I breakfasted looking into the garden where Gibbon finished his great book. The day promises to be clear, but may not. Here comes the boat — such a surprise! When I stepped forward four ladies rose, of whom three said, "Oh!" It was Mrs. Cheney and Mrs. W. H. Channing and their two respective daughters, all in Boston waterproofs and looking as if just from the Woman's Club. They, too, were going to Chillon as I was, and we naturally joined forces. . . . Some one was fishing from an upper window as we approached, which looked peaceful. . . . I do not think the castle is a disappointment on the whole. It is now a sort of arsenal and had *Patrie et Liberté* painted in large letters outside. Afterwards we walked to Montreux to a beautiful terrace before a church, and waited there for the boat. Theodore Parker used to sit there in his last illness.

STALDEN, September 6, 7 P.M.

I have walked here from Visp (one and one-half hours), and it is by far the most genuine bit of mountain life I have seen. . . . My guide was a young fellow of twenty who went round by his house to get his old mother to hand him out his satchel with food. I asked if he was a good son, and he hung his head and said, "except about going to church." I thought this so like mothers, the world round, probably.

The next foreign trip was made in 1897. At Gen-

eral Sir George Higginson's bidding, we visited his home on the Thames.

July 15

Here we are at Sir George Higginson's beautiful country-seat, which he inherited. The house is large and part of it was built in Queen Elizabeth's time.

First experience of the simple ways of English houses, but I do not like so much waiting upon.

From this visit we returned to London.

July 17

Afternoon at Alma-Tadema's studio, a fascinating and picturesque house of which the studio is the centre; his wife has one also. He is a rigorous Dutchman, cordial in his praise of American art as seen in La Farge's stained glass and Tiffany's glass-work. Says America leads the world in these.

In September Colonel Higginson wrote from Paris:

The best thing I have done is to go to the top of the Eiffel Tower, twice as high as any other building on earth. There was a high wind when we got up and the building did not tremble. It seemed to me as great a triumph of man in dealing with matter as were the Pyramids — perhaps greater. Another great triumph of men (or women) over accidents is the cheerful and active life of a young [American] girl here . . . who was born without legs and with only one arm; she is full of activity, a capital traveller (on a little portable chair), speaks four languages, and has a fine voice for

singing, highly trained. She is as great a wonder as Helen Keller.

INVERSNAID HOTEL
LOCH LOMOND, September 21

Here we are in the bonnie Highlands. We . . . had a pleasant Scotchman (a clergyman) for companion as far as Aberfoyle, which we reached about eleven-thirty, riding through moors where the heather was like purple cushions. He pointed out the mountains by name and said, "They say in the colonies that a Scotchman is a man who keeps the Sabbath Day and everything else he can lay his hands on!"

In the spring of 1901 we again "crossed," this time on an excursion steamer for Italy.

March, 1901

Then came Tangier. . . . We saw a wedding procession pass the house with a veiled bride in a curtained arrangement on a donkey, and men before and behind with lighted candles round their hats.

March 27

. . . On Sunday we walked through two vast and wonderful markets (it was market-day), among innumerable Arabs mostly wearing a few flapping garments of bagging, but some of the richer ones dark blue. The women, barelegged to the knees, with faces muffled, and little girls always had something over their heads, but had no great care to keep the face covered. Bright-eyed babies in pouches on back.

Every conceivable thing was carried on their shoulders; even large sheep and goats were held by their legs like shawls around their necks. There were many beggars, but our alert young guide kept them off. . . . The streets are so narrow that it is hard to pass a loaded donkey, and they are fearfully dirty. . . . After lunch we all went to ride on mules (!!) to different points — through the market again, now thinner, but with more specialties, men peddling water held in goat-skins (with brass cups on a brass chain, which they rattle to attract attention, water being two cents per cup); and a juggler covered with bells and dancing about. . . . We aimed especially for the Sultan's gardens (each city or district has a sultan), and as we rode up and down sandy and sometimes muddy hills, there was an endless stream of people alongside; poor peasants going home from market to their huts miles off — all wretchedly dressed and mostly women. One of us asked if these people lived in pretty thatched huts of turf which we sometimes passed, and the answer was, "No, that is where the rich people live." The road was bordered with aloes and eucalyptus and what looked like gorse, prickly pear, and palmetto. At last we came to a high, locked door, and after pounding were admitted by a picturesque, Greek-looking youth, and were soon led among rough, neglected paths among innumerable orange trees (with both flowers and fruits) and kept laden with oranges [which we were allowed to freely pick]. After this we were led back through an old ruined castle, now used for a city prison, where our girls were led in and saw the

poor fellows behind gratings, who pointed to their mouths to show hunger. . . . The British gave up Tangier in 1684 after twenty-two years' occupancy. (It came to them in 1662 as a part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza who married Charles II.) They blew up a fine mole or pier they had built, and there are still great fragments of rock which look like persons praying or veiled women, so that the Arab women sometimes go and kneel to them, when the tide is low. . . . [The name of] one young Portuguese with whom I talked French . . . was Quillinan, nephew or grand-nephew of the Quillinan who married Dora Wordsworth — so little is this world!

March 23, 1901

Last night we all went with our bright young Spanish guide . . . to one of the coffee-house concerts. . . . Ernest led us down the little paved lane we call a street and upstairs into a room decked to the ceiling with all sorts of Moorish arms and pipes and ornaments, and among them two cheap American clocks, one of which had stopped. Before us was a pile of slippers which the Moors had dropped because the music is considered religious, though hilarious. All over the floor squatted turbaned men, in every variety of flowing raiment, the older usually wearing white turbans to show they were married and the younger having red, as bachelors. There were some thirty in all of whom ten were the band, thrumming various stringed instruments; others were smoking, often with a preparation of opium in a long, delicate pipe which

they showed us; as they also did their plain guitars and violins, often beautifully delicate and two-stringed; while others had Spanish instruments, richly decorated. It all seemed a doubtful scene for ladies, but the only other guests were a Scotch Presbyterian minister and his wife, who came from San Francisco and had crossed from Gibraltar with us, so we concluded that it was safe. We were each expected to take a cup of coffee for the benefit of the establishment. . . . Nothing stronger was sold and there was absolute decorum and courtesy. The singing was earnest and sometimes lively, almost uproarious, but never actually harsh and discordant, though there seemed no really fine voices. The whole thing reminded me curiously of the " shouts " of my black soldiers, as many of the blacks here look just like them, and as some who had no instruments clapped their hands in unison, as my men did, though there was no going round and round in a circle as they used to do, but all kept their seats on the ground. No women (native) were there, but one of the guests got up after a little while and went out with a little child in his arms. Gradually more Europeans came in, chiefly young English fellows, who were evidently learning to smoke after the Moorish fashion and sat on the floor taking lessons, and also learning to take snuff after the Moorish way, which is to press out a little from a box that has a spring to it, upon the palm of the hand, and then rub the nose against it. All this accession of visitors seemed to cheapen the scene a little and we came out after an hour or so.

Our guide had engaged a " man with a lamp " to go with us through dark streets. The man named Mahomet . . . walked before us with a large lantern of red and yellow glass. There were openings into dingy houses, and Moors crouching on street corners.

The next letter is from Granada:

We are much interested in the Spaniards, who seem more alert, ruddy, and picturesque than the Italians. The men seemed nearer the Moors as to covering their faces and like to throw a scarf or the end of a cloak over mouth and chin. When I was in college, Spanish cloaks were in fashion and were thrown over the left shoulder a second time so as to partly cover the face, and the well-to-do people have just that garment now; and sometimes a peaceful citizen looks like a picturesque bandit, glancing round a corner. They seem a stronger race than the Italians and are more turbulent, so that you see more soldiers about.

For the Alhambra I can say that it is utterly beyond expectation. . . . Some things cannot even be hinted at in the photographs, especially the ceilings which I had never seen in the least described — an extraordinary fretwork, as if made by hives of celestial bees. The endless tracery of the walls, moreover, although made in stucco, has always the effect of solid marble, and it is hard to think of it as anything else. It was originally made by pressing iron moulds on the soft stucco, but this art is lost and the modern imitations are carved more coarsely with knives. . . . Irving's " Alhambra " is with one (or at least with me)

at every moment, and all is wonderfully little changed; only he has had rooms in the building itself and a Spanish family lived there. One thinks of him on the lovely balconies, looking from the Alhambra itself to the Generalife (or summer palace) across quaint prim gardens of box and flowers, with the tops of trees below the level of one's feet. All the trees have grown since his time and are a dense grove everywhere. Only a few of the buildings are ruined or even uncovered, and more and more care is taken of them. In some places three inches of plaster, put on by the Christians, are all being gradually scraped off, showing more and more of the beautiful work beneath. . . . In one room one hundred and sixty different iron patterns were used. There is much color left in the ceilings, but little on the walls, yet it is not needed. Of course there is no human figure or face portrayed; it is merely an orderly wilderness of beautiful shapes and intricate patterns.

CASTELLAMMARE, April 16

. . . I saw Pompeii first from the terrace of this house, a dark line of dingy, low buildings . . . lying in sullen distinctness among the white and buff houses which prevail elsewhere. I could hardly believe my eyes, so long have I dreamed about it; yet half an hour's drive takes one there . . . and some days later we went. At first I chafed at the commonness of the entrance — you practically go through the grounds of a hotel and a horde of guides and vehicles make it commonplace. I longed to be left alone with the lizards

who seemed the only fit residents there, but I kept the guide with the girls as far as I could, and dreamed about myself. I cannot see how any one can be disappointed. It is not as Herculaneum is, dark and underground, but all open and sunny and continuous, simply a dead city unroofed and silent with the cart-tracks worn in the stone pavements and signs of use in many such ways about the broken walls. The city was fortunately on a hill and only filled in with ashes and dirt; whereas Herculaneum was solidly buried in actual lava and had to be mined out, a thing so difficult that much less work has been done on it, yet it is believed that it was really the more important place of the two, and all the large bronze groups in the Naples Museum have come from it while the pretty frescoes and the innumerable dainty things are from Pompeii. Yet as only about half the ground of the latter is yet explored, it is too soon to predict what may be; but all the larger halls and houses are there and the most interesting and pretty are the latest explored, the walls tinted so exquisitely, red predominating, and such pretty groups of little winged Loves. The latest of the houses remain just as they were found, and it is *infinitely* more effective than to see the same things transferred to the Naples Museum; yet this has to be done, they say, to save the colors from fading out. Then all the floors in private houses are laid in mosaic, though this has to be covered with earth except here and there. The rooms are small and dark, often with only one small window in the roof, and this seems so strange. On the other hand, the public baths are

magnificently large and elaborate, the water pipes still there which supplied them all — some of these still flowing. The ornamentation of the baths was most elaborate and can still be traced; for instance, a long row of square apertures where the bathers left their clothes, and these all separated by beautifully carved little heads. All the bathrooms have cornices or frescoed ceilings; and the walls are hollow, with apertures to let the heat through. No modern bath-houses rival them. In the shops, markets, kitchens, etc., you see the same ingenious contrivances, though the small articles of jewelry are to be sought at the Naples Museum, where it takes time to study them out among the many things from other places. The main impression felt at Pompeii is that of an essentially luxurious and almost trivial people, with no signs of the earnestness of the greater Greek or even Roman sculpture. Not that there are not figures of deities and representations of religious rites, but you do not feel that they represent the real life of the people, and perhaps did not anywhere. The theatre and larger amphitheatre are very well preserved and real and make all our modern, wooden-seated structures seem trivial and transient.

Rome, May 12

. . . Of the places I saw in that region [Naples] Herculaneum interested me most, and all the more because it is so neglected; nobody else seemed to go to it. . . . It was to me far more interesting than Pompeii, first as representing a far higher and more

earnest type of civilization, as shown by the fact that all the large works of art in the Naples Museum are from Herculaneum, and secondly, because the iron solidity of the lava walls, with ends of implements or works of art sticking out here and there, waiting to be quarried, seems to make its exploration a work far more heroic than to shovel away the earth and ashes from the Pompeian surface. In all, Herculaneum belongs to Greek tradition and Pompeii to the lighter mood of Rome in its decline. The latter is charming and graceful, but represents a decadent, watering-place sort of life; and it will be a good thing when it is all explored and the world comes back to the graver civilization of Herculaneum.

. . . We have pleasant calls or cards or invitations from old and new acquaintances — the American minister, the artists Richard Greenough and Vedder, Luigi Monti (formerly teacher at Harvard), and others. Those who interested me most are ecclesiastics, for whom I have letters which Miss Metcalf got for me and through whom I hope to get a shade nearer to the inner life of the Catholic Church, beyond the merely spectacular. A very interesting man spent the evening with me, Monsignor O'Connell, who has lived here thirty or forty years and to whom Archbishop Keane gave me a letter. He is of Virginian birth with the pleasant Southern manner, and has also plenty of Irish humor. He is strong in the belief that the old simplicity and village-like quality of the Roman peasant is lost with the dependence of the *forestieri* and that it is only in country villages that one finds it

preserved: they have grown dependent on patronage of people they despise as essentially as the Hindoo or the Chinese look down upon Europeans. To my surprise he volunteered the remark that this is eminently true of the priesthood, and that every non-Italian priest feels it from the beginning to the end and soon finds that there is no higher promotion for him. The Church authorities wish the Church to be absolutely Italian and the few appointments outside carry no weight in them; the secretary of the Propaganda does not even know French. The only foreign prelate who has ever conquered this antagonism, even for a moment, he says, was Cardinal Manning, and he mainly because he contributed, just at the right time, his immense support to the doctrine of Papal Infallibility; as a result he swayed the Pope in the direction of labor reform and the governments of Europe had to unite and sway him back.

FLORENCE, May 24

We reached this lovely place last Tuesday and have found the truth of what my friend Monsignor Brandi, a most attractive Jesuit, said in Rome, "You will find Florence a very *ladylike* town compared with Rome — all clean and neat." It is wholly different from Rome where such an immense variety of thought pressed on one all the while: but here life seems simpler and with fewer cross-currents and overpowering thoughts pressing in. Our window looks out on the beautiful (though yellow) Arno, with a dam transversely crossing and yielding a perpetual waterfall day

and night; and fishing boats are always coming and going.

VENICE, May 29

. . . At last the "City by the Sea" showed itself and all sorrows were forgotten. . . . I do not see how any one can be disappointed in Venice, because it is so exactly what has been told; but it touches the imagination yet more than one expects, and is not really hurt by the long, inflated sentences in which Ruskin tells its tale. The pervading feeling is of the withdrawal of a former splendor, now crumbling and sinking, and the presence of a new and foreign world of mere sight-seers and critics. . . .

It is no matter how much one hears about Venice beforehand; it is really more unlike any other place than one can imagine. . . . You can walk to any part of the city, but by devious little narrow ways, like ants burrowing into an ant-hill; there are shops and often beautiful ones in these little ant-hills; and the only exception to this is the one great square of Piazza San Marco. . . . Then all Venice goes there for dinner or ices, or for coffee after dinner at sunset, and we have been there several times, and how the young Italians do stroll by and stare at our two stalwart girls!

In making a call at a private house (called usually a palace) you pause on a step usually covered with dirty water and look up at a door usually old and battered; you open and look through to a garden enclosed within the house itself, and then the door shuts and all without seems left far behind. This garden, if large, is in

the rear, but oftener in the middle of the house, and the rooms open upon it and into each other, with no connecting entry. Mr. Eugene Benson, the artist, who lives in one of them, says that their arrangement is the relic of a seafaring race and built on the plan of a ship's staterooms. . . . In a remarkable old palazzo bequeathed by the last heir of the city, and preserved with everything unchanged, the rooms are hardly more than a series of closets, each with some different class of paintings in it, or with revolving stands of designs of great painters, or with a collection of books or manuscripts or coins. The paintings usually reach to the ceiling, and the furniture is rich, but extremely simple and free from French display. One of the finest palaces, the Rezzonico, begun in 1678, is that in which Browning died, and his son (whom we saw at Florence) now owns it, though he and his aunt do not live there much, but chiefly at Asolo among the mountains. In this palace (near here and on the Grand Canal as we are) the rooms are magnificently high, perhaps forty feet, and the great main hall (more marked in this palace than usual) was used till lately for a chapel of the Church of England. The house is full of memorials of the two poets; for instance, Browning's writing-desk, much like one in our hall at Cambridge, but plainer. You open it upon a pile of letters addressed to him, a photograph of his wife's tomb at Florence with memoranda in his hand of some alterations to be made, and then a pile of written sheets of " The Ring and the Book " with various readings. There are many portraits and busts of the two poets, especially two

early pen-and-ink drawings of Mrs. B. far more attractive than any I have seen engraved. . . . There was on the wall a framed playbill of the occasion when "Strafford" was performed at Covent Garden in 1837; and in an alcove a copy of the inscription on the Casa Guidi house at Florence in which it is said of her that she made through her verse a golden ring (*fece del suo verso aurea anello*) between Italy and England. I liked it that B. should have wished a duplicate of this within the house.

From Venice we journeyed to the Tyrol.

TAI, June 20, 1901

. . . We left Belluno yesterday afternoon. . . . We passed at a leap into the climate and scenery of Switzerland and it is a great delight. Margaret and I walked this morning to Pieve, a village a mile from here, along the brow of a beautiful, deep, green valley, full of flowers everywhere, with snow-capped mountains on the other side and rivulets running down; all this in the brilliant sunlight. Pieve was the birthplace and early home of Titian and his early boyhood sketches and a variety of early works are there, with the house of his grandfather, a quaint and now dilapidated little place.

CORTINA, June 26

. . . I have never seen so many wild flowers anywhere — Colorado coming the nearest — not merely the quantity of species (we have found about sixty so

far), but the great numbers of each, whole acres of yellow or blue or purple. For instance, the little lady's-delight will make an acre of ground look yellow. . . . Those we found include some of the commonest in America, buttercup, dandelion, whiteweed, clover, etc., and many most interesting.

The people here are the most interesting I have seen, with all the picturesqueness of the Italians, but with a splendidly healthy and solid look and sometimes a delicate beauty; the children almost always very rosy and with a quaint, old-fashioned look. They come by to school every morning with books and satchels, and all learn to read and write in two languages, Italian and German. I went also to an industrial school where the boys are taught to make all sorts of nice inlaying in wood and ivory and wire, all brought to a smooth surface by acids and filing. It was curious to see them all at work on this, instead of the machinery and ingenious processes of our schools. The girls take no share in this, but have a school for making lace and embroidery, which they do beautifully. They are very honest, and you do not have to beat them down on everything as in Italy, and there are hardly any beggars. . . . A funny thing happened in connection with an Italian " courier maid " whom we sent to Liverpool with G. She was recommended to us by Rev. Dr. Robertson, of the Presbyterian mission at Venice. . . . In crossing the Channel to England she was fearfully seasick for the first time, and in all the interval kept constantly appealing to the Madonna and every saint in the calendar, forgetting all her Protestantism!

INNSBRUCK, July 1

. . . We came here from Cortina on Friday, beginning with a drive of eighteen miles over the most superb mountain passes on a glorious morning: then taking the cars at Tohlbach and coming through here, still in fine scenery with streaks of snow on the mountains. . . . We had also, just at the end, a gay party of Oxford students, mountain climbers, one of whom turned out to be still another Wordsworth, nephew of the very superior man I met at Capri and named W.W. like him with his grand-uncle Christopher's name prefixed. Here we have met for the second time my old playmate, Mrs. Swan of Cambridge, who at seventy-six goes round water-color sketching through the Continent. . . . But the people we meet, whether English or American, are rarely of especial interest, the latter perhaps the more commonplace, though the former ask more original questions. . . . But the full tide of summer travel has not begun, and perhaps we do not see the best, and perhaps they may be equally disappointed in us. Women largely preponderate, perhaps for the same cause — the early season. Our spoken language is already a curious mixture of English, French, German, and Italian words; but there is no doubt of the steady increase of English over French everywhere around us. . . . We enjoyed the colossal figures in the Hofkirche here and they give a wholly peculiar sensation.

From the Lake region, Colonel Higginson wrote:

WINDEMERE, August 1

. . . I am more and more struck with the fact that the mass of summer " trippers " who pour through the Lake region, almost wholly English, view it simply as a place for excursions and care absolutely nothing for the literary or personal associations with the place. I usually find, on sounding them, that they do not know any minor name associated with the region as those of De Quincey and Professor Wilson (" Christopher North ") and hardly anybody beyond Wordsworth and perhaps Southey. This is like the utter want of English travellers at Stratford-on-Avon, a fact with which every American is struck. It is so different from the throng of visitors to Cambridge and Concord in America. . . . It seems to me that the Boer War has intensified the love of royalty everywhere, and I get no glimpse anywhere, even in the newspapers, of that strong republican minority of which one caught sight thirty years ago. In this respect the late Queen's moderate reign has been perhaps an evil as commending institutions bad in themselves, and perhaps Thackeray's " Four Georges " builded better than they knew.

GRASMERE, August 4

. . . My wife and I drove out to Rydal Mount. . . . My host took me . . . up to the little upper-story room where the poet [Wordsworth] died; and he described to me how his widow lived there till her death years after, always coming down the steep stairway unaided, leaning on the rail, she being blind,

while the younger members of the household looked up in perpetual anxiety lest she should fall. We stayed as long as seemed discreet, and came away very grateful to the kindly hosts; English people are always so hospitable when you are once inside their walls. . . .

After this we drove to Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's early home. . . . What interested me most were his little old-fashioned skates, because in his "Prelude" there is the only description which gives the record of what skating is to a boy, and it is also the only glimpse of what these lakes are in winter.

August 18

. . . At Keswick lives my friend Canon Rawnsley. . . . He is the King of all poetical localities in the Lake region and his books . . . are the best guide. He is vicar of a picturesque old church and, having a rich wife and no children, spends a good deal of money himself in buying lots, opening paths, erecting memorials, etc., and raising money for such things; and told us where to go and went about with us.

Lynmouth, North Devon, September 8

Another day we went to see the staghound meet; a scene out of Washington Irving — the red-coated hunters, the thirty-five lithe and active and eager dogs, the whole countryside gathered to see them "throw off" and track the deer. After all they did not reach him, but he raised his superb horns among the bushes not far from where we were sitting and disappeared.

CHAPTER VII

CAMBRIDGE IN LATER LIFE

THESE letters, when not otherwise specified, were written to Mr. Higginson's sister. The first one refers to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge when a reception was given to Longfellow by grammar-school children.

December 31, 1880

. . . The *morning* celebration was a charming scene; the way the eleven hundred children received Holmes and Longfellow was delightful, and L. looked infinitely picturesque in a richly furred wrapper, with his long white hair and beard.

October 30, 1881

. . . I had called on the Freemans at Tremont House; he is an ordinary-looking little squat Englishman with bushy beard; she is cheery and jolly. The thing that strikes them as strange in America is to see black *women* in the streets; they had hardly seen even black men before. She yearns to see a black baby, but they go soon to a son married in Virginia and will see plenty.

I heard a good answer at Sunday-School from a little Irish child: "Where do you live?" "On the Ma'sh, mum"; then eagerly, "It 's the *Old Cambridge* Ma'sh, mum." The aristocratic distinction still holds.

December 8, 1881

Professor Bryce is staying here for three days, and last night we had about thirty people to meet him. . . . To-night I dine with Bryce at the Charles Perkins's before his lecture; he is very easy and agreeable.

June 30, 1883

I have not seen what Mr. Venable has written about Carlyle; but he is doubtless the agreeable old gentleman with whom I dined at Sir Frederick Pollock's and who seemed so much like a living Horace Walpole. He has written the "Annual Obituary" in the "Times" for many years and knows everybody. I should think him candid and fair-minded.

Mrs. Carlyle I have not read yet, but it must be a tragic book. Charles Norton said of the "Reminiscences" that he did not think Froude *loved* Carlyle, or he could not have done anything so cruel. I think you will be surprised at the self-restraint and good taste of Norton's notes to the "Emerson-Carlyle Correspondence." For a man so *set* in his opinions, I think this quite remarkable.

We who are complaining of the aftermath of war, so soon after it has actually ceased, may read with surprise this remark of Charles Francis Adams, nearly twenty years after the close of the Civil War:

August 6, 1883

C. F. Adams, Jr., spent the morning here. He thinks the country not yet recovered from the tremendous

excitement of war and demands quiet more than anything; hence the greatest weakness of [Governor] Butler's position.

Thinks there must be a class of professional politicians, but that there is never a time of excitement when a man of character and energy cannot ride over them.

His grandfather, P. C. Brooks, was at time of death the richest man in New England (over two millions), this thirty-five years ago. But his annual expenses for city and country house, greenhouse, etc., were but six thousand dollars a year.

November 28, 1883

This morning I spent in taking Matthew Arnold to schools in Boston: Normal Art, Boys' Latin, Boys' English High, and ditto ditto girls. He is very cordial and appreciative, not in the least cynical or patronizing; shook hands with all the teachers as friendly as if up for office; they all liked him, I think. He is about my height, rather slender, with a Jewish cast of face, and some *gaucherie* of manner, but always kindly and cordial, takes your arm or puts his hand on your shoulder. He is slow to comprehend, . . . and is still trying to find out what a "primary school" is or how many pounds sterling twenty-five hundred dollars represent; and he sometimes says things awkwardly, meaning no harm, as when he said to Ellen Emerson of her father in England, "I understand he wished to see me," which offends Boston and Concord, but really meant nothing. I have heard him say nothing uppish

and don't think he felt it. He is much touched with the familiarity he finds among teachers with his father's work. It was amusing to hear him lamenting over his inability to hear Phillips Brooks, when hardly any one can hear *him*. It is commonly said that he is making himself unpopular, but I don't see why. He has liked every place where he has lectured but Worcester; he did not wish to lecture there because he had " never heard of such a place "; and only two hundred came to hear him. Probably he does not realize that the general disappointment must affect his lectures.

December 22, 1883

You 'd have been amused to see Père Hyacinthe and me at Mrs. Cilley's, comparing photographs of ourselves with our babies. His is now the sweetest little boy of eight or nine with the most winning little French ways and the most delicious way of speaking in either dialect. . . . I was much pleased with le père and Mme. Loyson, both; he is short and stout, rosy and beaming, the type of one of Béranger's cheery and kindly priests. He talks with great eagerness and cordiality and had been reading the French version of my history, which his little boy has; he has talked chiefly about French and American republicanism and seemed full of thought.

The next letter was written during the presidential campaign of 1884, when Mr. Higginson as a " mugwump " was very active in behalf of Cleveland, speaking on successive nights in many different towns.

University Club, October 30, 1884

. . . New York is fairly seething; every day there is some demonstration; first the business men's processions for Cleveland and Blaine respectively; then the review of troops before Cleveland; then a great dinner to Blaine at Delmonico's; to-day an open-air meeting in Wall Street; Saturday another business men's procession for Cleveland. All this in a steady rain. Young men go by with badges for one candidate or the other and . . . business is practically suspended; nobody talks of anything but politics.

On Tuesday, the day of military review, Governor Cleveland was at my hotel. . . . I sent up my card and was at once admitted and cordially received. I found him a large man, nearly as tall as I and heavily built . . . not exactly clumsy and with a certain heavy dignity or at least imposing quality. His face is better and worse than his pictures; better in expression, but somewhat disfigured by smallpox and therefore decidedly plain, but with a very good clear eye and a frank and honest though not handsome mouth. He has not an air of polish; rather what we would call a Western than Eastern type, but prepossessing through frankness and strength. He seemed quite absorbed in the canvass and at once asked me about it, but showed no pettiness. . . . No one could see him, I think, and regard him as a weak man, but the contrary; and he makes an impression of essential manliness and even goodness, but not of refined manners, while he has too much simplicity and good sense to commit any special *gaucherie*.

Colonel Higginson was easily moved by any tale of distress; and when ex-Governor Moses, of South Carolina, lately released from Sing Sing, called on him, sending in the card of a prominent Southerner, his unsuspecting host readily responded to the appeal for a loan of money, and when Moses was arrested and confined in the East Cambridge jail, kept him supplied with reading matter.

January 31, 1885

To see Moses in jail at East Cambridge by his request. He a good deal broken down and unnerved; said I could not abhor his crime more than he did; that he was not all bad, but easily influenced; that he had done good to many, but had had no helping hand. Said the first time for years that he had a chance was in getting a position at Chicago . . . and this my complaint of him had overthrown. Since then he had lived the life of a fugitive, worse than prison. Even when at liberty, his days were agony and nights hell. Asked only for a companion in cell, and was chiefly anxious I should know meant no harm by getting my photo. Reminded me that his first alienation from friends was through his siding with the blacks whom I had befriended. Would not take my hand at first. In short, worked skillfully on my feelings, while not committing himself when I spoke of his having assumed a name or having swindled others.

September 15, 1889

. . . I enjoyed my Guilford [Connecticut] trip. It is an old town on the Sound full of old houses, one of

them two hundred and fifty years old this year, the oldest in the United States, a stone house in perfect condition. There Rev. John Higginson married Parson Whitfield's daughter. All the old houses were labelled with the year they were built and often with the names of the earlier residents; so that it was like stepping back two hundred and fifty years. I went to a large reception, where everybody, on being introduced to everybody else, would begin by explaining his right to be there. "You see my great-grandmother was a Terry," etc.

Some wore old costumes at this reception and all seemed to be enacting their ancestors. I stayed with Miss Kate Foote, the author, on a fine old farm; General Hawley married a Miss Foote and they are a very cultivated family. I saw various remote relatives and brought home an old book with preface by John Higginson, and a delightful old love-letter by Rev. Edward Taylor, 1674.

June 9, 1890

I suppose you have heard of Henry Higginson's gift to the college of thirty-five thousand dollars of land across the river for playgrounds — Emery Willard's old farm; and the most amazing thing is that he is to talk to the students about it at Sever Hall to-morrow night, as it is in memory of friends who fell in the war.

June 13, 1890

I wish you could have heard Henry Higginson. It was one of the most thoroughly simple and admirable

things I ever heard — a reticent man breaking the habit of a lifetime and talking about an affair of his own. He held the young men perfectly, especially in his terse sketches of the characters of his friends. They will remember it all their lives — that close contact with a perfectly truthful and transparent nature. He spoke without notes, but with a prompter having his manuscript behind him, and he was so simple, and unconcerned about that, it made it seem the only fit way for a man to speak — looking round occasionally at the prompter and saying quietly, "What next?" Some of the best things were inserted offhand and were not in the printed notes; e.g., his saying, "Remember that this is *our* university; it was John Harvard's, but now it is what we make it." There was a poetic and ideal atmosphere about it which I feel keenly and I was very proud of being Henry's cousin.

DUBLIN, N.H., June 20, 1890

We . . . are right among the pine trees with the pretty lake in sight and mountains farther off. . . . Then close behind us are the children of Thayer, the New York artist, wild, very picturesque little creatures. . . . There is a perpetual Pumpelly circus [children of Raphael Pumpelly]. . . . They keep seven ponies and are always riding about the country, bare-backed and astride, boys and girls alike. One boy, Raphael, . . . is always galloping about with long curls over his shoulders, like a sort of angelic Comanche. . . . Rob is here, and enjoying it much, but the dogs suffer terribly from getting hedgehogs' quills

into their mouths and noses; he has had only one moderate dose, but often their mouths are like pin-cushions and they have to be put under ether and each quill pulled out by forceps.

July 31, 1890

Last night I got up an entertainment in the Town Hall for the Dublin Library. There were beautiful tableaux arranged by artists, in a full-sized frame — mostly simple figures, Venetian, Swiss, etc. The unique one was a Madonna with children holding lilies (by Bellini), the Madonna being Mary Thayer, the artist's daughter, who has a singularly beautiful face.

Dublin, July 13, 1902

Heard Collyer in a really remarkable sermon in his familiar way on the importance of being *our individual selves* in the future life. Animals he thought might live forever on earth, for they had no individuality to go on developing, apparently; but human beings needed spheres for constant development. The angel life as commonly described too vague; the angels never had fathers and mothers, never fell in love. He quoted a man who said he preferred hell to annihilation. Told us several good stories; as of seeing picture of Matthew Henry whose commentaries were so severe, and finding that he would turn the scales at three hundred pounds, and reading afterwards that he postponed finishing his work on "The Evidences" until fly-fishing should be over; and of a Reverend Doctor who

was dying and asked physician if he could not be kept alive till the season of strawberries was passed.

DUBLIN, July 31, 1905

Evening. Dined . . . with Mr. and Miss Clemens. . . . An interesting talk . . . after dinner.

Clemens lent three thousand dollars in all to Bret Harte when he first came East, though knowing him to be laden with California debts already. When H. asked him for two hundred and fifty dollars, he proffered five hundred dollars. One man to whom B. H. owed three thousand dollars for loans wrote him on his birthday sending all his notes back, and B. wrote one of the most brutal letters he ever saw.

DUBLIN, August 12, 1905

George De Forest Brush lectured at Club — quite delightful, though extravagant. His essential point was that art came from the love of *order;* that people instinctively feel the three triangles which outline the Sistine Madonna; and that the row of trees which a farmer sets before his door is a tribute to this.

CAMBRIDGE, January 23, 1904

. . . Last night I went in to the Twentieth Century Club dinner, which went off finely. I sat next to the President of Mount Holyoke College who made a capital speech and told some wholly new stories with immense success — as this: a little boy watching a balloon go straight up very, very high, and when it was smallest asking wistfully, " Mother, is God expecting

those gentlemen to-day?" or this: she saw at an English seaside place a series of iron chains along the beach with the motto, "Given to the town of —— by Thomas Jones. The sea is his and he made it." Also some one spoke of an Irishman who saw the winged Victory of Samothrace and said, "Begorra, it 's meself would like to see the other lady that was in the scratch!"

The letters to Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd were written while she and Colonel Higginson were editing the poems of Emily Dickinson.

November 12, 1890

Dear Mrs. Todd:

I am distressed exceedingly to find that among E. D.'s countless letters there are poems as good as any we printed — one on the Blue Jay, one on the Humming Bird, etc. This shows we *must* have another volume by and by, and must include prose from her letters, often quite as marvellous as her poetry. Howells is doing missionary work in private, and that lovely child Mildred selected as her chief favorite to-day, in talking with me, *your* favorite about the two who died and talked between the tombs.

February 9, 1891

Dear Mrs. Todd:

. . . One thing strikes me very much in the book notices. No two critics quote the same poems. Each finds something different. That is a much surer

guarantee of permanent interest than where all fasten on one or two poems.

> Lay this laurel on the one
> Too intrinsic for renown.
> Laurel Veil your deathless tree,
> Him you chasten, that is He!"

She wrote it after re-reading my "Decoration." It is the condensed essence of that and so far finer.

To Horace E. Scudder, then editor of the "Atlantic":

March 21, 1896

There is a good French saying, whose author I wish I knew, "Le renom, fruit d'une longue patience de vivre, s'augmente avec l'imbécillité." I am in a fair way to prove it so, with my very mild *renom*. I have just had a fourth request for my "Reminiscences," in series, this time from Lyman Abbott of the "Outlook," and should have accepted it in preference to either of the others, though not to yours. So I notify you of it, with the courtesy of an engaged maiden who wishes her betrothed to know that he was not her only chance! I have told him of my "prior attachment," but asked him not to mention it, thinking you might wish to take your own time and way about that. I hope you are enjoying your trip. Once, when your predecessor Fields was going to Europe, I said, "I hope you will not give it all to business; do find time to enjoy yourself!" He replied, with his inimitable smile, "Rely upon me!" and so I rely on you.

Colonel Higginson constantly corresponded with his

kinsman, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Miss Stedman has kindly allowed the use of these extracts.

NEWPORT, November 28, 1875

MY DEAR STEDMAN:

. . . I think that you place Matthew Arnold far too high, he seeming to me to rank among the fourth rates as a poet, whatever the merit of his prose. Then I think you dismiss Charles (Turner) Tennyson with much contempt; I have always felt there was a great deal of delicate feeling and felicity in his sonnets.

Per contra, the only serious fault I find with the book [" Victorian Poets "] is what seems to me the treason to America in two passages (pp. xvii and 125). To those I utterly disagree, and indeed read them with great grief. It is such men as you who ought to see that there is not " a lack of inspiring theme or historic halo of dramatic contrast and material," and that, as I have urged at length in my " Americanism in Literature," it is the democratic society of the future which, by subordinating the conventional and the individual, is really to afford more material and a far higher style of contrast. I am almost indignant when you speak of the " barren sentiment of a plain New England life " — plain if you please, but not necessarily barren. Emerson and Hawthorne certainly did not find it practically barren, though the latter in one moment of degeneracy made a similar remark. The strength of Whittier has been in finding all needed elements of poetry at home.

In answer to this letter of criticism, Stedman replied that he was speaking only of his personal experience in youth; that it was not the sentiment of Newport or Boston, but of a Calvinistic back-country, where he was injured for life and " almost perished of repression and atrophy."

January 9, 1888

Do pay proper attention to William Austin, of whom Duyckinck has some account. I think his " Peter Rugg " had marked influence on Hawthorne. At any rate, he anticipated Hawthorne in what may be called the *penumbra* of his style — passing out of a purely imaginative creation through a medium neither real nor unreal and so getting back to common earth. Brockden Brown could not do this, but always had to come back with a slump upon somnambulism or ventriloquism; and Edward Bellamy, who has I think more of the pure Hawthorne invention than any of our men, fails always in the same way.

Austin's " English Travels," which I have, are racy and remarkable, especially for the period (1804). I knew his daughter and granddaughters, all uncommonly fine women.

Cambridge, May 13, 1903

It is a great pleasure to hear from you again, and all the more since you are seventy, as you allege, and so practically coeval with me, since I, please note, am only seventy-nine and a half and so still among the septuagenarians. I have just been answering, with some difficulty, an authoress who had spoken of me,

with the best intentions, as "venerable," and my thoughts reverted to that halcyon period when I was in my thirties, and I heard a black soldier, peeping through my tent door, by permission of the orderly, remark, "Sho' 'nuf; de ole gem'man, he fas' asleep!" You will doubtless miss Stoddard very much. I knew him intimately and have always thought his poems somewhat overrated. But I suppose he had no equal among us for varied literary knowledge.

CAMBRIDGE, May 31, 1905

DEAR STEDMAN:

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How fast the literary world goes on, and I suppose we oldsters naturally find the newer books more commonplace, but we may be wrong. I met Yeats several times while in this country, and though I had always admired a few of his things, found him more and more likable, at least. He amused us here by going up to Concord for a Sunday and searching out the minutest memorials of Thoreau, while not interesting himself in the least in anything connected with Emerson and Hawthorne.

The following was written in a copy of "The Monarch of Dreams" which was given to Stedman:

CAMBRIDGE, October 24, 1887

This is rather my favorite child, I think, partly because it is the only thing I ever had rejected by a magazine (Scudder in the "Atlantic"), and yet it has

been more praised by many than anything I ever did — including very cool critics such as Lowell and Norton.

This description of a summer in Plymouth, New Hampshire, was found in the journal of 1880:

Our chief drives were over the mountain roads and the greatest delight was to come out on some unexpected view of the beautiful Franconia Notch, which seems the gateway to some happy land. . . . One is never wearied of mountain views; in the brightest day there are usually soft cloud shadows sailing over them, and when visible, they are never monotonous. It is always pleasurable in these mountain drives to turn back to the green intervales of Crooked Mountain Pine Place and its outlying mountains, all wooded to the top. These high felicities were seldom much impeded by the care of Dorcas, our landlady's old horse; if her reins were tightened she would tear recklessly down the steepest path, but if the reins were left on her back she would pick her own way, as is the wont of New Hampshire horses, as securely as a donkey. Some of the roads are in point of roughness like donkey-tracks and quite unlike those smooth avenues that surprise the American traveller in Switzerland and in the Scotch mountains.

Dorcas was clearly deficient, as her mistress honestly admitted, in "gimp." The confession at first bewildered us, since we had never heard of a horse which adorned herself with that feminine appliance. But the discovery of a local phrase is as interesting as that of a

local flower, and when, on consulting Webster's Dictionary, we found that beside the "gimp" of the upholsterers there was another "gimp" signifying "smart, spruce, trim, nice," and found the word farther designated as "not in use," it became a matter of great satisfaction to find it still lingering in the highlands of New Hampshire. It was as if we had picked up an Indian tomahawk at the site of the aboriginal village on Baker's River; it was like a botanical *find*, as when we brought home great purple orchises from Campton Bog, or harebells from Livermore Falls, or fragrant handfuls of wild lily-of-the-valley from Holderness woods.

Whatever our mountain drives might be, we came back to the "intervale" with renewed delight. An intervale is more than a river valley; it is a dry meadow, a sometimes inundated prairie. I dare say there are intervales in other countries, though I never happened to see them; but the level breadth of verdure, the soft border of trees, the beautiful adornment of elms, these no country can rival; I do not know that even Japan, which duplicates so much of our flora — as we are trying to duplicate its art — exhibits an American elm. When we first came, the intervale was one vast field of grass with scarcely a fence; and everywhere the tall yellow-red lilies and the gay yellow and black rudbeckia grew amid the grass, as scarlet poppies grow in England. Gradually we saw the grass cut, and daily the fragrant loads were carried into the great barns beyond the intervale, and now in September the rural roads lead through short grass and past clumps

of still wild sunflowers and still lingering rose-raspberry — the most conspicuous all-summer bloom. The whole intervale belongs to one farm, originally a thousand acres or a mile square, and stretching far up into the beautiful Holderness woods behind. The boundary of the farm is the Pemigewasset River; and one corner boundary of the farm is described in the old deed, with unconscious repetition, as the "Pont-Fayette bridge." I have sought in vain for the origin of this French name; and Crooked Mountain Pine Place has no historian. It is known that in 1780 a brigade of New Hampshire troops, commanded by Colonel Poor, served under Lafayette at West Point and in New Jersey; and possibly this bridge may have been first built soon after this time and by some of Lafayette's old soldiers.

The name was given at the time when Lafayette visited Concord, New Hampshire. My informant, formerly town clerk (who remembers when there was only a ford), thinks that the bridge had been built a short time before; at any rate, some leading men from the village went to Concord and saw L. F., and on their return proposed this name for the bridge which was adopted. I can find no reference to it in the town records earlier than 1826, where the name appears several times. It once appeared also as a street sign on the little street leading to the bridge. The curiosity is in the use of the French word "Pont," which seems as if suggested by the Marquis himself or one of his French companions.

Nothing adds so much to one's happiness in the

country as to be collecting something. Our two objects of interest, in our wanderings with Dorcas, were ferns and old chairs. In the woods we watched for new ferns, although we rarely found them; and for ten weeks we looked for furniture on the piazzas and through the farmhouse windows and came away with one. We were often assured that they had all been gleaned from this region, and were sometimes greeted with "Be you Mr. ——?" referring to some eminent collector whose vast sweep had anticipated our modest demand. We were shown old kitchen chairs of the humblest description, and treasures were sometimes exhibited to us which were not to be sold; we were told that a dozen fiddle-backed chairs had just been sent to Lowell to the folks there; or that "he" had one chair that he kept because grandmother died in it. There was a good deal of the romance of domestic antiquity, we found, about chairs; we no longer wondered at the number of songs that had been written about them, but found none that could be got for a song. In each village there was an impression that in some remoter village we could find plenty. Our one great success was early in our inquiries and after several failures. We had just been most graciously received by a farmer's wife who had insisted on making up in flowers for the want of chairs, and we were driving along, when my companion looked up from a lap full of gay lilies to exclaim, "There's a chair!" It was seen through a dining-room window, where the farmer was evidently taking his early tea. I hastened to the back door and looked in. The farmer

and his son sat at table; before them were tea, bread, butter, cheese, cold meat, and the invariable snowy pie of sour apple. "I beg your pardon," said I, "but we are furnishing a house and have a fancy for old furniture. Will you sell your armchair?" "Wife," shouted the farmer to some one unseen, "want to sell your armchair?" "No," shouted a resounding voice from the pantry, with instantaneous decision, and a bouncing, good-natured woman bustled into the parlor. Then with softened voice she said, "Who wants it?" — and then with milder tones, "Well, I won't say that it might n't depend somewhat on what I could get for it"; and her vehement repugnance presently yielded to an offer so moderate that I decline to mention the amount. "Well, the chair 's yours," she said abruptly: and the consequence was that all the way home we were wondering, at intervals, whether we could not have got it for less; while doubtless "he" and "she" were wondering at similar intervals whether we would not have given more. These little remorses, these retrospective variations of possible price, form the zest of even possible æsthetic bargainings.

We could not help suspecting that most of the early settlers of this region must have been youths who came here with only an axe on their shoulders and left the family furniture behind — so much less does there seem to be of it than in seaside villages. Yet this may be called the native land of eight-day clocks, most of these made in New England, a century ago, having come from the up-country villages of New Hampshire,

and we found one clock-maker in our own village who had collected hundreds of them from this and the neighboring counties for the Boston and New York markets. Spinning-wheels were also to be had without difficulty; but does a spinning-wheel ever look really happy in a new house, even if it be built like Charles Lamb's with conveniences for growing old?

It often occurred to us, in what may be called the summer-visited regions, how extremes have met by the reappearance of early ways among the modern visitors. The oldest cottages had bare floors, so have those of to-day. The older ones had open fireplaces, so have the new. The early settlers eschewed feather beds from necessity; so do the modern visitors from preference. The pioneers drove one-horse carts; so do the moderns. The pioneers wore knee-breeches, so do the most ambitious youth among the new arrivals. The shawls and afghans and rugs which the summer boarders of to-day are knitting and crocheting simply reproduce in more æsthetic forms the garments and carpets which used in these cottages to be woven and spun. Thus does gracious Queen Anne resume us under her sway; and these æsthetic clubs of which one hears in England, who meet at Hampstead Heath in costume a century and a half old, and who even reprint the "Spectator" and "Tatler" with modern dates, are only carrying to an absurdity that reversion, if such it be, which is touching us all. Human progress, it is always said, moves in a spiral; and I suppose that we have come round to the same point, bare floors and knee-breeches, on a higher plane of civilization.

Every time and place has its supernaturalism. We look on these quiet mountain farms, and fancy their life as prosaic and bare even in the midst of the beauty; and then one comes accidentally upon some tale of local wonder that needs no coloring from the imagination to enhance its strangeness. On the road from Blair's Hotel to Campton Bog, there is a farmer in whose house there has for some eight years occurred a series of local wonders which might, under other circumstances, have rivalled the Rochester knockings in the attention they excited. Some five or six years ago members of the family went away in winter, for a little visiting among their kindred; they remained away a night or two longer than was expected and there was some anxiety in the house. One of the children, a silent and rather dull boy of eight, sat gazing in the fire, and presently said, "There they are sitting together in a room; do not you see them in the coals?" — and gave a general description of the room and their respective positions. Next day the family returned, the account was repeated to them, and proved perfectly correct. The report spread a little, and when a Campton farmer lost his axe, he came, made the boy look in the fire, and recovered it. After this, one of the railway conductors lost a dog and consulted the oracle; the boy gave a good description of the dog, which he had never seen, and told where he was and at the same time described another dog, which was also found and had been lost like the previous one, several weeks. This was described to me by the conductor himself.

On another occasion a lady who was staying at the Profile House visited the points of interest round the Flume House and on her return missed a diamond ring. She returned and looked all about the flume and pool in a rain. Hearing of the boy she drove to Campton, some twenty miles away, and visited him. He said, looking in the fire, that he saw the ring lying under the piazza at the Flume House, where it had slipped through a crack of the floor, after falling from her hand. On looking beneath the piazza it was found.

Several such incidents happened, and one day, when some men came from Lancaster to Plymouth to follow up inquiries about a watch that had been stolen from a dwelling-house, they were advised by the railway conductor aforesaid to consult the strange boy. They accordingly drove up to Campton and bade the boy look in the fire. He said at once, " I see the watch in the house from which it was stolen; you go through a front room with a black shut-up bed in it, then through a passage, then into an unfinished room with a cupboard in the corner; there you will find the watch." The men laughed at his description; there was no shut-up bed in the house, they said, and no such cupboard. The boy persisting, they took him bodily to Lancaster, where he had never before been. Arrived at the house, he walked straight into the parlor, said, " There is the shut-up bed," pointing to the piano — a thing he had never before seen — with a black cloth over it; then following through the passage, he went at once to an unfinished room, and to a corner where the planks had been only partly nailed on, making a

sort of compartment like a cupboard, into which he put his hand, and then looked round bewildered, saying, "The watch is gone." They took the lad at once to the fireside, and left him gazing in. He presently said, "I see the watch; it has been put under a pile of chips in the yard of a house." He described the house so that it was recognized, went with them to the yard, showed the pile of chips, and there they found the watch. The house was the abode of a young woman who had worked in the dwelling from which the watch had been lost. These wonders have continued at intervals up to the present year; the family making no trade of it, and the boy receiving for his services whatever the applicant may choose to give. This very summer a child was lost from Haverhill, New Hampshire, and the woods were searched for him far and near; some friends came to D—— to inquire. Looking in the fire, as usual, he said, "I see him lying by a brook, almost dead," and described the brook. That night a violent storm occurred; and going to the brook in the morning, they found it much swollen, and the lifeless body of the boy was found in the Connecticut River, just below the brook. In this case a large reward (five hundred dollars) had been offered for news of the lost child, and ten dollars were paid to the diviner. The boy is now sixteen or seventeen years old, and of rather dull aspect; the parents are poor, he has had little reading or instruction, and has scarcely ever been away from home, and the stories I give, which I have set down carefully from the narrative of people who know the child, in whom they inspire only a vague

wonder, simply add to that vast shadow land of tales uncertified and improbable, but nevertheless haunting the imagination. It is well to add that the family say that an elder sister of this boy, who died several years since at the age of fourteen, had the same faculty in a yet greater degree. The mother says that they were both born " with a veil over their eyes," but whether this is meant literally or symbolically I do not know.

Two letters that follow were written during the Ogden educational trip of 1904.

FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA
April 21

. . . A fine meeting in a great gymnasium with a great army of pupils all singing in a superbly rousing way the " negro spirituals " I love. The leader, a magnificently big and strong fellow, could fill the Stadium, I think, with his voice alone. On talking with him later, I found that he had studied my " Young Folks' History of the United States." Besides singing we had speeches, and one superb one from a Richmond professor, wholly modern and enthusiastic in new thoughts. . . . Last evening we had jovial story-telling in which the Virginians beat out and out and Yankees were nowhere.

ROCK HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA
April 21

In the afternoon we rode in sight of the Blue Ridge, through woods lighted up by the starry dogwood, over the poorest land in the South, 't was said. We saw old

deserted cotton-fields, with dry stalks and pods. . . . Here and there a solitary negro cabin, swarming with women and children. But in some regions the people seemed to be all white, and the new brick cotton mills were worked by white people from the mountains — the class said to be absolutely ignorant. . . . One of our Southern teachers told of going into a kindergarten with about thirty children, all with the saddest faces — even when playing games — and when he spoke to the teacher about it, she said that this was owing to the great repression in their homes, and there was great improvement in this respect over a year before. And she told of one of the fathers, who told her he could not live there any longer because his children were so changed since they went to school. Formerly they were perfectly quiet and silent; now they came home laughing and wanted to play, and he could n't stand it.

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We are now just passing from South Carolina into Georgia and just in that "valley of Habersham" of which Lanier sang so beautifully, though none of our hard-working educational party seem to have heard of him. . . . All this is the "New South" region where cotton mills and villages are growing up and you see new buildings and schoolhouses everywhere. . . . To-day we had the Governor of South Carolina, as yesterday of Virginia. People hardly seem to remember the war at all.

CAMBRIDGE, March 6, 1902

Prince Henry of Prussia here, and great gathering.

He is an attractive, slenderish man of forty, with a high American head rather than a German broad one. Saw him at Professor Münsterberg's, where he appeared easy and smiling, though unusually grave, they say — an attractive man decidedly.

April 12, 1906

To funeral of Professor Shaler. Long procession of students to gate of Yard — the first since Phillips Brooks's.

It left a wonderful impression of the power with coming generations of a single great teacher. Every one of those boys may become a great source of power himself — no one can tell which. The author has vast power also . . . ; but it is not brought together in so direct and visible a shape.

The next few pages are composed of brief extracts and musings taken from various note-books and written at different times and places.

We all need action. This is shown by the way it transforms us, just as the water of a brook that glides turbid and dull along its common bed, becomes radiant and of a sunny purity when compelled to find its way over a cascade of rocks.

Most gifted persons cannot keep their souls strong and active without the stimulus of some brooding sorrow. They must sing by night — "learn in suffering what they teach in song." It is nobler to learn in joy and peace and have the stimulus of simple fresh

life suffice. Sorrow thus used is no better than opium or wine, and we become as dependent on its stimulus.

In physical fighting there is always a relief in store for the defeated — the worst that can happen is death. In moral fighting it is not so. The defeated lives to brood over his shame.

One thing, however, I must remember. I cannot live a past experience over again. Life is a spiral, not a circle. If I try for an instant to reproduce a past experience, except in a higher form, I shall *fail.*

. . . I have a passion for red tape and lists and the arrangement of details; understand perfectly Napoleon's loving to read over his army lists, in moments of leisure; give me something that interests me, to codify and arrange, and I am perfectly happy; with a shade less of the element of *action*, I should be a perfect librarian, in bliss among pamphlets and gluttonous of work.

October 30, 1860

Why should we all (save Emerson) be so impatient to speak? Why not wait till next moment or next sphere, if necessary, and say it deliberately and well? But no, the terrible throb of eager desire for utterance drives men on, like hunger or lust, with no power to calculate or resist.

When you have found a day to be idle, be idle for a day, says a Chinese proverb. But the name of idleness is a misnomer for any day, however spent, by a man

whose brain is active. Awaken a man's faculties in a hundred different directions, give him a thousand eager aptitudes all longing for a supply of knowledge and of life, and he can no more be idle than yonder robin whose winged picturesque day is spent putting worms into the gaping beaks of her insatiable offspring. . . .

It is not wonderful displays of intellect which interest me; it is the daily life, sensations, and motives of these humble things. The birds are as real and absorbing to me as human beings. That kingfisher, for instance, who lives among the myriad birds and boys of the lake as lonely as an eagle on a mountain: no one ever finds his nest, no one sees him near his young, no one watches his flight or tracks his migration; yet every year he comes silently and fills the lake with his rattle.

To-day went down under a gray sky with Sanborn to see a man go down in a submarine armor to inspect the new causeway; he looked like a gigantic lobster or (F. S. said) a teapot; and it was pretty to trace his subaqueous path by the bubbles coming to the surface. I wonder if in higher spheres they trace us so.

October, 1861

Coming homeward, listened to my crickets with quiet delight. I may well call them mine, since no one else seems to notice their little ways.

I find that to me works of art do not look like those

of Nature. I grow tired of pictures — never of a butterfly.

The eternal youthfulness of Nature answers to my own feeling of youth and preserves it. As I turn from these men and women around me, whom I watch gradually submerged under the tide of gray hairs, it seems a bliss I have not earned to find bird, insect, and flower renewing itself each year in fresh eternal beauty, the same as in my earliest childhood.

So perfect is the health and beauty of Nature that there is no room for sorrow or doubt; — I will trust this butterfly against all the dyspeptic theologians or atheists of the world. I know that the sunny heart and the healthy body can gain out of pain and bereavement and sin and privation and nursing only a renewed faith in the eternal law. I know that all which is noblest is immortal.

Tieck's story of the Runenberg is no exaggeration of what I have felt again and again in lonely places. It was one of the educations of my youth, those days at the solitary lake, all hid in woods and steep hill precipices, Hammond's Pond. The old leaky boat, the black water, that darkest spot of all where another boat had sullenly sunk at its moorings and which I hated to approach, as if water spirits had drawn her down. . . .

What could Germany or Scotland have given me, more than that lake and woods and hills? Yet it is

not so remarkable a region in itself; dreams, fancies, associations made it. The pine was Shelley's "one vast pine"; the rocks were those where Mignon's serpents cowered; the lake was the gloomy Mummelsee where the enchanted lily maidens dwell; the pine woods were such as Sterling describes in his "Woodland Mountains," where all grand ideal shapes go by. Yet it was all in the suburbs of Boston and I was nineteen.

It takes time and the long years to saturate every locality with romance and tenderness, but we are doing it slowly and surely in this dear America of ours.

To a literary fame, death comes like the leaves in "Alice's Adventures," by eating which one suddenly grew tall or short. How instantaneously Bayard Taylor's shrunk when he died; when he went to Berlin he had a series of parting fêtes as if he were a leader in literature; the moment he died he became an insignificant figure. It was equally instantaneous with Willis and Tuckerman, before him. . . . On the other hand, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and even Poe, suddenly rose in dimensions.

THE END

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